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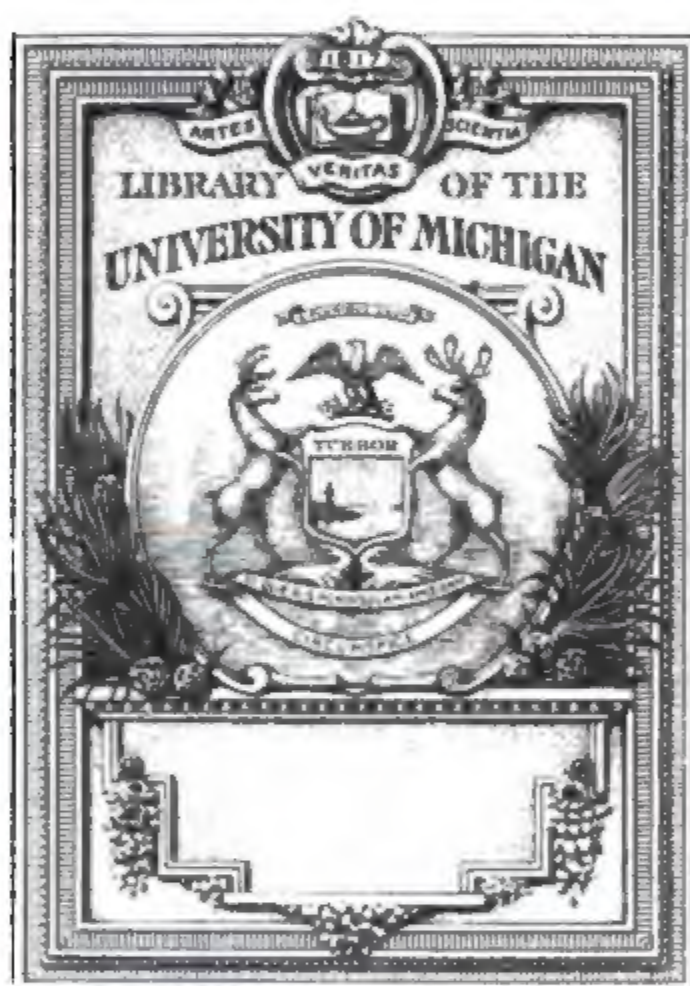
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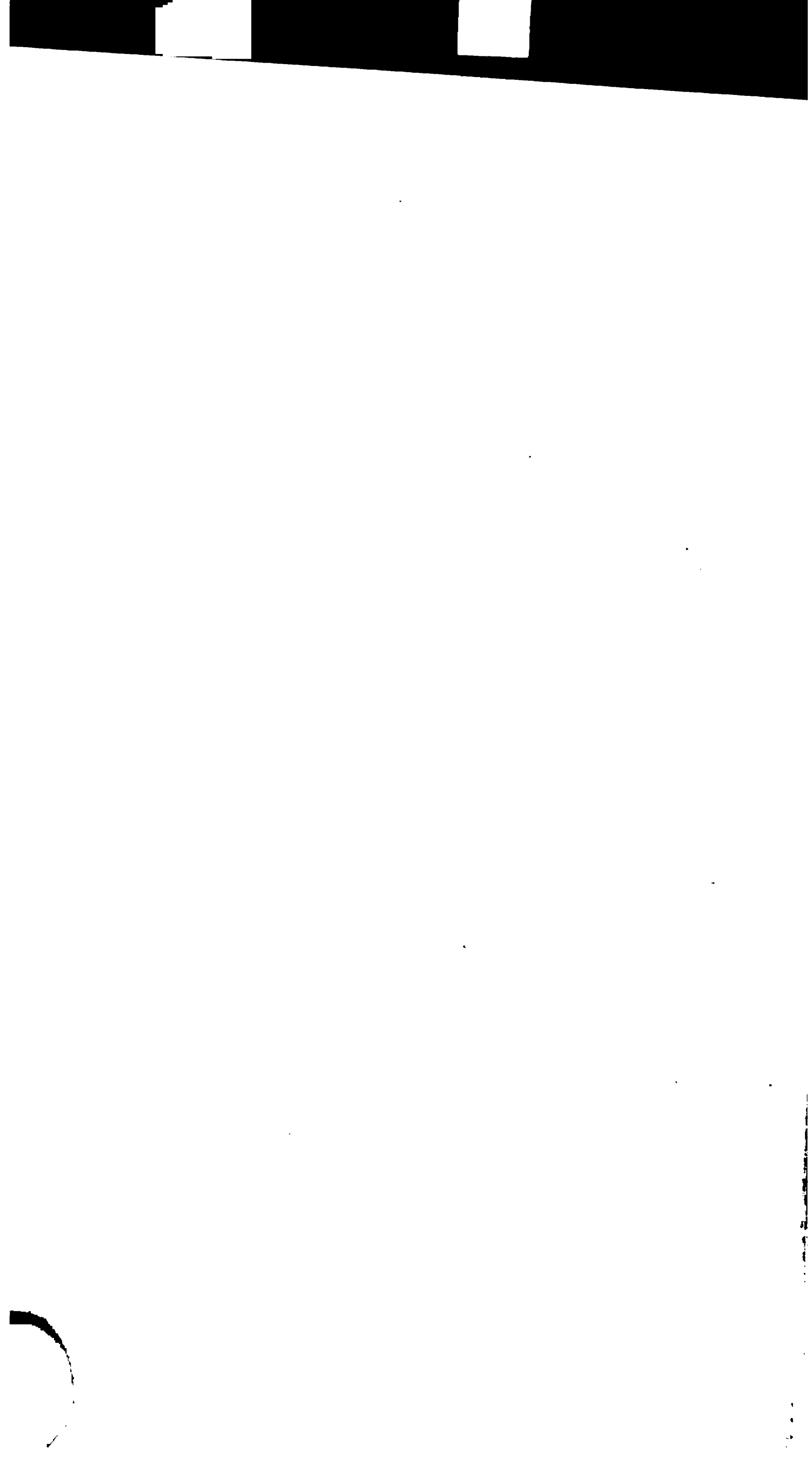
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THE LIFE OF DAVID GARRICK.

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DAVID GARRICK AND HIS WIFE, EVA MARIA VIOLETTE GARRICK
(THE "VIOLETTE").

(From the picture by Hogarth, p. 202.)

THE
LIFE
OF T-2935
DAVID GARRICK.

FROM ORIGINAL FAMILY PAPERS,
AND
NUMEROUS PUBLISHED AND UNPUBLISHED SOURCES.

NEW and REVISED EDITION,
CONTAINING
ADDITIONAL IMPORTANT MATTER.


“An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.” — *Goldsmith.*

Hetherington
BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT, & CO., LTD.

1899.

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Inscribed

TO

THE RIGHT HON. LORD LYTON.

(1868.)

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INTRODUCTION.

IT has been often said, that great as was David Garrick's fame as an actor, the story of his career as an English gentleman, in private life, would be no less remarkable. The result of a careful examination of his eventful life will be found, I trust, to establish this view in the most extraordinary degree, bringing out the portrait of a singularly noble, generous, and well-trained mind, with a complete reversal of the popular judgment, which supposed that "little Davy" was knowing, shrewd, avaricious, and self-interested. The kindly reader, who will follow me through this narrative, will, I think, be induced to accept this view to a degree for which he was scarcely prepared, and to own that, to use the words of the strange Percival Stockdale, the actor was "as great in Garrick, as in *Lear*." Apart from these two points of view, a third interest will arise, in the simple study of human character under conditions rarely to be met with—under conditions, too, of the most curious sort. A mind that directed a great theatre, at a time when it was an institution of the country—a manager who was in command, not of actors merely, but of a whole corps, all great captains and officers—who was wealthy, and thus attracted the needy—who had great influence, and drew the ambitious—who had great power, and thus surrounded himself with those who wished to share in it; a mind which came in contact with every sort and shape of humanity, with hosts of playwrights, authors, poets, men of wit, men of learning and of genius; who was sought by lords and commoners; beset with hacks and Grub Street scribblers; threatened, slandered, courted

obsequiously and even slavishly, patronised and despised, laughed at, praised as man was never praised; harassed and comforted alternately—a mind that, under such trial, remained calm, equable, gentle, generous, just, neither raised too high nor cast down too low, may surely furnish a rare and useful lesson for study and interest, and help us to a liberal education.

Within a very short period after the death of David Garrick, there appeared two accounts of his life and career. These were written by persons who could scarcely claim to be capable or impartial witnesses, for both had been inferior players at his theatre, and both entertained a special grudge and hostility towards him. But in the respective treatment of these Memoirs there is a yet more curious feature. From Arthur Murphy, the clever, lively Irishman—the jovial barrister and companion of wits—the man of all professions, so scornfully described by Churchill as—

“Auditor, author, manager, and squire.”

—the dramatist, whose comedies are full of a pleasant vivacity, of spirit if not of wit—from this Protean spirit came a dull, turgid, heavy performance, astray in nearly every fact or date, ludicrous in its pomposity, and almost supporting the hint of the bitter satirist, that prudent dulness had “marked him for a mayor;” while from “Tom Davies,” the other biographer—a tenth-rate actor, third-rate bookseller, and sober Scotchman—came an agreeable narrative, written in clear, pleasant English, interspersed with shrewd remarks, and lightened with many an anecdote, picked up from every quarter, but principally in the back parlour of his shop, where every little story, that seemed at all hostile to the actor, was duly retailed. He, too, is inaccurate as to dates, and, like Murphy, strangely incomplete. Neither were on terms with the family, and were not privileged to consult the vast stores of papers and letters which Garrick left behind him; so that the knowledge of both on many matters was pure speculation. Above all, the eyes of both seemed to have settled on that one side of Garrick’s life—the theatrical portion, quite ignoring that

other remarkable, and no less interesting, view of his own personal character.

Long after, came Boaden, with a little memoir prefixed to the two great quartos of Garrick's letters. This gentleman was acquainted with Mrs. Garrick, and heard from her a few interesting matters. A few more short memoirs exhaust the list of what has been officially written about the life of Garrick.

I have now been induced to attempt what has been thus so often attempted before—led to the task by the real fascination of the subject, and being in possession of special advantages, in materials, which may atone for many shortcomings in the execution. The bulk of Garrick's private papers—a vast collection of letters that passed between him and the leading men of his time—were in the possession of my friend, the late Mr. John Forster. They are of the highest interest, not only for the life of Garrick, but bear on every subject of his time. They fill some thirty volumes, and comprise those curious early letters of the boy David to his father, Captain Garrick, at Gibraltar, of which Mr. Forster has given some specimens, in his enlarged Life of Goldsmith. These have been, in the kindest way, placed at my disposal; and the reader will see how much the following Memoir has been enriched by such valuable materials. At the same time, the collection and the details are so numerous that I could do little more than select what seemed most striking, leaving behind a vast mass of what seemed equally attractive.

One great difficulty met me at the threshold: that many of the *dramatis personæ* were already so familiar. The many figures which move round Garrick, and the stories associated with them, are well known to every reader, through Boswell, Johnson, and many such writers. Mr. Forster's enlarged edition of his "Goldsmith"—that model biography—had told everything; had told a good deal about Garrick himself; and indicated much more, where it passed by. If what familiar was omitted, the story would be incomplete; if given, it might become tedious, and one too often told. Whenever I had occasion, therefore, to go over old ground, and turn these

well-known faces to the reader, I have, as far as possible, tried to introduce them under new conditions, and have taken care that the details shall be tolerably new. Thus, in sketching the great actors of Garrick's time, whose history Dr. Doran has so recently told,* I have carefully presented them from the recollection of those nearest our own time, passing by the familiar stories from the memoirs, and searching little out-of-the-way corners for short touchings and descriptions. On this account I hope the chapter which deals with these great artists will be found one of the most interesting in the book. So with characters like Foote, Boswell, Johnson, and many more—what is given will be found new to nearly all, if not to all. The account of Woffington has never been presented before. Indeed, it may be said that the same principle has been the guide through every chapter. Thus, with an abundance of original MS. material, and a no less abundance of curious printed detail, hitherto buried in scarce books—and books, too, not likely to come in the general reader's way—it may be hoped that a certain air of freshness has been attained.

As to execution, some indulgence should be extended to the writer of the history of a theatre or of an actor. The actor's calling, like that of the painter, is made up of details for the most part professional. An actor's life is made up of performance after performance of character; a manager's, as Garrick's was, of the production of play after play. In such a record there is the danger of tediousness and monotony, and of the story falling into the shape of a mere catalogue. On the other hand, if such details are cut down or suppressed, the book loses value as a work of reference. After much deliberation, the plan was adopted of throwing the various incidents of Garrick's life, as it were, into groups. In one department was to be brought out specially the management of his theatre, in full detail; in another will be found considered a minute account of his histrionic gifts, in all his characters; in a third, his social life; in a fourth, his friends, his enemies, his actors. These departments

* Written in 1868.

have been made to fall in with the advancing course of his life, and are each presented at the period when its subject might be considered best developed. This plan, it is hoped, will remove that chief difficulty, and was adopted with the advice of the kind friend before mentioned, who has assisted me so substantially with materials, and whose eye has watched every sheet as it went to press.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill, of Richmond—Mrs. Hill descending from Garrick's nephew—I have to thank for many curious family papers and traditions, and for much kind assistance. Mr. Bullock, of Sevenoaks, who has collected much about Garrick and his actors—original letters and tracts, newspapers, &c.—I have to thank for placing them at my service, and for much trouble taken in transcribing. The Reverend John Graham, of Lichfield, has procured me all kinds of local information and traditions, with a zeal and good-nature for which I most heartily thank him. One of the pleasantest features in explorations of this nature is this genial and earnest co-operation and sympathy on the part of those who may be strangers to the explorer, but have sympathy with his subject. I have also to make my acknowledgments to Mrs. Protheroe, a lady of the Garrick family, for some curious letters.

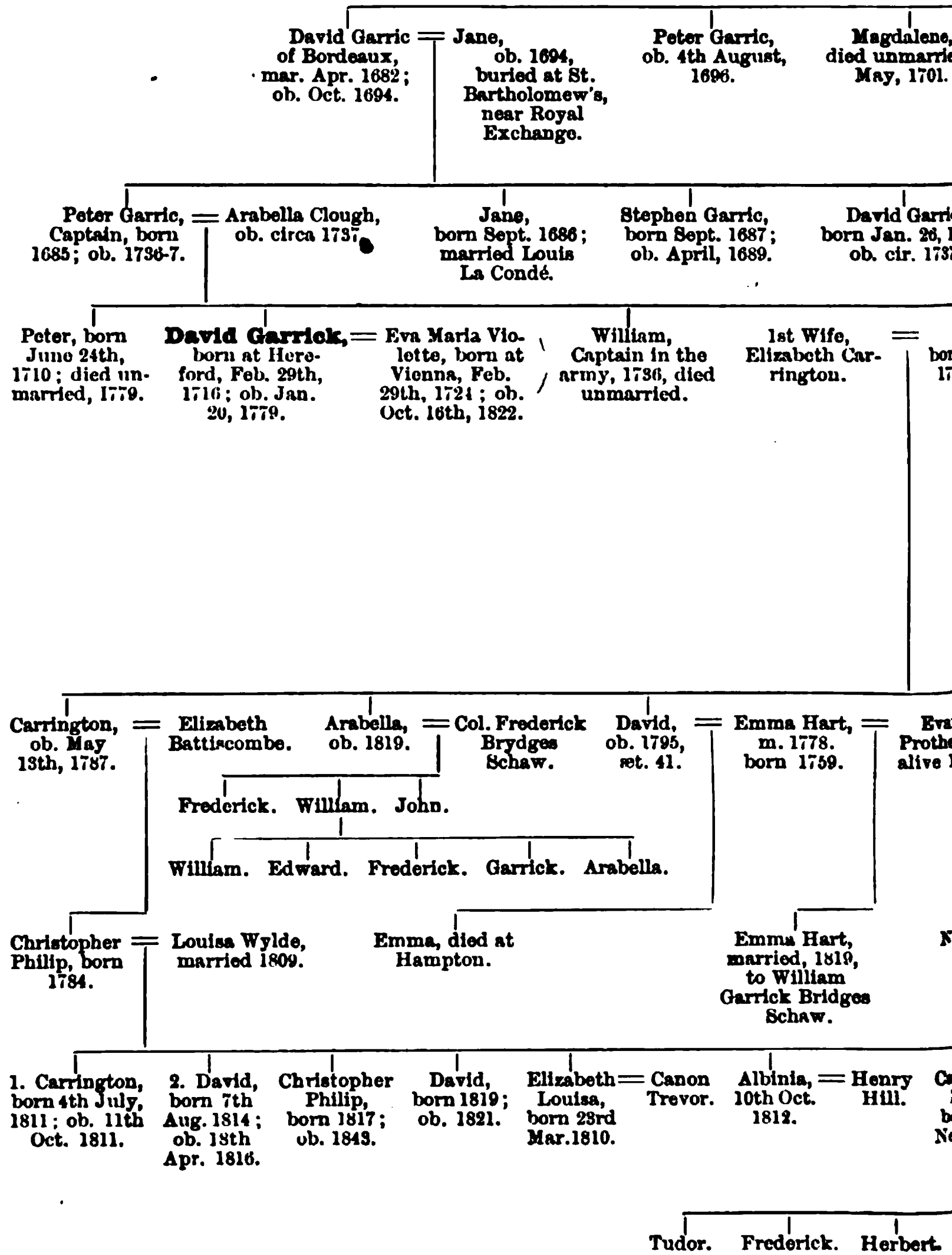
Such was the preface to the original edition. Since then the kind and trusty friend, owing to whose substantial aid the book was produced, has passed away. In that introduction I was not at liberty to mention the full incidents of his extraordinary act of kindness in handing over his valuable papers to another. He was himself an admirable dramatic critic, with a wonderfully cultured taste for the stage. As is well known, he was an excellent actor. For writing a life of Garrick he was specially fitted, and for this purpose he had long been collecting, at considerable cost, all the necessary books, letters, &c.; yet, with a generosity and cordiality that can never be forgotten by me, he one day announced to me that he would give up his plans, and hand over all his materials to me. All through he gave me his

found nowhere else. The whole has been revised, all errors that have been pointed out and others have been corrected, redundancies have been pruned down, and any new information has been worked in. The difficulty to make a selection of what is really essential mass of Garrick letters and papers is literal. I hope, therefore, that, in its new shape, the work will be found acceptable.

Athenæum Club, 1899.

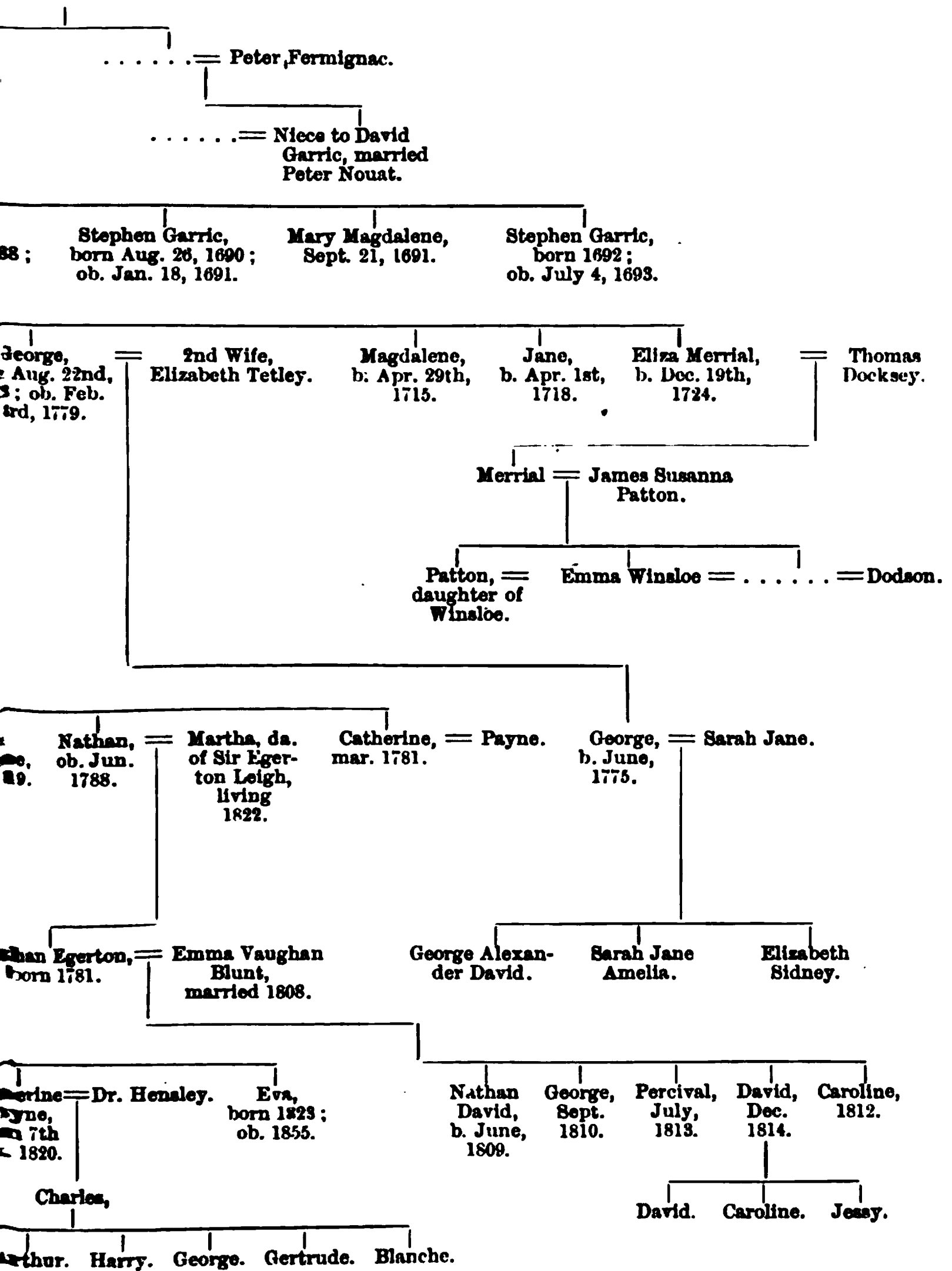
*Pedigree, from the Heard Coll., College of Arms
revised by*

DE LA G



—Also from the Beltz and Pulman Coll., *ibid.*;
the Family.

GARRIGUE.



THE LIFE OF DAVID GARRICK.

BOOK THE FIRST.

LICHFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

THE HUGUENOT EXILE—SCHOOL DAYS.—1685-1730.

EARLY in the year seventeen hundred and sixteen, a lieutenant in command of a party belonging to Colonel James Tyrrel's regiment of Dragoons, came to Hereford on recruiting service. He put up at the Angel Inn, an old timber-framed house, in Widemarsh Street, close to the Leominster road. The lieutenant's lady was near her confinement, and on the 19th of February brought into the world their third child, afterwards to be celebrated as the famous actor, DAVID GARRICK, whose history we are about to pursue.*

The recruiting officer was Lieutenant Peter Garrick, son of a French gentleman, having been brought to England from that country when a mere infant. In his memory might have lingered indistinct pictures of a hurried flight, of fierce soldiers' faces, and miserable tossing on the sea. His father and mother had been forced to fly their country, almost the first victims of the Revocation which banished the French Huguenots from France. The family was a noble one—*De la Garrigue*—connected with the Houses of Perigord and De la Rochefoucauld. They were established near Saintonge, and were flourishing down to the Revolution, signing a contract of marriage in company with some of the most distinguished names in the district of Saintonge.

* The Angel Inn was burned down over a hundred years ago; though visitors to Hereford used to be shown a jeweller's shop, and an oak room, as the place where the actor was born.

David "Garrić" was living at Bordeaux, most likely in the wine trade, when the storm broke, and by the end of August, 1685, with difficulty got to St. Malo, where he embarked, having to leave wife, child, and property. He reached Guernsey, where he remained for a month, and finally got to London in safety on the 5th of October. Being thus safely arrived in London, they had to wait nearly a year and a half, for the son they had left. But happily on the 22nd of May, 1687, "Little Peter arrived in London, by the grace of God, in the ship of John White, with a servant, Mary Mougner, and paid for their passage twenty-two guineas."

In London he found friends and kinsmen, countrymen and exiles, like himself. These were the families of Sarrazins and Perins, the Fermignacs—one of whom his sister had married—the Mouats, Soularcs, Cazalis, and Pigous, names still found over the kingdom. Meanwhile children came—Jane, Stephen, David, and Mary Magdalen; their baptisms, godfathers, and even hour of birth and death being set out with a minute and devotional exactness. Thus: "The 26th September, 1692, at 10 o'clock at night, God was so good as to deliver my wife from her lying-in of a boy, who was baptized the Wednesday following, being the 30th, at the Walloon Church, by Mr. Basset, minister. Godfather, our cousin Stephen Soulard, who gave him the name of Stephen, whom God bless and preserve for many years for the glory of God, and his own eternal happiness." This prayer was not to be answered. For: "The 4th July, 1693, God took to himself the little Stephen, who died at 10 o'clock in the morning, and the 5th buried at night at 5 o'clock, at Wandsworth, in the new churchyard—the *whole cost* 34s." There is a certain simplicity and pathos in this entry. "The little Stephen" was the third of his children so named, but who were all carried off in succession.*

But more trials were to come. "God hath afflicted me," he writes, "and taken from me my poor wife the 2nd December, 1694, Sunday, at 10 o'clock at night, and given her to me in April, 1682. Buried in Bartholomew Lane, behind the Royal Exchange." Two years later, a brother and sister, Peter and

* The charge of funeral for the second little Stephen is thus set down—

Coffin	10 shillings.
Gloves	3 "
Coach	8 "
Three bottles	4 "
Minister	17 "
Sexton	10 "

52 shillings.

Magdalen Garrick, came over to the widower from Rotterdam.* The brother died only the month following after his arrival.† And in May, 1701, his sister Magdalen followed, and left the old exile with his three children—Peter, David, and Jane. He soon provided for them. David went into the wine trade, and found his way to Portugal, where he prospered. Jane married another exile, bearing the illustrious name of Louis La Condé, and Peter, now about twenty years old, was put into the army.‡ Presently his regiment was ordered away to Lichfield, where the Huguenot's son was to be quartered a long time, to become known and esteemed in the society of the place. He was considered an amiable gentleman, of quiet and agreeable manners; one that was good company, and could tell a pleasant story.

In the cathedral choir was a certain Rev. Mr. Clough, who had a daughter called Arabella. It will be seen later what virtues she possessed; how sweet was her disposition, and how almost passionate was the attachment she bore her husband. She fascinated the young ensign, and on November 13th, 1707, a little more than a year after he had entered the army, this rather imprudent marriage took place.

A year and a half later came promotion, and the newly-married officer found himself a lieutenant.§ Not, however, until June 24th, 1710, was their first child, Peter, born. The vicar choral's wife was an Irish lady, so that in the future actor's veins was to flow a rather mercurial stream, compounded of French, English, and Irish blood,—perhaps not the worst mixture for dramatic talent. The vicar was then living in a house, which, about thirty years ago, was still standing, and where the officer's son Peter was to live all his life, and die nearly a century later.|| Five years after arrived a daughter,

* The old merchant thus writes to Lord Hatton, 1694:—"My Lord—I have received your letter of the 12th curant with the enclosed letter fr Paris, which I forward last post, and recommend unto my brother at Rotterdam. M. Isaac Cazalis is my good friend at Amsterdam. I know vere well Mr. Gernais of that City, Frenchman, and my good friend. If you desire remit to the Lady your sister any Bills of Exchange, I may remit unto her, ye Exchange is now very eigh, at 55½ per crowne.—I am yr obedint and hmble servnt, "D. Garrick."—(*MS. Brit. Mus.*)

† "Having suffered," writes David, "like a martyr with a retention. God preserve us from the like distemper. Amen."

• ‡ The Commission is dated April 12, 1706.

§ Commission dated 23rd November, 1708.

|| The house was pulled down in 1855, to make room for the new Probate offices. Many traditions of the Garrick family have been obtained from Lichfield; and there is extant a sort of house-book, kept by a great-grand-niece of the actor, who had long lived with David Garrick's sister,

Magdalen, known to her family as Lennie, or Nellie; and a year later, the recruiting party arrived at Hereford, and the birth of DAVID took place, as we have seen, on February 19th.* The officer, as we have seen, was at Hereford when David was born; but he lived at Lichfield.† When his father was on foreign service, little David copied out of the family Bible the exact dates of all their births, &c., and sent it away to him at Gibraltar.‡

The lieutenant's alliance with the vicar-choral's daughter had brought him new connections and friends. One of her sisters was Mrs. Kynaston; another married one of the Days—a name hereafter to be always associated with Lichfield. Here also was Mr. Hector, the physician who attended Mrs. Garrick and her children, with Dr. James—then an obscure country-town doctor, who had not introduced his famous powders. At the street corner, opposite St. Mary's Church and its ancient clock, was the shop of that remarkable bookseller, Mr. Michael Johnson—an old framed house hanging heavily over the pathway, supported by two clumpy pillars. When the lieutenant's son, David, was a mere infant, the bookseller's famous son was just entering the Lichfield Grammar School, and had already attracted the notice of one of the most influential persons of the place—Mr. Gilbert Walmesley, the bishop's registrar—an elderly and wealthy bachelor, and good scholar. The bookseller's son, considered a remarkable and promising boy, was much encouraged by the Herveys, the Levetts, the Swinfens, and by Lieutenant Garrick himself. There was about seven years between his age and that of

in which has been carefully collected every floating tradition about the family.

* He was baptized eight days later in the church of All Saints, as appears from the following note, extracted November 8th, 1866 :—"David, son of Mr. Peter and Arabella Garrick. Baptized February the 28th, 1716." Davies makes the 20th of February the day both of his birth and baptism, whereas the birth was on the 19th, and the baptism on the 28th. Boaden, pointing out Murphy's mistake, falls into mistake himself, and gives the 20th; and Murphy gives both a wrong date and place, changing the church into that of All Souls.

† "This is a curious town," said the elder Mathews to the waiter, when staying at the inn. "Altogether, Mr. Garrick *ought* to have been born here." "To be sure he ought, sir," was the reply. "I am glad to hear you say that. It was too bad of his father to go to Hereford, when his wife was so near her time; but we claim him for all that."

‡ From a letter of David's to his father, I take the following list :—Peter, born June 24, 1710; Magdalen, born Apr. 29, 1715; David, born Feb. 19, 1716; Jane, born Apr. 1, 1718; William, born Mar. 8, 1720; George, born Aug. 22, 1723; Merriall, born Dec. 19, 1724; Daniel, Arabella, Anna-Maria, died in infancy.

David, so that it could hardly have been until Johnson had come back from Stourbridge school, and was "lounging about" Lichfield, uncertain and purposeless, that any serious intimacy could have commenced. One was a youth of seventeen, the other a boy of ten years old. One had passed through the Lichfield Grammar School, and was dreaming of Oxford; the other was just about being put to the grammar school which Samuel had left. David was already known as a gay and sprightly lad, who could put an odd question in company, and make a smart answer, that almost amounted to a repartee. Mr. Walmesley, in particular, was often amused by listening to his sallies, and encouraged the mimicries and other antics, which were part of the boy's little accomplishments. It was time now to think of some schooling; and like another lieutenant's son, Laurence Sterne, he was sent to the free school of the town where he was living.

That school—a low, long building with four gables—was then directed by a Mr. Hunter, who had been young Johnson's master also. This man was of the line of old cruel schoolmasters, who were savage and eccentric, and thought the birch-rod the grand agent of education. In after life, Johnson spoke of him almost with horror. "He was a brutal fellow," he said. He would scourge his boys on the old unreasoning principles, beating a lad for not knowing the Latin for candlestick, a word which might not be in the day's lesson. He did not distinguish between mere want of knowledge and neglect of knowledge. When the birching was going on, the unhappy lad had rung in his ear such comfort as "This I do to save you from the gallows." He was very fond of shooting, and any truant pleading, in arrest of judgment, that he could point out a covey of partridges, was certain to be reprieved. Under the care of this half-savage, David did not apply himself to his books with much studiousness, but his "sprightliness" and vivacious quickness must have taken him out of the category of mere dull and idle boys. His remissness was not to be placed to the attraction of games or the seductiveness of school sports. His idleness, it was remarked, was occasioned by the charms of the lively jest, the pleasant story, and odd dialogue. But the classical knowledge and refined tastes he was to exhibit all through life show that, even under such discipline, a sound foundation had been laid.

One of his schoolfellows here was son to a wealthy gentleman named Simpson, near Lichfield. He afterwards grew up—turned out a scapegrace and *mauvais sujet*—married against his father's consent, lived a dissipated life, and, as of course,

fell into difficulties. He thought—perhaps for the first time—of his schoolmate, now a wealthy manager and actor, and to him he wrote a piteous letter, asking his influence for reconciliation with the father, and also for a gift of a hundred pounds—for what the spendthrift calls a loan, is in truth always a gift. His old schoolfellow, who was then styled a shrewd, money-scraping, “stingy,” miserly creature, at once sent off the money, wrote down to Lichfield a charming appeal to the offended father, but received back a gruff, surly answer. The actor, not to be rebuffed, wrote again with admirable temper, and actually had the satisfaction of softening the angry father, and reconciling him to the son, and his own old schoolfellow.

He was always ready to divert his companions by a burst of spirits, or by “taking off” some oddity.* The talent, of which this was a rude symptom, was to be stimulated by other causes. There was in Lichfield a sort of taste for the drama, and some young ladies had proposed getting up “The Distressed Mother” at a private house, for which young Johnson had sent them an Epilogue. But there was a more seductive allurements still. The strolling players sometimes called at Lichfield, playing “Alexander” and the established round of dramas, pouring out the usual stilted declamation and “paviour’s sighs,” which were then the mode. The bookseller’s son, then undecided as to what course of life he should adopt, was still loitering about Lichfield, and with his young companion, used to attend these performances. He was delighted with these efforts, without regard to their degree or quality. Once, when a very ordinary player was ranting *Sir Harry Wildair*, and tearing the part to tatters, Johnson was charmed, and grew rapturous in his praises. “There is a courtly vivacity about the fellow,” he said. But even then, the nicer instinct of the schoolboy could see that there must be a higher standard than this noise and fustian, and he felt that the artist his friend so much admired was “the most vulgar ruffian that ever trod the boards.” Long after, when the old moralist, now close upon seventy, found his way back to his native city, these recollections poured back on him, and he made a confession to his faithful henchman and admirer. “Forty years ago, sir, I was in love with an actress here, Mrs. Emmet, who acted *Flora* in ‘Hob in the Well.’” And it may have been on a night when

* In Mr. Upcott’s collection was a school book of David’s in which is this inscription: “I, David Garrick, lend George this book, and desire him not to abuse it: if he does, I’ll fag him. David Garrick, *ejus liber*. Anno Domini, 1729.”

his favourite was playing, that a characteristic scuffle took place. He and David were both present, and Johnson had a chair on the stage. Going out between the acts, he, on his return, found his seat in possession of a stranger. This fellow declined to give it up, though Johnson explained the matter very civilly. On which he took up the chair and its occupant, and flung both into the pit. Mr. Walmesley, however, interfered and composed matters.*

It was natural that the presence of these players should kindle in the schoolboy's mind an eagerness to appear on some shape of stage. Full of spirit and gaiety, he was presently to give a hint of what was to be the guiding passion of his life. He set on foot a little scheme for the diversion of his friends, enrolled all his companions in a company, drilled them carefully, and put Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer" in rehearsal. The young manager, only eleven years old, took *Sergeant Kite* for himself, a part of fine fresh humour, and gave *the Chambermaid* to one of his sisters. Johnson, not yet gone to Oxford, was applied to for a Prologue for the little performance, but for some reason is said to have refused—though he had volunteered one for another occasion. The little piece went off admirably, and the spirit, vivacity, and perfect ease of the young player were long remembered in Lichfield. Captain and Mrs. Garrick, the pleased father and proud mother, sitting among the audience in "the large room," little dreamed that they were unconsciously contributing to their son's fatal adoption of that "degrading" profession. For such was then considered, indeed, the calling of the unhappy vagabonds who played in the Lichfield barns, and who only escaped the stocks by the tolerance of the magistrate. This childish performance, therefore, may be considered David's first appearance on the stage, and has been placed about the year 1727.

To the children these pastimes were welcome enough, but the "captain-lieutenant" must have been carrying on a weary struggle. Only a few months before, on the day after Christmas-day, 1726, he had exchanged from the Dragoons into a marching regiment, a step that seems dictated by a prudent economy. This new corps was Colonel Kirk's, afterwards to be known as the 2nd Foot. It was time, too, to think seriously of providing for the children, now fast growing up about him. Peter, the eldest, was put into the navy and sent away to sea. And presently arrived from Portugal a most opportune pro-

* Garrick told this story to Mrs. Thrale; when she retold it to Johnson, the sage complacently owned that his friend had not spoiled it in the telling, and "that it was very near true, to be sure."

posals from uncle David, now a flourishing wine merchant at Lisbon, that his nephew and namesake, David, should be sent to him, and established in the house out there. This offer, equivalent to a provision for life, was at once accepted, and David, then but eleven years old, despatched on this distant expedition. Even in this step we see a certain character and sense; as it was not every lad of his years could be sent off in those days of difficult travel on so long a voyage.

He remained a very short time. Such a course of life—the dry routine of a counting-house—could not suit his vivacious temper. Davies hints that he was dismissed as too volatile for the business. The English merchants delighted in his company, and would put him up on the table after dinner, to declaim whole scenes and speeches from plays. Noble Portuguese youths patronized him; and he was often heard to tell how he had been in the company of that unfortunate Duke d'Aveiro, who, just as the actor was meditating his first appearance at Goodman's Fields, was put to death for a conspiracy. This glimpse of foreign life—the change from the tranquil stagnation of a country town to the coloured scenes and manners of a new country—the novel shapes of character and humour, must have given an almost dramatic tone to his mind, and furnished him with an early glimpse of the world more valuable, and more official, than any training. That this step was taken calmly, and without displeasure on the side of his uncle, is plain from the fact, that on the latter's return to England the nephew was well received by him, and handsomely provided for in his will.

On his return he was once more sent to Mr. Hunter, whose stern discipline was to repair his deficiencies, which, with interruption and idleness, now began to look serious. His father had gone on half-pay, a step he may have taken to avoid the expense of travelling about with the regiment; but there was presently to come an important change.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPTAIN ON FOREIGN SERVICE—DAVID'S LETTERS.— 1731–1733.

It was now the year 1730, when it was determined to re-fortify and strongly garrison Gibraltar, after its defence of 1727, in which that other marching lieutenant, Sterne's father, took part; and news came down to Lichfield that Captain Garrick's old regiment had already embarked. Perhaps his heart went

with them. An officer at Gibraltar wrote over to propose that Captain Garrick should come out on full-pay and take his place. This was not to be resisted—perhaps, too, he was not sorry to be free of the Lichfield tradesmen, to whom he was now sadly in debt; or was not disinclined to taste camp life once more, which, to the retired soldier, looks charming in the distance. In July, 1731, he was on full-pay again, and had presently gone up to London with Mrs. Garrick, to embark. After that parting, her tender heart was cruelly wrung, and she fell into miserable fits of despondency and illness. The children were left in Lichfield, and she had to remain long in town with friends, until she grew better. But the captain left behind him a useful comforter, a boy of surprising sense and spirit—the most zealous and affectionate of children—who seemed now to take the whole responsibility of the family on his childish shoulders, with a tact and ardour surprising in one who was barely sixteen.

With every mail the exiled soldier's eyes were gladdened with long, long letters from the affectionate David, full of gay, amusing Lichfield news; full of genuine love and filial warmth; and showing, too, not the unconscious selfishness of the school-boy, who cannot help writing of himself and his concerns, but a careful selection of such matters only as would please and interest the dear father he was addressing. Even the gayer portions seem inspired by the gaiety of a man, and everything was chosen with almost a laborious anxiety and the nicest tact, to cheer and amuse the lonely officer, who, he knew, would have to wait months for the next mail. The father took care to put by this remarkable series, well worthy indeed of being preserved; for they gave certain promise of a ripe wisdom, a true affection that would, later, attach friends, of a wit and gaiety that was sure to win success in any profession.* It is hard to give an idea of these engaging letters, which are as wise as they are affectionate, and have a shrewdness far removed from the almost pedantic wisdom of common schoolboys, showing also a quaintness that might be looked for in the letters of grown-up people. It was curious, certainly, that all these gifts should have centred in David, and that the six others of the captain's family should have had dispositions of a more homely and home-spun description.

The captain had embarked in due course for Gibraltar; and it

* Mr. Forster, in the second edition of his "Goldsmith," gave a few extracts from these early letters. By his kindness I am now allowed to present some fresh and highly characteristic extracts, hitherto unpublished.

would seem that nearly a year passed away before his first letter, announcing his safe arrival, reached Lichfield. It was answered with affectionate enthusiasm. The boy's letter, written in all the delight at the arrival of this news, is very characteristic, and overflows with affection. It is dated January 21, 1731-2: "It is not to be expressed," he writes, "the joy the family was in at the receipt of dear papa's letter. *Mama was in very good spirits two or three days after she received your letter, but now begins to grow moloncholy, and has little ugly fainting fits.*"* "My mama," he goes on, "received the 30*l.* you was so good as to send. She paid 10*l.* to Mr. Rider, one year's rent, and 10*l.* to y^e baker; and if you can spare a little more, or tell her you will, she is in hopes of paying all y^e debt, *that you may have nothing to fret you when you come home.* My mama staid six weeks in London after you left her there, for she was very much out of order. Mr. Adair there was prodigiously obliging and civil—and *begged her to send him some ale.* Mr. and Mrs. Hervey came to see my mama as soon as she came to town, which she deigns to do very soon. She is a very fine lady, and *has returned very few of her visits.*" There is a *naïveté* about all this very charming. But later, in a very short time, his faculties open, and he takes a more manly tone. There were indeed the little local topics, which would be welcome to one whose heart was with his family; and the attentions of the Herveys† and other great people when down at Lichfield, were what the boy knew would gratify the absent husband.

* In Mr. Law's sale of autographs was a letter addressed to Captain Garrick by his five children, in which the third son complains of the conduct of his sister, which he says is now "all hony, now the reverse." In the first edition of this work, I only gave some specimens of these engaging letters. I now give nearly the whole, which have never been published.

† "We have but little news. Doctor Hector is married to Miss Pop Smith; and Mr. Laurence, who is at London, is married to ye lady who you saw at Captain Goddard's, a very pretty woman, only she squints a little (as Captain Brazen in y^e Recruiting Officer). Captain Weldon has parted with his commission, and has half-pay as lieutenant of a man-of-war. Everybody loves and likes Mrs. Weldon, but he has quarrelled with most of the people in this place, which gives the poor woman a great deal of uneasiness. And they are both highly civil to our family. I am a great favorite of both of them (Mr. and Mrs. Hervey), and am with them every day. Mr. Walmesley has had a very great quarrel with Captain Malone, who, I think, considering his being always so civil to the officers, used him very ill. But at present all is over, but they don't visit one another. I have been to Mr. Otley's, who sent a man and horse for me, with Mr. and Mrs. Hervey and Mr. Walmesley, were I got acquainted with his two sons, who are fine young gentlemen. Mr. Walmesley gave me slyly half-a-crown for y^e butler, and then for the groom and for myself, which made me look very grand. All your friends are very well. We had a letter from my

While the captain's lady was in town, David was left in charge of the family. They were all depressed and very "moloncholy," writes the boy—scarcely with credit to the Lichfield Grammar School; and the sick lady returning home had to face duns and difficulties, and economise in sore straits. Their clothes were in sad condition: she found their "accoutrements," as he pleasantly called them, "more like those of beggars than gentlemen soldiers," and there was a "great deal of mending and patching" to be done. So, when Johnson said that his friend had learnt his thrift in small things, from being bred in a half-pay officer's family, where "the study was to make fourpence do as much as others made fourpence-halfpenny do," he was nearly right; only the captain's lady had to strive and make her little fourpence stretch as far as another's eightpence. By-and-by the young fellow writes that "my mamma has cleared all the debts," except that of the most important of all creditors—the butcher. He had, however, accepted something on account, and would wait for the rest. The opinions of "Kent the butcher" and of "Webb the baker" are often reported. These little shifts and struggles he tells to his father in a pleasant vein of humour, and in a very hopeful tone; so that the captain should know what their struggles were, and at the same time be cheered by hearing of their success. For himself, he has to inform his "dear pappas," that he is now quite turned a philosopher; but yet, to show that he is not vain of it, protests he would gladly get shut of the philosophical character—especially as he has had lately a pair of silver breeches-buckles presented to him. The only way would be for the captain to send him some handsome materials for a vest and breeches. "They tell me," says his son, slyly, "velvet is very cheap at Gibraltar. Amen, and So be it!" But it is not likely that the captain—a careless and easy-going officer—attended to this modest commission. Three mails would come in, each with a letter from the faithful son, before an answer would be sent back to Lichfield: and we can hardly accept David's affectionate excuse for this failure of acknowledgment; viz. "that the winds and waves seem more favourable to the captain's letters than to his." The mails brought

uncle Day, who says that Mr. Lowe preacht a sermon which was thought by everybody one of the best they had heard for a long time. My grandmother sends her blessing, and would fain live to see you once more. My brother and sister send their duty, and Ann in a particular manner.—Your ever dutiful son, D. G." Another letter ran:—"Dear Sir—If you could possibly send Mr. Walmsley a little wine, I am sure he would take it as a particular favour."

the absent father some charming tributes of affection from both wife and son—which must have dimmed his eye, as he read, and made the paper tremble in his fingers. That of the lady—ill, shattered in health and spirits, has a sweet earnestness and almost passion, which recalls Steele's tenderness. The paper has a little break in the middle—from the seal being torn away; but only a word or two is lost. "I must tell my dear life and soul," she writes, nearly two years after his departure, "that I am not able to live easy longer without him; *for I grow very jealous*. But in the midst of all this, I do not blame my dear. I have very sad dreams for you but I have the pleasure when I am up, to think were I with you, how tender my dear soul would be to me; nay, was, when I was with you last. O! that I had you in my arms. I would tell my dear life how much I am his!—A. G."

About this is a ring of quaint and ancient pathos—the yearning of a "sweet wife," and all the bloom of new affection, though after some five-and-twenty years of married life. Her son testifies to this longing. His own fondness breaks out delightfully; he turns off suddenly into praise of "one piece of Le Grout"—a miniature painter of the day—which he valued above all the pieces of Zeuxis. He would sooner have one glance at it than look a whole day at the finest picture in the world! Nay, it had this effect upon him, that when he looked at it, he fancied himself far away at Gibraltar, and saw the Spaniards, and sometimes mounted guard. The portrait was then in his hand, yet he could not satisfactorily describe it. "It is the figure of a gentleman, and I suppose military by his dress. I think Le Grout told me his name was one Captain Peter Garrick: perhaps, as you are in the army, you may know him. He is pretty jolly, and, I believe, not very tall." A charming little picture, and described with admirable justice as "a bit of comedy itself—a piece of character and feeling such as Farquhar might have written." But there is yet another touch to complete the domestic scene. "My poor mamma sighs whenever she passes the picture. My mamma *sends her most tender affections* She says your presence would do her more good than all the physicians in Europe."

Mr. Gilbert Walmesley was living in the Bishop's Palace, where Mr. Seward, the Prebendary, was to live later. Lichfield at this time was gay: soldiers were quartered there, and there was lively society enough, to which David contributed his share. Gay as they were, the Lichfield people did not come up to the extraordinary panegyric of Johnson, uttered in all the effusion of one revisiting his native place. "They were the

most sober decent people in England," he said; "the most orthodox, the genteeldest, in proportion to their wealth, and spoke the purest English." Their orthodoxy may have been merely the dull, stolid orthodoxy of a provincial town, and the "pure English" that of Johnson himself, who pronounced "fair" like the word fear, and "once" like *woonse*. Long after it became one of Garrick's pleasantries to exhibit his friend squeezing a lemon with strange contortions into a bowl, and calling out "Who's for *poonsh*?" Yet Garrick himself was often remarked for saying "shupreme" and "shuperior."

"I was near recruiting myself," the boy writes; for Mr. Hervey, who was cornet in Lord Mark Kerr's regiment, had promised, if his brother-in-law, Sir John Aston, should die, to give him the vacant cornet's commission.* His regiment was quartered in Lichfield; but he had a house in London where Johnson was made welcome, and met genteel company. Where, too, Captain Garrick's son, when he came to town, we may be certain, was also introduced.

Happily for the English stage, the officer recovered. Later on, no less than three colonels were each offering him a pair of colours, and his friend Captain Pyott swore that if he took orders, he should at least be chaplain to *his* regiment. With such inducement and such pressure, it seems wonderful that the boy had not been dazzled by the gold and scarlet, and had not marched away out of the place, after the drum. Some of the recruiting officers interfered a little with young David's successes—bright, gay, and gallant as he was—and he writes to his dear "pappa" a comic account of one coxcomb, who had sent verses to a lady, who had of course shown them to *him*. The officer had led off by saying he was not like common soldiers, but "a lover of the Muses." David is very sarcastic on this pretender. "By y^e lover of y^e Muses, he means himself: which is one of the vainest things I ever read. Indeed, I doubt not but he loves y^e Mouses," adds he in his scorn, slipping into a little careless spelling, "but I doubt much whether he is beloved by them." Then he tells of a mysterious "answer" in verse, that was sent to the coxcomb, and which he takes the trouble of copying out to the length of some fifty lines; a most cutting and withering exposure, as he thinks it. The authorship of which his father will guess:—

"So half-filled butts of new-brewed beer,
Top-full of something oft appear;
When vent is given, soon you'll find
The great production—froth and wind."

* This was to Mr. Hervey, of whose kindness Johnson spoke with a forcible warmth—"If you call, a dog Hervey, I shall love him."

Which was rather hard hitting ; as was his description of the same hero : “Some squires hunted all the morning, and drank all night ; but this officer drank all the morning, and *hunted* all the night.”

But with all the gaiety and light trifling they did not lose sight of what was the grand object of the faithful family existence. Some years now had gone by, and everything was being turned to the one central purpose of getting leave for the captain to come home. They were unwearied in this pious office, and there was no end to the variety of their affectionate little plots. Mr. Walmesley was to go up to town and there get leave ; but the same hope of Mr. Walmesley “going up to town to get leave,” was repeated in nearly every letter. But as it appears from Walmesley’s letter to his friend Colson, he never did leave Lichfield ; so the chequered topics of this wonderful series of letters pour out, and we assist at all the secret and eager hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows, of the trusting Lichfield family, whose eyes were ever fixed wistfully on Gibraltar :—

“Mar 18, 1733.

“HON’D SIR—We had the pleasure of receiving two of your letters. I can’t but tell my dear pappa that one part of his letter put a damp upon my pleasure, in which you thought I was neglectful of writing. I ought to be esteemed the worst of wretches did I neglect what I thought would give you the least pleasure and satisfaction to one of the best of fathers. If those persons who have not received what tenderness and affection I have, from their parents, are accounted reprobates ; if they omitt to pay all regard and obedience to them, what can be said for him who in every instance of life has had ye greatest indulgence from a most kind father. In my poor opinion, nature seems to have done her endeavour to have planted in him all the contraries to obedience, virtue, morality, gratitude, and what is most commendable in any young person, though he had but the least share of what fatherly love and goodness I enjoy.” After describing the festivities for the Prince of Orange’s marriages, he tells how “Mr. Walmesley treated the ladies and gentlemen at the assembly with rack punch, and presented the gentlemen with cockades, and the ladies with favors ; his house illuminated from top to bottom. All ye town came up to see. Most of ye gentlemen met at ye Swan. Poor Mrs. Lowndes is almost constantly rowling about with the cholik, or has her head tyed about with a napkin—for the headach—like one that is a victim for a sacrifice.” Most amusing are the little bits of Lichfield gossip with which he affectionately tries to entertain the

absent officer. "Mr. Perkins is cited into the court for drunkenness and swearing, by Mr. Rider; and Mr. Shapless has lost a tankard of twelve pounds, which was stole from him; and here is a dragoon in goal upon suspicion. Mr. Hervey had lately come from London, and has brought me two pairs of large silver buckles, and Mr. Walmesley a fine snuff box."—1733.

He explains one contrivance for getting his father leave, which many joined in, that he should return to vote. "Mr. Plummer has promised to use his interest to get you leave to come for England to vote for him, and Mr. Walmesley has got you in the list of voters, and has made over a burgess to qualify you for voting." Mr. Christopher Lowe has brought news of Peter. Sir Chalone Ogle wrote that "he was" vastly fond of him, and that he admires him for his sobriety, modesty, and good humour; so we hope in a little time to hear of his being made a lieutenant (Cousin Cazalett). You was pleased to write, when should I be fit for the University? I fancy in about two years. I should have been ready now, only my going to Lisbon slackened me a great deal.—Aunt Kinaston, Cousin Bailey, Mrs. —, one night got tipsy here by drinking 'To all our Friends by Land and by Sea.'"

Feb., 1734.

"My mamma is much better, but very weak, attended with a lowness of spirit, which compels her to drink wine, which gives a good deal of uneasiness upon two accounts, as it goes against her inclination and pocket." Then, as to the great business of leave, Mr. Walmesley was going to London, and did not doubt but he would put the finishing touch to it.

"My sister Lenny and my sister Jenny send their duty to you, and being in great want for some lace for their heads, and my mamma being very low in ye purse by reason of her illness, could not afford them so much money. They, with the greatest duty and obedience, request a small matter to purchase their head ornaments. Great necessity compels them to give you this trouble, for they have never wore anything else but plain head cloths, which hardly distinguished them from the vulgar madams." He then encloses a piece of wit—an impudent thing which he apologises for sending—a speech delivered at a Masquerade by a Harlequin, and to the King himself, probably.

Various letters having miscarried or being delayed, David writes in this affectionate strain:—

1735.

"The great pleasure we have at the receipt of any of dear papa's letters is so well known that I need not enlarge upon

that point. If any sorrow should appear amidst such transports of joy, the miscarriage of my letter must occasion it. If the sea was as sure to carry as I am to write, you would have no reason to complain of my neglect. The wind and waves seem to be more favourable to us than to you."

Captain Pyott having given an entertainment, two or three days later "came this piece of wit from the Post House, directed to Lady Biddulph." This was a description of a horse-race, in which the ladies and gentlemen are described by horses' and mares' names, and probably David's own.

At times he himself went to town—some of his friends were glad to give him that treat—and he visited the playhouses, a true pleasure for the country lad. He found the new Covent Garden Theatre and Drury Lane open, with Rich and Fleetwood reigning, and even Goodman's Fields—where he little dreamed he himself would be playing in a very few years. He would have noted an actor set down in the bills as Mechlin, and who was to be his inseparable friend later. Pinkethman and Bullock, who had played in the last century, and must have been full of stage traditions about Shakspeare, still lingered on. Mrs. Clive and Mrs. Cibber were the popular *Polly* and *Lucy*. Quin—sawing and grinding his words, pumping and "paving" as it was called, according to the old iron principles then considered the perfection of acting—little thought there was in the pit a countrified youth who was measuring him with growing repugnance, whose fine eyes opened as he wondered, *were* the audience in earnest in their rounds of applause, or were they merely accepting this poor conventional stuff because there was nothing better to be offered to them? Though he might go to plays and coffee-houses in London, and hear the chimes at midnight again and again, a curious little piece which I have found among his papers, and which is dated January 31, 1733, shows that his talk and subjects of discussion at such places were of an intellectual sort. He and two friends had had a philosophical discussion, and one of them wrote to him next day, with a sort of half satirical *résumé* of the heads of their argument. The parties were,—“Dr. Bergmosch, an unbeliever; Dr. Llaroon, a believer; and Dr. Kircrag (Garrick), a moderate man.” Kircrag is a sort of anagram for Garrick; Bergmosch was Schomberg, afterwards Captain; and Llaroon a strange and wild soldier, who had fought in the Flanders wars, a clever artist, and an uproarious boon companion. This was a curious *coterie*. David always loved gaiety and pleasure, but always tempered his pleasures with refinement, and made them serve the business of life by promoting friendship.

CHAPTER III.

EDIAL—THE CAPTAIN'S RETURN AND DEATH—JOURNEY TO LONDON.—1734-1737.

Now, when Captain Garrick has been some two or three years away, reappears David's friend and companion, Johnson, who has been at the University, and tried many schemes and places, since he has had the usher's "hod" upon his shoulders. At this crisis Mr. Walmesley—the influential registrar, the wealthy bachelor and patron—proposes a scheme, which may benefit his two *protégés*. He points out to Johnson, that close to Lichfield, at Edial (or Edjal, as it was popularly pronounced), was lying vacant an old square-built house, with a high roof, cupola, and gallery on the top, and suggested that Johnson should take and open it as an academy. It was his suggestion too, that Garrick, then about eighteen, should try and complete his education in French and Latin, under so competent and so friendly a master. His advice was taken, and David and his brother George became the first pupils. A few neighbours, no doubt out of deference to the high influence of the bishop's registrar, sent him their sons; among which was Mr. Offley, a young gentleman of condition, and Hawkesworth, afterwards the laborious voyage compiler. But at no time did the pupils exceed seven or eight. David must indeed have been well grounded there, for he told a friend he once was able to repeat all the Greek roots by heart; and that on leaving Lichfield, his friend Walmesley gave him a copy of the "*Racines Grecques*," exacting a promise that he would learn a portion every day by heart.

The principal of the academy had married, and had now some one to direct his household—that grotesque figure of a wife, who was much older than the principal himself—the well-known "Tetty," with cheeks flaming with daubs of rouge and the use of cordials; so round, stout, and fantastic, and gaudy in her dress. She was an infinite source of entertainment to the two pupils, and Garrick long after used to divert his friends with a mimicry of the oddities and affectations of this strange lady. The uncouth fondness of her husband was no less diverting. One of Garrick's happiest pictures, with which he used to make his friends roar, was that of their master's going to bed, which the mischievous youth observed through the keyhole. The master was then actively engaged on his stilted, untheatrical

play of "Irene," and perhaps little thought that the pupil, who he fancied was fast asleep below, would one day gratefully bring it out for him at the greatest of the London theatres, or lend it the assistance of his own admirable acting. Every one in Lichfield knew the grand scheme Mr. Johnson was busy with. Peter Garrick, the midshipman, then at home, was applied to for his copy of "The Turkish History," to supply colour and "properties." The work was brought to the bishop's palace and read to Mr. Walmesley, who made a natural objection, that when the heroine, even at that imperfect stage, was in such extremity of distress, how was he to contrive to plunge her into deeper calamity? The author had a pleasant answer ready: "Sir," he said, slyly, "I can put her into the spiritual court;" Mr. Walmesley's own court. His liveliest scholar was, even then, busy working for the stage, and instead of the exercise which the master expected, would produce some scenes of a comedy. This, he said, had been his third attempt at writing; and with a tragedy and a comedy thus in their hands at the same time, it is not likely that much attention could be given to the more solemn duties of education. Still the master did not allow the old familiarity to interfere with what he felt to be his duty, and would enforce his teachings vigorously. Long after, when he had been facing audiences for thirty years, he told Dr. Monsey, he never could shake off a certain awe in Johnson's presence, which he traced back to a feeling that the Doctor had been his schoolmaster in these old Edial days.

Still the academy did not prosper. Perhaps it was too ambitious in name or pretension. David had now left; indeed, brought home by the joyful return of the wished-for father. The never-wearying intercession, the affectionate scheming of his wife and children, had at last prevailed, and now, by the beginning of the year 1736, he was back once more at Lichfield. Some forty years later, as Stockdale relates, the son recalled the raptures of that return, and reproached himself for a light speech, for which his joy and good spirits only were accountable. "I dare say, sir," he said, slyly, "I have now a good many brothers and sisters at Gibraltar;" a piece of raillery, in the prevailing key of the day, which brought fresh tears to Mrs. Garrick's gentle eyes. But there were other reasons beside those of affection, which brought the captain home. His health, shattered by travel and climate, was beginning to fail him, and it became therefore his first concern to establish David (now close upon twenty), and start him suitably in life. The captain's means were still scanty enough, and he was busy ne-

gotiating some means of disposing of his commission, for the benefit of his wife and children. Their neighbour, Mr. Walmesley, was once more called into council, to advise on Davy's prospects and choice of a profession. And this seemed all that the Garrick family might now reasonably look for from their old friend and patron, as he had only a few months before married the sister of that "Molly Aston" on whose charms Johnson used to dwell with almost senile raptures. This was a really heavy blow: for the family had not unnaturally looked to his making a provision for the youth he esteemed so highly.

Various plans were proposed. A university education was put aside as too costly. The Bar was at last finally decided upon; though there was a difficulty in the way as to how the necessary preparation was to be secured, without attendance at a university. Here Mr. Walmesley good-naturedly came to their aid. There happened to be living in Rochester a very old friend and fellow-townsmen of his, the Rev. Mr. Colson, a mathematician of reputation, whose contributions to the scientific journals of the day were well known. To him (in February, 1736) Mr. Walmesley wrote the "strongest" and warmest letter, asking him as a favour to take David, and teach him "mathematics, philosophy, and humane learning," and giving his *protégé* the very highest character. "My neighbour, Captain Garrick (who is a honest, valuable man), has a son, a very sensible young fellow," says Mr. Walmesley, giving a little sketch of his friend, "*a good scholar, . . . of sober and good disposition, and is as ingenious and promising a young man as ever I knew in my life.*" He adds that he will trespass very little on Mr. Colson's instructions, and will be found a pleasant companion at recreation. "This young gentleman, you must know," goes on Mr. Walmesley, "has been very much with me, ever since he was a child,—almost every day. I have taken a pleasure often in instructing him, and have a great affection and esteem for him." The captain, he said, could not hope to send him to the Temple, for some two or three years as yet. Any reasonable sum would be paid, "and I shall think myself very much obliged to you into the bargain."

But this arrangement, for some reason, was not at once completed. It would be hard for the needy captain to get together funds enough for so serious an expedition. Meanwhile David might have continued attending his friend's instruction, who had now appealed for pupils, in the well-known advertisement which appeared in "The Gentleman's Magazine":—"At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded,

and taught the Latin and Greek languages, by SAMUEL JOHNSON."

It was at last determined that David should be sent to the Rochester clergyman, who accepted the charge. By this time, Johnson's Edial House business had quite languished out, he saw here an opportunity for going to try his fortune, and on the morning of March the 2nd, 1737, the two friends set out together for London. Mr. Walmesley commended Johnson also to Mr. Colson's kind offices as "a poet," and likely to turn out "a fine tragedy writer." This was only the old pattern of adventure—every one with "parts" as it was called—every provincial light—posting up to the great market with a heavy poem or play in his pocket. Long after, they looked back to this pleasant adventure, and often talked over its incidents. Johnson, whose little weakness was a perpetual discontent that "a mere player" should have been more successful in the world than a grand moralist, was not sorry to hint at their little shifts on this occasion. In a large company, the quick ear of Garrick would hear the Doctor fixing a date by a something beginning: "That was the year when I came to London with twopence-halfpenny in my pocket—" when, not without surprise at such a statement, Garrick would repeat, "With twopence-halfpenny in your pocket?" "Why, yes," roars the Doctor, "with twopence-halfpenny; and thou, Davy, with three-halfpence in thine!" Garrick's good humour could make him accept so disagreeable a fiction without remonstrance. They made their journey, however, economically. "We rode and tied," said Garrick, later, alluding to a thrifty mode by which two people could contrive to have the benefit of one horse between them, for their travelling. But, as Boswell says, this was a mere complacent embellishment. Thus they got on to London. They stayed together in town a short time, presently found their slender stock of money all but exhausted. In this extremity, young Garrick recollected a bookseller named Wilcox, of whom he knew a very little; and both going to him, and telling their story, simply and naturally, he was induced to advance them five pounds on their joint note, which in a very short time they punctually took up and satisfied.*

David, however, contrived to save the three or four pounds necessary for his fees, and lost no time in entering as a student of the "Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn." On the 9th of

* The story of the loan is told by Sir John Hawkins, who says he had it from "an eye-witness."

March his name was enrolled.* The "vivacity" and "gaiety" which made the young man such a welcome companion, hint to us a little unsteadiness and taste for pleasure, which, in one of his "sprightly parts," exposed to the seductions of the capital, was almost pardonable. Bright, good-looking, full of intelligence and wit, of "a neat figure" we are told, though short, he found himself thrown away on the dull society of the country town, where they must have owned, in their uncouth dialect, that he was far "shuperior" to them. The early difficulties—the bookseller's loan—show that he had been sent up to town, not so much to benefit by Mr. Colson's training, as to look about, and see what might turn up, or what his relations would be inclined to do for him.† But in this short round of trifling, he was to be startled by a fatal piece of news—which interrupted all these plans.

In the January of that year the captain had found his way to London, where he was seized with his last illness, and had taken the opportunity of executing his will. He had full sense of his failing health, and the immediate business of his visit was, no doubt, to try and negotiate the sale of his captaincy, from which he hoped to make provision for his children. He seems to have nearly succeeded in concluding, for a sum of eleven hundred pounds, but was not able to complete the contract.‡ And it almost seems as though he was reckoning on this sum when, on the first day of the new year, 1737, he sat down to dispose of his property. To his three elder children he gave five hundred pounds each: to one son four hundred; and to the two youngest children, three hundred each. Last of all came this bequest—"To my son David, One Shilling." This might well startle us who have been following the charming and filial letters the boy was writing to his absent father. This severity might be accounted for satisfactorily. The Portuguese-wine uncle had now come over, full of years and wealth, had seen his nephew, and had taken, in the best part, an off-hand

* The following is a copy of the entry:—"David Garrick, gentleman, second son of Captain Peter Garrick, is admitted into the society of this Inn, the 9th day of March, in the tenth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord, George II., by the grace of God, King of Great Britain and Ireland, A.D. 1736, and hath paid to the use of this society the sum of three pounds, three shillings, and fourpence."

† Davies seems to have heard something to this effect; for he says that "when Garrick arrived in town, he found that his finances would not enable him to put himself under the care of Mr. Colson."

‡ From a letter written to the editor of "The Gentleman's Magazine" by one of the Garrick family, and signed E. G.—see "Gentleman's Magazine," 1779.

appeal that he was surely under some obligation to do something for David, after the fruitless Lisbon expedition, undertaken at his wish. He therefore, as Davies tells us, revised his will, and leaving his Lichfield nephews and nieces five hundred pounds each, increased David's portion to one thousand pounds. Thus, when the captain came to prepare his own will, he may have thought that there was no need to take care of David, already handsomely provided for, who was, besides, furnished more than the rest with vivacity and gifts sure to help him forward in the world. On the other hand, I am afraid he was displeased with his favourite son's waywardness and want of steadiness in following a sober course of life.

The captain's campaigns were now at last to end. He had returned home to Lichfield—was taken ill, and died, and was there buried. This event took place scarcely a month after his son David's departure—about the end of March.* “An honest, valuable man,” must have been the hearty and grieving verdict of his friends. His almost confident hope, expressed to his friend Walmesley, of being able “in two or three years” to equip David for the Temple, was not to be fulfilled. To the affectionate, loving wife, who had felt in their temporary separation all the bitterness of death, it may be conceived what a blow it was. Seven children were left to her care; and though she might rest with confidence in the good sense and affection of her second son—the eldest was away at sea—still as yet that “vivacity” and gaiety had produced a certain unsteadiness, which it would take some time to temper.

About this time, also, we may place the date of his uncle, the wine merchant's death, by which he “came in” for his welcome legacy. His biographers say that now he was enabled to purchase for himself the benefit of the Rochester clergyman's instruction, and fit himself for some profession. What that profession was to be, had he been left to his own choice and inclination, there would have been no hesitation. Already he was being drawn to THE STAGE—the two charming, irresistible Muses were inviting him towards them, half coaxingly, half imperiously, just as he was to be painted later in the most character-

* I find that his will was duly proved on the 7th of April following. “Appeared personally, Wm. Morgan, of the Par. of St. Paul, Covent Garden, Co. Middx., apothecary, and Thomas Goddard, of the Parish of St. James, Westminster, said Co., Esquire, to swear to the above, being the last will, &c., of Peter Garrick, late of Lichfield, Stafford, and Captain in a regiment of foot, under the command of the Honourable Major-General Kirk, deceased. Proved 7 April, 1737, by Arabella Garrick, widow, relict of deceased.” Mr. Garrick and Mr. La Condé were the Executors.”—*From Doctors' Commons.*

istic of pictures. But there was a reason, which, to his infinite credit, withheld him—to the widowed lady down at Lichfield, it would have been a fresh and most painful trial: and he could not bring himself to wring—or grieve even—that affectionate heart. He sacrificed what he felt was his true strength and success to this pious motive, and set himself seriously to embrace what was distasteful, and likely to be a failure. Long after, he told his friends that he had found his account, and worldly reward, in this act of filial duty; for had he gone on the stage then, with his powers immature, and nothing to support him but mere ardour and good will, he would certainly have failed; and the reader will see that almost every step of “our hero’s” life is thus marked by some gracious act, sure to draw to him the kindest sympathies of all—as I hope it will those of the reader.

BOOK THE SECOND.

GOODMAN’S FIELDS AND DUBLIN.

CHAPTER I.

STAY AT ROCHESTER—THE WINE MERCHANTS—LIFE ON TOWN
—WOFFINGTON.—1737–1741.

To this day Rochester is a quaint old town; a long, serpent-like street, with timber-framed houses, and patches of good old, cheerful, rubicund brick; a great carved and gilt clock projecting over the path, the almshouse still standing where the Six Poor Travellers are taken in every night. It is little changed since the year when young David Garrick came to live there with Mr. Colson. That clergyman seems to have been a dreamy scholar, very absent, and had become almost indifferent to his family concerns, from delight in his scientific studies. His neglect Johnson seems to have resented not a little, long after making his character point a moral for the readers of “The Rambler.”* There Gelidus† is found neglecting “the endearments of his wife to count the drops of

* In No. 24.

† That Gelidus is the portrait of Garrick’s third master, Mr. Colson, is so stated by Mrs. Thrale, whose testimony there is no reason to reject. Mr. Croker, in his “Boswell,” dismisses the notion with “This is a mis-

rain, note the changes of the wind, and calculate the eclipses of the moons of Jupiter." This philosopher lived entirely in an upper room of his house, where none of his family dared to intrude. When he came down, he seemed to be walking about like a total stranger. Such a character would have been a subject for the gay mimicry of his pupil, and who may have described it to his friend.

We have no accounts of his progress under what Murphy oddly calls "Mr. Colson's patronage," though Davies a little mysteriously announces that "in the company of so rational a philosopher, he was imperceptibly and gradually improved in the talent of thinking and reasoning"—a description which seems vague enough to be mere speculation. Such a preceptor was not likely to be a serious restraint, and accordingly we presently find the young man organizing private theatricals in the quaint little town; and the local chronicle records with pride that there were many alive who recollected these "early dawnings" of his lyrical genius. In the Colson family his "vivacity" was often fondly recalled.* With this professor he would seem to have remained some months, possibly a year. Then it became time to settle on something decisive. He took leave of his tutor, who in a couple of years later was appointed the Lucas Professor at Cambridge, and early in 1738 returned to Lichfield. It was prudently determined that David should put to profit not only the scanty knowledge he had acquired at Rochester and Edial, but such gleanings of wine knowledge as he had picked up during the flying visit to Lisbon. Peter, his brother, had abandoned the navy; and now both set their little capital together, and started as wine merchants. One of the partners was to live in Lichfield, the other in London, and extend connection, and thus it was hoped a profitable business could be carried on. Young David represented the firm in town.

The Lichfield partner was in face very like his brother David; but the large face and heavy features, common to both, were not lit up by such wonderful lamps, or kindled by so eternal a vivacity. Johnson always affected to believe that

take. It does not appear that Johnson ever saw Colson." This is not at all conclusive. He would surely have waited on the person to whom he was so strongly recommended. Then Johnson, Mr. Croker insists, became acquainted with *another* Colson after the "Rambler" was written. Mrs. Thrale gives a whole catalogue of these "Rambler" characters, with the names of their originals told to her—as it would seem, this one of *Gelidus* was—by Johnson himself.

* By Mrs. Newling, who may have been Colson's daughter.

if Peter had had opportunities, or had applied himself to society, he might have made a social reputation. He had "sedate and placid manners," it seemed to Boswell; and he talked about fishing with enthusiasm.* He succeeded in impressing his guest as quite a "London narrator."† To the end, however, he seems to have had that sort of spurious "good common-sense," which does not go beyond outward solemnity and gravity, and that foolish prudence which has been happily called a "rash caution." To the end, too, he held to his wine business, and, after his more famous brother had "come out" at Drury Lane, entered into new partnership—became "Gar-ric and Bailey, Wine Merchants"—made a little money, was left a great deal more by his brother, and died imbecile. No doubt it was some such impression of his solemn sense and his "long head," as it is called, that made Johnson, who had now laboured out the last act of the tragedy, take him to the Fountain Tavern; and read over to him the whole piece, now quite finished, and about to be sent to Fleetwood, of Drury Lane; by whom this dull but conscientious work, the fruit of much hodman's labour, was to be rejected.

The young wine merchants set up their business in Durham Yard, where they had vaults and offices, at the bottom of one of the little streets leading out of the Strand. Later, the brothers Adam swept Durham Yard away, and raised what was then considered a stupendous architectural monument, the Adelphi arches, with the streets and buildings reared upon them. It was not a little curious, that many years later the wealthy actor should have been living in one of these pretentious mansions, over the spot where his vaults had once been.

It was said that they contrived to form a sort of theatrical connection, most of the coffee-houses about the theatres giving them their custom. Mr. Cooke once saw a business receipt of the firm's, to a Mr. Robinson of the Strand close by, who had given an order for two dozen of red port, at eighteen shillings a dozen, and signed:

"For Self & Co.,
October, 1739.

"D. GARRICK."

If ever there was to be a reminder of these wine-selling days

* Piozzi MS., quoted by Croker.

† Boswell, in 1776. He gives us, at the same time, his own idea of a town wit, which was "telling a variety of anecdotes with that earnestness and attempt at mimicry which we usually find in all the wits of the metropolis."

wanted, there was one quarter whence it was certain to come. When the actor was rich and flourishing, Foote was fond of whispering "that he remembered Garrick, in Durham Yard, with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine merchant." When a man has raised himself by honourable exertion, there is sure to be some one to recall the Durham Yard, and the three quarts of vinegar.

Still a partnership was not likely to prosper where one of the partners was a gay, elegant, spirited youth, who did not scruple to stand up on the tables of the clubs and coffee-houses where his wine was drunk, and give a series of diverting mimicries. He produced intense delight and applause, and it was almost a matter of course that judges and critics should tell the clever young fellow that he was made for a higher and more splendid career than retailing wine. The stage, it was said, wholly possessed him. Under such conditions business did not thrive.

One who knew him about this time describes him happily "a very sprightly young man, neatly made, of an expressive countenance, and most agreeable and entertaining manners;" and the portraits of him have all that air of "neat make," with a youthful brightness in the face. At the convivial meetings he was "the idol," and easily took the lead. He would relate stories of his Portuguese *fiasco*; excelled in humorous pictures of travelling life, and of characters met on the road. One of his enemies, who had often listened to him, and who was himself a humorist, declared that he had scarcely ever heard anything to compare with the rich fun and gaiety of these sketches. It was noticed that the stage was his darling subject, and that his most favourite mimicries were those of actors. Such a course of life for one so young—he was then but twenty-three—would have shipwrecked any of the youths of the day. But these were sallies of pure enjoyment and honest good spirits; and in every stage of David Garrick's life, we find the correcting restraint of calm good sense, which others with less command of themselves, chose to translate into selfishness—"nearness"—"knowingness"—and such unpleasant qualities.

It was noticed that he had a companion from whom he was almost inseparable. This was an actor belonging to Drury Lane—a strange character—an Irishman of rough humour and ability, a good fives player, and a very promising actor. His appearance was very remarkable; a coarse face, marked not with "lines," but what a brother actor with rude wit had called "cordage." He was struggling hard to get free of a very "pronounced" brogue; and having come to the stage with what was to English ears an uncouth name, and to English mouths an

almost unpronounceable one, had changed it from M'Laughlin into Mechlin, and later Macklin. In his company young Garrick found great delight; for his remarks were shrewd, his knowledge of the profession very deep. He had also seen a good deal of the rough and dirty places of life, had undergone the useful discipline of a stroller's life, and met strange adventures. He was quarrelsome, overbearing, even savage: always in either revolt or conflict, full of genius, and a spirit that carried him through a hundred misfortunes. "His mind," said one who served under him, Thomas Holcroft, "was as rough and durable as his body. His aspect and address confounded his inferiors; and his delight in making others fear and admire him, gave him an aversion for the society of those who were his superiors." The writer of this graphic sketch adds, "that he never heard him allow the superiority of any man; and that he was so irritable that the slightest opposition was taken as an insult." That Garrick should have lived for so long on intimate terms with such a man, shows his forbearance and sweetness of temper; and when later a quarrel did come, Macklin's intemperateness became almost a foil for Garrick's moderation and liberality.

But this curious intimacy could be accounted for by a reason which the public did not suspect. Both saw the decay of the stage which had set in, and the genius of both knew how it must be reformed. Macklin had discovered, what Garrick was then discovering, that the best way of representing nature on the stage was by imitating nature; and both he and his friend saw with impatience the false principles then in fashion. The pair were almost inseparable, and for some five or six years were scarcely a day out of each other's company. They almost lived in Covent Garden—under whose piazzas the actors were always seen walking.

In such associations the wine business could scarcely flourish. While one member of the firm was down at a country town, and the other behind the scenes, or writing verses to Chloes and actresses, it is only wonderful that after three or four years' trading *the loss* should have been so little. In truth, David was chafing and fretting against the dull restraints of dockets and invoices. In little more than a year from his father's death came another blow. His mother, literally from grief, followed the husband she so loved to the grave in Lichfield, where she was laid near him.

His friend, Johnson—now working out a miserable "per sheetage" from the very humblest hack work, and almost depending for his crust on some little article that he could now

and again get into "The Gentleman's Magazine,"—was at this time intimate with Mr. Cave, of St. John's Gate, the publisher of that journal. Johnson mentioned his companion, and, speaking of his gay, dramatic talents, inspired this plain and practical bookseller with some curiosity, and it was agreed that an amateur performance should take place in a room over the archway, with Mr. Garrick in a leading comic character. It was duly arranged: the piece fixed on was Fielding's "Mock Doctor." Several of the printers were called in, parts were given to them to read; and there is an epilogue to the "Mock Doctor," by Garrick, which, as it was inserted shortly afterwards in "The Gentleman's Magazine," Hawkins tells us, would seem to have been spoken on this occasion. The performance gave great amusement, and satisfied the sober Cave; and presently, perhaps as a mark of the publisher's satisfaction, some of Mr. Garrick's short love verses were admitted into the poetical department of the magazine. He took part in another amateur performance—where he was assisted by a more remarkable actor.

Hogarth at this time was on terms of warm friendship with him, and also Hoadly, who was passionately devoted to any shape of theatricals. Once they arranged a burlesque of "Julius Cæsar" for private representation; but their difficulty was Hogarth, who, full of excellent humour, found his memory utterly fail him. A device was at last thought of, which was to write his part in pretty large characters upon the paper covering of the lantern which he was carrying, and which was illuminated from within. A humorous play-bill of the performance was illustrated by the painter.

Now visiting every theatre, seeing every player, liking a few, but abhorring the stilted plain chaunt, the stiff motions then in fashion, David took up his pen and dashed off criticisms. It was remembered that these were acute and unconventional, but above all were distinguished by a kindly and liberal spirit, very different from the "slashing" style of the common "hack" critics. But his connection with Drury Lane had already begun. In November, 1740, the whole city was thrown into a tumult of joy at Admiral Vernon's victory over the Spanish. Young Mr. Garrick recollected a sea song which his friend Gilbert Walmesley had written; and having himself added an *apropos* stanza, it was sung on the stage by Mr. Lowe:—

"Hark! the roaring cannon thunders—
See, my lads, six ships appear;
Every Briton, acting wonders,
Strikes the southern world with fear.

“Porto Bello, fam’d in story,
Now at last submits to fate;
Vernon’s courage gives us glory,
And his mercy proves us great.”

The pleasant social qualities of the young man had also found him friends among the professional actors, and given him the *entrée* to the *coulisses* at Drury Lane, then managed by Fleetwood. Here he had the delight of seeing a dramatic trifle of his own brought out—perhaps what he had written at Edial House—a kind of mythological sketch called “Lethe,” which turned upon the meeting of various types of character on the other side of the Styx. It was produced on April 1, 1740. It was a mere sketch, that left a great deal to the actor, but was always a favourite with the author; for he was ever touching on it, adding now a new character for Woodward, another for Mrs. Clive. Later still he put in a gouty old Lord Chalkstone, who was afterwards developed into a round and really finely-coloured figure in the five-act comedy of “The Clandestine Marriage.” But yet another attraction was to draw him behind the scenes; and a new actress, handsome, vivacious, and playing very much in the style which he himself approved, was now to fascinate him. His excuse might be the true genius and brilliancy of the syren; but he could then have scarcely dreamed of the snare that was spread for him, and of the dangers he was so happily to escape. Margaret Woffington, a young girl only twenty-two years old, had come to London in 1740, had been engaged by Rich at Drury Lane, and caused a genuine *furor*. Though there were some, like Mr. Conway, who found her merely “an impudent, Irish-faced girl,” others perceived she was a real actress, and that her “impudence” was not mere stage pertness, but true and genuine “spirit,” which carried her triumphantly through all her characters, and supplied a thousand defects. Even Walpole, while denying she had merit, said “she had life.” Her story has been often told in memoir and romance—even on the stage itself. Her curious life was itself a play—her being picked out of the streets at Fownes Court, her playing *Macheath* as an infant prodigy in Madame Violante’s Lilliputian Company, at the booth off Dame-street, and her bewitching the gentlemen of Dublin with her dashing sketch of *Sir Harry Wildair*.

The lively Garrick, then delighting in actors’ society, and free of every green-room, was charmed with the new heroine. He became one of the many admirers of her gifts, but he had the good taste to object to her playing such a part as *Sir Harry*, on sound stage principles. No woman, he justly urged, could

ever so overcome the physical difficulties of voice, and figure, as to identify herself with a man's part. It was a great attempt for a woman, he said, but still was not *Sir Harry Wildair*. So just and correct was even then his idea of dramatic propriety. He presently became deeply in love, and the actress seemed no less taken with him. Under the follies and failings, which he fancied were those of the hour, he saw the generous nature, the honest purpose—the warm impulse, and the sense of loyalty and duty to her profession, which might in time be earnest for her sense of duty to herself.

Margaret Woffington, it must be remembered, had many gifts and accomplishments that were of an intellectual sort. She was indeed a captivating creature. Her male characters were her smallest attraction. She could play parts like *Millamant* and *Lady Townly*, which required all the wit and graces of comedy. She could speak French admirably, and dance with infinite grace. She had a taste for reading, and above all possessed a kind, generous heart, that could do a good-natured thing. The charity so well painted in Mr. Reade's romance and drama is scarcely overdrawn. Her mother, whom she always decently supported, was long seen in Dublin—a respectable old lady in a velvet cloak, with a deep fringe, a diamond ring and agate snuff box,—going from one Catholic chapel to another, and gossiping a good deal with her neighbours. Murphy, who knew the actress well, and had many conversations with her, pays her the warmest tribute. "Forgive her," he said, "one female error, and it might fairly be said of her 'that she was adorned with every virtue; honour, truth, benevolence, and charity were her distinguishing qualities.' Her conversation was in a style always pleasing and often instructive. She abounded in wit." The wit must have been only the readiness of a bold woman; but there was present also an incurable unsteadiness, and a fatal taste for the pleasures of the hour, which it became hopeless to think of overcoming.

When the new actress came out in *Sylvia* in "The Recruiting Officer," Garrick took the usual fashionable mode of celebrating her charms in rhyme. The tone of these verses is very refined; and the hint that she should not regard mere light admirers, but one who really loved her, showed that his attachment had, at least, begun on pure principles.

"TO SYLVIA.

"If truth can fix thy wavering heart,
Let Damon urge his claim;
He feels the passion void of art,
The pure, the constant flame.

"Though sighing swains their torments tell,
 Their sensual love contemn;
 They only prize the beauteous shell,
 But slight the inward gem.

* * * *

"By age your beauty will decay,
 Your mind improve with years;
 As when the blossoms fade away
 The ripening fruit appears.

"May heaven and Sylvia grant my suit
 And bless the future hour,
 That Damon who can taste the fruit,
 May gather every flow'r."

A copy of verses was going round the town, which was then, and has always since been, attributed to the ingenious Mr. Garrick. It was addressed to the actress, set to music, sung in drawing-rooms, and deservedly admired for its gaiety and spirit. "Lovely Peggy" was highly relished, and often called for.

"Once more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell,
 A flame, which time can never quell,
 That burns for thee, my Peggy!

"Yet greater bards the lyre shall hit,
 Or say what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling wit
 And bloom of lovely Peggy.

"The sun first rising in the morn,
 That paints the dew-bespangled lawn,
 Does not so much the day adorn
 As does my lovely Peggy.

"And when in Thetis' lap to rest
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
 She's not so beauteous as undrest
 Appears my lovely Peggy."*

But these lines are from another hand, and the work of a rival admirer,—Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. Garrick seems to have been preferred—for a time at least; and when he was seriously yet tenderly warning *Sylvia*, his rival was about the

* This pleasant song was found among Sir C. Hanbury Williams' papers, and is printed in his works. More decisive proof of their authorship is, that it is not to be found in the large, carefully written collection which Garrick himself had collected and carefully prepared for the press, with all his early verses to "Sylvia," and nearly every scrap he had written.

same time complaining, in burlesque lamentation, how little progress he had made :—

“Should you reject my ardent prayer,
Yet send not back the am’rous paper ;
My pangs may help to curl your hair,
My passion fringe the glowing taper.

“No more the theatre I’ll seek
But when I’m promised there to find you.
All Horton’s merits now grow weak,
And Clive remains far, far behind you.”

The same reason, too, that drew him to Macklin, drew him also to the new actress. Part of the secret of her success was owing to her free and unconventional vivacity, though in tragedy she seems to have adhered to the still existing fashion. Garrick and Macklin were only waiting for their opportunity. For Macklin at last came the opening ; and about ten months before Garrick’s own turn came, he astonished the town by playing *Shylock*, not as a comic Jew, whose distresses convulsed the house, as it had been defaced by Lord Lansdowne, but with the passionate and pathetic reading of the original. This was the first step ; so to Macklin, not to Garrick, must be given the credit of having attempted a reform.

CHAPTER II.

THE STATE OF THE STAGE.—1741.

FOUR or five years before, a pretty little theatre had been opened in Goodman’s Fields, the scheme for which had been organized by a clever manager and actor, Henry Giffard. This gentleman was of good extraction, like his new friend, Mr. Garrick. He had been put into the South-Sea House, and, like Powell later, had run away from his desk to take to the stage. He had joined some strollers, and finally enlisted under a player called Odell, at Goodman’s Fields.

It stood a little behind where the Minories now are. In Ayliffe Street, Goodman’s Fields, was a sort of industrial quarter, where weavers and silk-throwsters congregated. In the year 1728, Odell, afterwards made the first Licenser, took a throwster’s shop in the street, collected a strolling company, converted it into a sort of temporary theatre, and opened it for plays.

The adventure would, no doubt, have flourished, but for an

inflammatory sermon ; on which, it is said, the manager lost heart, and finally disposed of his house to Giffard, who stood in less awe of the Church. He purchased the throwsters' house, and opened a subscription in twenty-three shares of a hundred pounds each, for building a regular theatre. This project was taken up eagerly. Everything was done in the handsomest manner. A "new beautiful convenient theatre,"—to use Chetwood's quaint words,—rose where the old altered shop had stood. Shepherd, an architect of repute, and the architect of Covent Garden Theatre, furnished the design. The interior was handsomely decorated ; and, on the 2nd of October, 1732, the new theatre—the one in which Garrick was to play nine years later—was opened with "King Henry the Fourth." It was conducted with great spirit and propriety ; still, as Sir J. Hawkins tells us, the magistrates had for some time "*been watching for such information as would bring the actors at Goodman's Fields within the reach of the vagrant laws.*"

Great crowds flocked to the new theatre. It drew chiefly apprentices and young students, who all became bitten with a stage passion ; superadded to which was a desire for playing themselves. This produced fresh combinations and fresh companies. A new house of entertainment was opened in York Buildings ; another was talked of at St. Martin's-le-Grand. "A fellow called Potter" opened another in the Haymarket. In short, it did almost seem that some sort of legislation, not for the suppression, but for the regulation, of such places, was called for. Unless some legal steps were taken, a lugubrious opponent prophesied that "the whole nation would degenerate into a set of stage players." As for Goodman's Fields, by this time it had become encircled, according to Sir John Hawkins's extraordinary expression, "by a halo of bagnios."

Alarmed at this competition, the legitimate managers ventured on arresting one of the actors, Harper, as "a vagrant" for playing at one of the unlicensed houses.

Though the actor was discharged, the prosecutor had the sympathies of those in authority with him. The growing evil was narrowly watched, and it is said that an order was sent to Goodman's Fields stopping the performance, to which, however, no attention was paid. But it was now to attract the attention of Parliament. Fielding had been giving his pen license at the Haymarket, in his amusing farce of "Pasquin"—from which "The Critic" was to be later stolen—and it was no doubt this dangerous freedom that made the Government bring forward a Bill which should deal with actors, as well as with the plays they performed. In 1737 this severe measure was

brought in, and passed successfully—a most degrading one for the player. By one section in this Act, any one without a settlement in the parish, or with no patent, was to be dealt with criminally as a rogue and vagabond; and if he had a settlement, and neither patent nor licence, he was to be fined at the suit of any informer. By another section, every piece was to be sent to the Chamberlain fourteen days before representation. It was opposed in the Upper House by Lord Chesterfield—who, in an eloquent and masterly speech, showed the illogical and arbitrary character of the measure. But his reasoning was of no avail—and the clumsy, ill-drawn, vexatious Licensing Act, the plague of lawyers, magistrates, and judges, and to this day the oppression of humble followers of the profession, was passed by a large majority.

This victory put the enemies of the stage in great heart. On Giffard—who had recently completed his “elegant new” theatre—the blow fell with great severity. He petitioned both Houses on the special hardship of his case—the large sums he had expended on the purchase, the rebuilding, the clothes, property, &c.; but the petition of “a mere player” was not likely to receive much attention. He had no resource, then, but to continue playing—trusting that no one would like to incur the odium of such a persecution. He is said to have received an order requiring him to close, but with some courage paid no attention to it. Indeed, it was not difficult to “pick a hole” in this Act. After the failure in Harper’s case, no one could hope to put in force the clause in reference to an actor having no settlement.* Mere strollers, who ranged from theatre to theatre, fell easily under the Act; but the more respectable comedians found out a trick of renting a house at £10 per annum, and “paying scot and lot,” which was discovered to answer. It was not so easy to get over the next clause, which applied to acting without a licence. Still, here, the manager of Goodman’s Fields found a successful device. He advertised a *concert*—which there was no question could not be brought within the Act; and, after the concert, entertained his audience with a play *gratis*. This was a mere illusory pretence; but the very stringency and intolerance of the law was his protection, and he was allowed to continue the practice for two or three years. Such was a happy toleration, for to it was owing the undisturbed first appearance of the most famous actor on the English stage.

* The law had mended its hand here, and had pronounced acting without a “settlement” vagrancy; whereas, before, it was a matter of construction under Anne’s Act, whether acting was vagrancy.

Notwithstanding this oppression Goodman's Fields continued to flourish. There Mr. Walker declaimed, and Miss Hippisley danced and sang; while Yates was the "general utility" actor. It closed about the month of March, 1741; but before the end of the season was brought out a pantomime, called "Harlequin Student; or, the Fate of Pantomime, with a representation of Shakspeare's Monument, lately erected." Yates played the Harlequin—a character requiring more respectable ability than it does at present, and approaching the Italian type. One night, however, the Harlequin was indisposed just as the piece was beginning, and the gay and sprightly young wine merchant secretly agreed with the manager that he should take his place—then putting on the dress and mask, went through the two or three scenes of the part. No one knew of it then. So that, not at Ipswich, but at Goodman's Fields, was Garrick's "first appearance" on any stage.

Giffard would willingly have offered him the opening he wished for on the boards of his handsome and well-conducted little theatre; but gave him the sensible advice to first try his strength and powers on a provincial audience. Here was an opportunity: Giffard and Dunstall were going with a *troupe* down to Ipswich. This was not a "strolling" party, but they intended to have a little season there. Among the players was Yates, an excellent comedian—one of Garrick's own school of natural actors, and whose rule was, on receiving a new part, to fix on some living person who was a little like it, study him attentively, and thus gain *vitality* for it.*

* The old Ipswich Theatre was in Tankard-street, and was a rather rude, warehouse-looking structure. A picture of it, supplied by Wilkinson in the "Londina Illustrata," shows it as it appeared fifty years ago. It was built into the tavern next door. In an old Ipswich newspaper we find a regular record of his performances, which, however, were under an assumed name. The first of these thus set down was on June 10, 1741, *Lord Foppington*, followed by *Orestes*. On the 11th he played *Ventre-Bleu* and *Rakeit* in his own farce, "Lethe." Also *Dr. Caius* on the 23rd, *Sir H. Wildair* on the 24th, *Chamont* on the 26th; but to these characters no performers' names are attached. But on Tuesday, July 21st, a full bill of the company is given, which will be found interesting:—

For the Benefit of Mr. Marr and Miss Hippisley.

By a Compauny of Comedians from the Theatres in London.

At the PLAYHOUSE in TANKARD STREET, on TUESDAY, the 21st of JULY, will be performed a Comedy called

THE INCONSTANT; OR, THE WAY TO WIN HIM.

Young Mirabel by Mr. Giffard; Captain Duretête by Mr. Lyddall; Bizarre by Miss Hippisley.

At the end of the Second Act a Pantomime Dance, called the DRUNKEN PEASANT. Peasant by Mr. Yates; Clown by Mr. Vaughan.

The manager of the company had long before married an Irish Miss Lyddal, daughter of an actor and actress, both on the Dublin boards. This name would have thus readily offered itself; or he might have wished to pass as a connection of Giffard's. It has been always repeated that *Aboan* in "*Oroonoko*" was his first attempt; and it may have been, but there is no record of it. Davies says that he had been determined in the choice of his character by the disguise of a blackened face, which would protect him in case of failure. He was received very warmly in *Sir Harry Wildair*, and made a "hit," though it was after considered one of his failures; and not merely the townsfolk but even the county squires came flocking in to see him. Then he gave *Captain Brazen* in the "*Recruiting Officer*," a more important part than the *Sergeant Kite* he had played with the Lichfield children years before. One of the Giffards, alive in the present century, related how the great Garrick had once played *Osric* to his *Hamlet*. Yates, long after, used to tell his friends of this remarkable little expedition, and no doubt was mortally jealous of the success of the new actor. Yet what he may have thought was "taking the bread out of his mouth" turned out fortunately for him; for when Garrick came to the command of a theatre, the very first thing he did was to engage Yates.*

No wonder after such successes he returned to town utterly unsettled.

Flushed with this success he applied for an engagement to the managers of the two greater houses—to Rich and to Fleetwood, but his offers were declined. The town managers might smile a little scornfully at mere Ipswich credentials. A small, well-made young man, of genteel appearance, seemed scarcely of the stuff for a tragedian of the first class. A greater trial to his candid, open nature, was the having to counterfeit an interest

To which will be added a new Dramatic Satire (as it was performed last winter at the theatre at Goodman's Fields with great applause); called

LETHE; OR, ÆSOP IN THE SHADES.

Æsop by Mr. Giffard; *Ventre-Bleu* by Mr. Lyddall; *Sir Willing Rattle* by Mr. Marr; *Macboggio* by Mr. Yates; *Scrape, the Attorney*, Mr. Paget; *Morning*, Mrs. Demstall; *Charon*, Mr. Demstall; *Lady Rakeit*, Mrs. Yates; Mr. Thomas, Mr. Crofts; Miss Lucy, Miss Hippisley.

The Scene being a sequel to "*The Virgin Unmasked*," with an Epilogue by Miss Hippisley.

To begin exactly at seven o'clock.

Tickets to be had, and places to be taken at Mr. Rodk's, opposite the Theatre.

* John Taylor often heard him tell of the Ipswich party. In fact, Yates was the authority for all details in the matter, and must have told. Davies and Murphy all they have given.

in their business, when Peter arrived in town on a visit from Lichfield. He knew how shocked the decent brother would be, and the little coterie of canons, soldiers, doctors, who made up "genteel" society there, at such a piece of news. But he had made up his mind for good. It was perhaps the best course he could take; and as failure and bankruptcy were sure to come presently, from this state of indecision, it was wiser to make the experiment—to win or fail, and thus settle matters finally one way or the other. The necessity for concealment in presence of his solemn brother—the serious responsibility and struggle—threw him into the utmost dejection of spirits, and brought on a severe illness. Peter returned home to Lichfield without a suspicion of the cause.

Thus time passed by. Suddenly on a certain morning in October, 1741, Mr. Peter Garrick received two letters—one from Dr. Swinfen, a family friend and physician, who knew and attended the Johnson and Garrick families,—the other from his brother. Both were to the same effect; and both contained the fatal piece of news, broken to the shocked Peter, with every art of excuse and appeal to brotherly affection and personal interest. The step had been taken, "the Rubicon crossed:" on the night before, Mr. David Garrick had appeared before a London audience at Goodman's Fields Theatre with the most astounding success!

CHAPTER III.

FIRST APPEARANCE.—1741-1742.

THE two letters must have spread dismay and grief through the Garrick household; as, indeed, every line of them seemed to anticipate. Mr. Swinfen wrote with the sense of age and experience, but evidently approached the subject with trepidation. "Many of his country friends, who have been most used to theatrical performances in Town Halls, &c., by strolers, will be apt to imagine the highest pitch a man can arrive at on the stage is about that exalted degree of heroism as the Herberts and the Hallams have formally made us laugh and cry with. There were many," he went on, "who because their fathers were called gentlemen, or perhaps themselves the first, will think it a disgrace and a scandal that a child of theirs should attempt to earn an honest livelihood, and not be content to live all his life in a scanty manner because his father was a gentleman." This was clearly the Lichfield theory. But he

knew very well that his friend, "Mr. Peter Garwick"—so he spells it—will not be guided by these prejudices. "I think I know you well enough to be convinced that you have not the same sentiments, and I hope there are some others of his friends who will not alter their opinion or regard for him, till they find the stage corrupts his morals and make him less deserving, which I do not take by any means to be a necessary consequence, or likely to happen to my honest friend David." But as he does not doubt but that Mr. Peter would soon hear the news "*that my good friend David Garwick performed last night at Goodman's Fields Theatre, for fear he should hear a false or malicious account, I will give you the truth, which much pleased me. For I was there,*" goes on this good friend, "and was witness to the most general applause he gained in the character of King Richard y^e Third. For I believe there was not one in the house that was not in raptures, and I heard several men of judgment declare it their opinion that nobody ever excelled him in the part; and that they were surprised that, with so peculiar a genius, how it was possible for him to keep off the stage so long." This was all friendly and rational; but to one that believed the step itself was degradation, the news at best was but that of success in that degradation.

The same post brought David's letter; and it is now curious to look at the faded coffee-coloured writing, and think how the fingers that penned that writing were almost trembling with the excitement of the night before. "Dear Peter," it began; and with an affectation of carelessness, goes on to tell him "how the shirt came down safe." He has now to announce to him what, he supposes, he has already heard—though it is proper to preface some things which will make him appear less culpable in his brother's opinion. One was the state of their business, into which he had gone carefully, and discovered heavy and steady losses. Some way must be discovered to redeem them. "My mind (as you must know) has always been inclined to y^e stage; nay, so strongly, that all my late illness and loss of spirits was owing to the struggle. Finding that both my inclination and my interest required some new way of life, I have chosen y^e one most agreeable to myself; and though I fear you will be much displeased at me, yet I hope when you find that I have y^e genius of an actor, without the vices, you will think less severe of me, and not be ashamed to own me for a brother." As for the wine business, he will send him his share in money, or settle it in any way that he likes. "Last night," he goes on, plunging desperately into the dreadful revelation, "I played *King Richard the Third*, to the surprise of everybody;" and, as an appeal to

Peter's business views, "I shall make very nearly £300 per annum by it, and as it is *what I doat upon*, I am resolved to pursue it." Now, the news being out, he stops Peter's protest by business again. "I believe I shall have Bowers's money, and which shall go towards my part of the wine you have at Lichfield. Pray write me an answer immediately." In a sort of postscript, he goes back to the stage. "I have a farce ('Y^e Lying Valet') coming out at Drury Lane." His mind was indeed in a whirl. The splendid success of the night—the blazing foot-lights—were before his eyes—the roar of applause was in his ears.

That first night was well remembered. There were many who, long after, told how they sat in the boxes or pit and had seen the "great Garrick" play his first play. Among these was Macklin, with whom had been debated the choice of a play for the *début*, and who had approved of the young player's motive for the selection of *Richard*—namely, its suiting his figure so much better than any other. Even this showed a prudence and care not to lose a single point; though on the next morning no one thought of his stature, and he was free to choose what part he would. In truth, he might have reflected that the opening was singularly favourable. The theatres were all in disorder. Quin and Delane were the only actors of note. Quin's stiff, drill-sergeant style of gesture and declamation had grown to be tedious. Macklin's *Shylock* had been but the sensation of a night. Quin's *Richard*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*, were all inferior. If the new actor had "the stuff" in him, now the opportunity favoured him.

The company with whom he was to play was unpretending. Miss Hippisley, "the leading lady," who sang fairly in little ballad operas; Peter Bardin, an Irish general "utility" actor; the two Giffards, and Blakes,* were the most conspicuous. It is evidence of the social state of the unhappy players, that they dared not call their house a theatre, but "the *late* theatre." Tickets were to be taken for this momentous night at "The Fleece," a tavern close by, and the best box places were three shillings. As the audience read the bills, they saw that the leading part was to be taken by "a gentleman who had never

* One of these Goodman's Fields actors who played with Garrick was called "Dagger Marr," whom Mr. Taylor had seen in his boyhood. He used to play murderer's parts, and long after forced the present of a turkey on Garrick, which the latter accepted, not to mortify him, though he had plenty of turkeys at Hampton. Marr was asked did Garrick take the present? "Take it!" said the actor, with characteristic meanness, "he would have taken it *had it been a roll and treacle*."

appeared on *any* stage;”* and it is certain that the news of the coming *début* had been known at all the coffee-houses, and drew a strong muster of his private friends. Otherwise the house was not crowded. Indeed, there had been so many first appearances of incapable amateurs who had failed outrageously, that this announcement was more likely to repel than attract. The playhouse itself presented a handsome show. In an oval over the stage was a sort of apotheosis of the King, attended by Peace, Liberty, and Justice, and “trampling Oppression” under foot—the popular attitude for “peaceful” monarchy. Round the ceiling were four medallions of Shakspeare, Dryden, Congreve, with Betterton, alone selected to be put in company with the famous dramatists. The “plafond” was gaily painted with scenes from famous plays—Cato, on the left, pointing to the body of his dead son, Marcius; in the centre, “Cæsar stabbed in the Senate-house.” On the right was the parting of Mark Antony and Octavia; and on “the sounding board over the stage”—a part of the decoration that comes on us with surprise—was seen Apollo and the Nine Muses. Such was the interior of the theatre, which we are told was looked on as “a neat and elegant piece of workmanship;” “well-warmed,” and to this plafond must the fine eyes of Garrick have often wandered.

On that Monday night the performance began at six o’clock,

* A fiction allowed in his profession. No copy of this famous bill has been preserved. Fifty years ago it was reprinted; but it is not clear whether from a bill or the newspaper announcement. I possess a copy of this rare reprint:—

October 19, 1741.

At the Theatre in Goodman’s Fields, this day will be performed,
A Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, divided into two parts.

Tickets at three, two, and one shilling.

Places for the Boxes to be taken at the Fleece Tavern, near the Theatre.

N.B. Between the two Parts of the Concert will be presented an Historical Play called the

LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Containing the distresses of K. Henry 6th.

The artful acquisition of the Crown by King Richard.

The Murder of Young King Edward 5th, and his Brother in the Tower.

The landing of the Earl of Richmond.

And the Death of King Richard in the memorable Battle of Bosworth Field, being the last that was fought between the Houses of York and Lancaster; with many other true Historical Passages.

The Part of King Richard by a GENTLEMAN

(who never appeared on any Stage).

King Henry, by Mr. Giffard; Richmond, Mr. Marshall; Prince Edward, by Miss Hippisley; Duke of York, Miss Naylor; Duke of Buckingham,

with a few pieces of music. Then the curtain rose on "The Life and Death of King Richard the Third;" and after the first scene, at that nervous moment, the new actor came from the wing.*

Macklin always talked fondly of this glorious night—the delight he felt, the amazing surprise and wonder at the daring novelty of the whole, and yet, at the same time, the universal conviction of the audience that it was right.

It was recollected, however, that when the new actor came upon the scene and saw the crowded house, he was disconcerted, and remained a few seconds without being able to go on. But he recovered himself. No wonder it surprised that audience. It was so new—and was all new. The surprising novelty was remarked, "that he seemed to identify himself with the part." They were amazed at his wonderful power of feature. The stupendous passions of *Richard* were seen in his face before he spoke, and outstripped his words. There was a perpetual change and vivacity. One effect at last overbore all hesitation, and the delighted audience found relief for their emotions in rapturous shouts of applause. It was when he flung away the Prayer Book, after dismissing the deputation—a simple and most natural action, yet marked with originality,—and then the audience first seemed to discover this was true genius that was before them.

Mr. Paterson; Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Blakes; Lord Stanley, Mr. Pagett; Oxford, Mr. Vaughan; Tressell, Mr. W. Giffard; Catesby, Mr. Marr; Ratcliff, Mrs. Crofts; Blount, Mr. Naylor; Tyrrel, Mr. Puttenham; Lord Mayor, Mr. Dunstall; the Queen, Mrs. Steel; Duchess of York, Mrs. Yates; and the part of Lady Anne, by Mrs. Giffard.

WITH

Entertainments of Dancing,

By Mons. Fromet, Madame Duval, and the Two Masters and Miss Granier.

To which will be added a Ballad Opera of One Act,
called

THE VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

The Part of Lucy by Miss Hippisley.

Both of which will be performed Gratis by
Persons for this Diversion.

The Concert will commence exactly at six o'clock.

* In 1822, a Mr. Field possessed a large collection of checks and tickets of all the theatres. There were some even of the Theatre Royal, in 1671. Some of these were in shape of copper coins, and are engraved in the curious "Londonia Illustrata." The one of Goodman's Fields has a sketch of the theatre—church-like in shape—a central block, with a gable, and two wings.

When he came to the later defiant and martial phase of the character, he took the audience with him in a tempest of enthusiasm.

——“What do they in the North”——

was given with such electric enthusiasm and savageness, as to cause a thrill to flutter round the hearers; and when he came to the effective clap-trap, “off with his head,” his “visible enjoyment of the incident” was so marked, that the audience burst into loud shouts of delight and approbation. What a night of delight to look back to! Yet upon reaching this point of the play, his vigour and animation had been so excessive that his voice began to fail him at the most critical part. He felt himself growing hoarser every moment, and would have been overpowered but for the seasonable relief of a Seville orange. Mr. Dryden Leach, the printer, used often to boast how he had thus indirectly contributed to the success of “the great Garrick.”

There were no official “critiques” in the daily papers which set out elaborately the details of the acting. Journals were too small, and all space was economised strictly for *news*; yet, under such conditions, the meagre notice to be read next morning in the “Daily Post” becomes very significant. For its extent is almost enthusiastic. “Last night,” said the “Daily Post,” “was performed *gratis* the tragedy of ‘King Richard the Third’ at the late theatre in Goodman’s Fields, when the character of *Richard* was performed by a gentleman who never appeared before, *whose reception was the most extraordinary and great that was ever known on such an occasion*. We hear he obliges the town this evening with the same performance.”

Another criticism, which is a little later in date, speaks of him as he appeared at this time. It remarked his nice proportions, and that his voice was clear and piercing, perfectly sweet and harmonious, without monotony, drawling, or affectation: it was “neither whining, bellowing, nor grumbling, but perfectly easy in its transitions, natural in its cadence, and beautiful in its elocution. He is not less happy in his mien and gait, in which he is neither strutting nor mincing, neither stiff nor slouching. When three or four are on the stage with him, he is attentive to whatever is spoke, and *never drops his character when he has finished a speech*, by either looking contemptuously on an inferior performer, unnecessary spitting, or suffering his eyes to wander through the whole circle of spectators. His action is never superfluous, awkward, or too frequently repeated, but graceful, decent, and

becoming.”* This is worth quoting, even as showing the state in which the new actor found the stage.

The cloak of mystery as to the name was kept up for some time. For the next three nights the play was repeated; the part of *Richard* by a “gentleman who had never appeared but twice or thrice.” On the twenty-third he played his Ipswich part of *Aboan* with Yates, and with the same success. For these first seven nights the success was more with the audience than with the town, and the receipts were but an average of thirty pounds a night. But then the theatre was but a tiny one. He was receiving but a guinea a night. Curiosity was only just beginning to be aroused, and the procession of carriages had not yet set out from the West End.

On the 28th, “*Love Makes a Man*” was given with “*Don Dismallo* ;” by the gentleman who performed *King Richard*. “Mr. Garrick” was not yet announced. On the 2nd of November he went back to *Richard*, and on that night, just as he was getting ready to go on, word came that Mr. Pope—then sickly and fast failing—was in the house. He felt his heart palpitating, yet it only inspired him with confidence. As he came from the wing with the usual

“Now is the winter of our discontent,” &c.,

he could see a little figure in black, seated in a side-box, whose eyes seemed to shoot through him like lightning. For a moment he was disturbed—he hesitated a little; but anxiety gave place to joy and triumph. The poet, he could see, was regarding him with a serious earnestness. Timidity wore off; the house was presently in a roar of delight, and he saw the great poet applauding heartily. This was indeed an honour; for Pope had given up theatres, but was persuaded to come up by his friend Lord Orrery. He was charmed, and with the old natural prejudice in favour of Betterton, whom he thought unapproachable, he turned to his friend and said, “That young man never had his equal, and never will have a rival.” This was reported to Garrick; as was also the poet’s apprehension lest “the young man should become vain, and be ruined by applause.” But nothing was more unlikely. In every step of his life—from the opening to the end—there was no lightness or rashness, but a careful restraint, and making good his ground as he went along.†

The poet came to see the new actor no less than three times.

* This critique from “*The Champion*,” is perhaps unique. It is in Mr. Bullock’s curious collection of cuttings, MSS., on Garrick’s playing.

† Garrick described the whole scene himself to Stockdale.

We may suspect that one visit was on the night of November the 26th, "when a great number of persons of quality and distinction were at Goodman's Fields, to see 'King Richard,' who all expressed the highest satisfaction at the whole performance. Several hundred persons were obliged to return for want of room, the house being full soon after five o'clock." The following night came his own farce of "Lethe," while Miss Hippisley gave a song called "The Life of a Belle." Then followed the "Orphan," with "the gentleman who played *Richard*" in "Chamont;" then a long interval during which "Pamela," in which he played *Jack Smatter*, had a sort of run.

Now that the worst was over, and the terrible news broken to Lichfield, it is curious to note the under-current of exultation in his future letters. Peter "Garwick," now that the step was irretrievable, had found his account in a sort of aggrieved and touchy tone, which his brother, by the most gentle and earnest appeals, strove to *adoucir*. Yet with what impatience must he have received Brother Peter's jeremiad from Lichfield. They were all dreadfully shocked. They were overwhelmed, and the two sisters who lived with Peter still took it seriously to heart. *He* was not to be brought over. David, in the flush of his triumph, has once more to take up his pen and patiently go over the old ground. On the morning after that first night of triumph, he had also to sit down and break the news to other relations, through the medium of Mr. Peter Fermignac. He had not courage to approach them directly. These were the La Condés, who lived at Carshalton, merchants of importance, and people, no doubt, of the "strictest" principles; and on that very day Mr. Fermignac addresses himself very ruefully to the dreadful business. "Dear Madam," writes that gentleman, on Tuesday, October 20th, "enclosed is a copy of a letter sent me from David Garric, who played *Crook'dback Richard*, and does it again to-night at Goodman's Fields." Nothing could be more blunt or significant—and then he goes on with "*The Letter*," which is very much a repetition of the one sent to Peter Garrick—the excuse of no profit coming in from the wine business, and "the terrible prospect of all his fortune running out." Had he been the most prosperous merchant in town, we may suspect thoughts and wishes would have been turning to the same darling purpose. What gave him true concern was, lest his friends—especially the chief of them—those at Carshalton, should be very cool upon him. "But what can I do?" he pleads. He was wholly bent on the thing. He was sure to make £300 a-year. He designed to give up the wine business—and would Mr. Fermignac break

the matter to his uncle? The stage-door would be always open to him—indeed, any part of the house—a privilege which Mr. Fermignac thought poorly of; for he says, in the same dismal way, “This is his letter, which I leave you to consider of, *and am very sorry for the contents*, but thought it best to communicate them to you, and am your dutiful,” &c.

On receipt of which, this important uncle wrote down angrily to Lichfield, blaming Peter for concealing the state of this affair from him. In this way *he* was accountable for the fatal disgrace that had been brought on them all! As for the stage, he said, it was a degrading place, and players a low race, contemned by all. All of which Peter reports, and duly inflamed.

Again, in reply, David appeals to his brother patiently and argumentatively. Resignedly he accepts the notice of opposition; goes again over what he had argued before. As for this uncle’s displeasure, it was no fault of Peter’s, but all *his*, David’s, wilfulness—as they had no very great failures in trade, and the wine business *was* certainly succeeding a little. But run out he *was*, and let him live ever so warily, must run out still more. And, indeed, let Peter reflect on this a little seriously. Could he, David, ever hope to make enough to maintain himself and a servant handsomely? “As for the stage, I know, in the general, it deserves your censure;” but he should consider how handsomely some players have lived. Look at Wilks, Booth, and Cibber, who were admitted into and admired by the best company—and as to his genius in that way (“by y^e best judges thought wonderful!”), there was not merely his own inclination, but even friends, who were averse before, now thought it impossible for him to keep off the stage. Then he tries to dazzle Peter with an array of gentility—the attentions, favours, and praises that are heaped upon him. He has enjoyed more civilities from “the Best in Town” since his playing, than he ever received before in the whole of his life. In short, it would be too vain to repeat all he had heard, even to a brother. “I am sorry my sisters are under such uneasiness, and as I really love both them and you, will ever make it my study to appear your affectionate brother.” But, secure in his position of being “aggrieved,” the other is still obdurate. These gentle remonstrances are only homage to *his* influence and judgment. He writes back to protest, warn, discourage. He knew whose doing it was. That Giffard, the player, had entrapped him, had got money out of him. He, Peter, would never agree. Some remonstrance—nay, some solemn warning—was indeed a duty in a

relation on what might have been a fatal step; but he must, indeed, have been a dull fellow not to have seen that the young man's purpose—for all his pleading for permission—was utterly unchangeable.*

Weeks go by, and Peter, down at Lichfield, remains discontented, and his brother, with the sweetness and patience which such triumphant success would soon have dispelled in another, still soothes and reasons with him. As to Giffard, thirty pounds was all he had ever lent that actor, and that had been repaid long since. His benefit was now coming on, for which he had been offered one hundred and twenty guineas on mere speculation, on which occasion "pit and boxes would be put together"—a piece of playhouse language which would have jarred on them at Lichfield—and be charged the same price. All his friends would rally round him—friends *who continue so*—though his dear brother is not to be brought over. If Peter would only come up for that great night, *he* would take care of him at his own lodgings. Everything was going on happily; he has even reason to know that the important uncle will be reconciled to him; "*for even the merchants say I will be an honour to him.*" Peter writes back, a little softened, that though he never can approve of the stage, he is still David's affectionate brother—a handsome and gracious concession, very gratefully received by the other. But he was still aggrieved. David's step must hurt him in his business—though, as we have seen, that business was "hurt" sufficiently before the step was taken. *That* retort, however, was not to come from David. "If you want money," he said, "you shall have all I have;" and, indeed, by playing and writing, he thought he was more likely to help his brother in that way. He has money now, and will be able to buy two hundred pounds' worth of the wine stock; and if Peter wants more than his proper share, he can send him supplies. Giffard had given him twenty guineas for a single ticket (there was something to dazzle the heavy soul of Peter!). At their little theatre they were doing finer business than even at the two great houses of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Fleetwood had come to him with great offers; so, after all this, may he venture to tell his brother that he is *very nearly quite* resolved to be a player? Peter had nothing to urge in reply—"grumbling," as well as argument, had been exhausted. But there was one dreadful matter that should be cleared up. An awful rumour had got down to Lichfield.

* Forster MSS.

Had his brother been really playing Harlequin, before he came out at Goodman's Fields? This dreadful charge he thus meets:—
“Yates last season was taken very ill, and was not able to begin the entertainment; so I put on the dress and did two or three scenes for him; but no one knew it but Giffard. I know it has been said I played Harlequin at Covent Garden; but 'tis quite false.” He had determined firmly to wind up the trade partnership. “*I received my shirt safe*, and am now to tell you what I suppose you may have heard of before this; but before I let you into the affairs, 'tis proper to premise some things that I may appear less culpable in your opinion. I have made an exact estimate of my stock of wine, and what money I have out at interest, and find that since I have been a wine merchant I have run out near £400. Trade not increasing, I was very sensible some way must be thought of to redeem it. My mind (as you must know) has been always inclined to the stage; nay, so strongly, that all my illness and lowness of spirits was owing to my want of resolution to tell you my thoughts when here. Finding at last both my inclination and interest required some new way of life, I have chose the most agreeable. I am willing to agree to anything you may propose about the wine. I will take a thorough survey of the vaults, and, making what you have at Lichfield part of stock, will either send you your share, or any other way you shall propose.”

It was now Christmas. The farce by the new actor had come out at Goodman's Fields—not at Drury Lane, as was originally proposed. This was “*The Lying Valet*,” with Garrick himself in the part of *Sharp*. It was thought, said its author, the most diverting farce ever performed. A general roar from beginning to end! He has now got courage to send it down to Lichfield.

His industry and versatility were no less remarkable. They were as yet not able to determine, he told his brother, whether he was best in tragedy or comedy. In settling this point he certainly fell into mistakes; for he imperilled his reputation by taking up such flimsy parts as *Jack Smatter* in “*Pamela*,” and *Clody* in the “*Fop's Fortune*.” Very soon he took friends' advice, and gave up the practice. But he was privately studying *Othello* and *Bayes*, from which Giffard had great hopes.

On December 2nd, the night of his benefit, the veil was at last raised, and it was announced that “the gentleman who played *King Richard*” was Mr. GARRICK, who would now appear in “*The Fair Penitent*,” to be given *gratis*. Tickets

were to be had at the Bedford Coffee-house, Toms' in Cornhill, Cary's in the Minories, at the Fleece, and at Mr. Garrick's lodgings in Mansfield-street, Goodman's Fields. "The stage will be built as after the manner of an amphitheatre, where servants will be allowed to keep places, and likewise in the front boxes, but not in the pit." A seat in either pit or box was four shillings, equal to about seven in our time;* and the gallery was one and sixpence. The servants were required to be there by three o'clock!

Already he had fast friends, who revelled and triumphed in his triumph. Among these was one who was proud to call himself "his friend, countryman, and servant"—Newton, the future bishop—and who was now tutor in Lord Carpenter's family. This clergyman was charmed even to enthusiasm with his friend's genius. He encouraged him, and bade him make no excuses for adopting such a profession; for long before, he had always believed "he was a born actor, if ever man was so." And he confidently made a prophecy, which came true in a more remarkable degree than he could have anticipated, that this taking to the stage would not hurt his character, but would make his fortune. And to the young man, a little nervous lest his aristocratic friends should think meanly of him for taking such a step, this friendly clergyman gave—a little awkwardly perhaps—some kindly comfort, assuring him "that an excellent actor, if he is at the same time an honest, worthy man, is a fit companion for anybody." The clergyman went again and again to see him, and made the dining-room at Grosvenor-square ring again with praises and raptures over his friend, and made Mr. Garrick secure places for them—at one time the stage-box—"where we may see your looks in the scene with *Lady Anne*, and as you lie on the couch; that is, that we may sit, with the stage on our right hand and the pit on our left." So particular and eager was the clergyman. The lord and his family only smiled at their tutor's extravagance; but when they went, became fully as rapturous, declaring they had never seen the like before, and that it passed all expectation. Presently they were making up distinguished parties to go from Grosvenor-square to Goodman's Fields. But a yet more marked compliment was the great Mrs. Porter, the retired actress, coming up to town specially, and fixing to go with them. She was charmed. She said the youth was a born actor, and knew more at his first appearance than others after twenty years' training.

* They had raised the prices a shilling.

"Good God!" added she, as they were talking over it at the Carpenters', "what will he be in time?" Some one then said that he thought his *Lord Foppington* was inferior; on which the old actress quickly took him up, saying it was impossible for young Garrick to do anything ill, and that he might excel less in that; but excel he must in everything. All this was most encouraging and delightful.*

Towards Christmas, Newton sent him eager news that Mr. Pulteney was anxious to hear him in "The Orphan," and "The Lying Valet," and had begged that some night might be fixed. The clergyman seemed a little awe-struck at this honour. There should be "a front box," specially secured, as being most commodious. But the young actor was careless, or perhaps did not hold the matter to be of such importance as did Lord Carpenter's tutor. It came to the end of January, and the "Orphan" had not been played. Now Parliament was meeting, and there was an election petition to be heard at the bar; and it was impossible for Mr. Pulteney to come on the next night. So the box need not be kept. A lady of consequence, too, had disappointed. It was, in fact, most probable that Mr. Pulteney might not be able to come at all. "It would certainly have been a great honour to you, *if of no other* advantage, for such a person as Mr. Pulteney to come so far to be one of your audience; and if I had been in your capacity I should have thought it worth while to have strained a point, *or done almost anything* rather than have disappointed him. I would have acted that night, if I had spared myself all the rest for it." Lord Bath was to be, later, one of the warmest friends of Mrs. Garrick, and some of the most charming letters that an old gallant could write were addressed by him to her. The tutor was naturally anxious about a patron, whose interest was later to make him a bishop.

In a few weeks later, Mr. Pulteney was heard asking Mrs. Deanes, one of the Carpenter family, "when were we to go to Goodman's Fields?" and the party was actually made up, and appointed for the third night of "Lear," which, as will be seen, was properly its first night. It was a long journey from Grosvenor-square, nearly four miles. They went in "Mrs. Deanes' coach," and Lord Carpenter's footman was sent on early to keep places. All this, more than a hundred years ago, reads like making up a party to go to the

* Dr. Young, of the "Night Thoughts," who was born in 1681, had seen Betterton, and pronounced Garrick, contemptuously, "only a boy to him." Lord Cobham, however, who had also seen the great actor, thought Garrick not inferior.

play during the present week. Yet, from all omission of Mr. Pulteney's opinion and approbation, in a letter written after the performance, it may be doubted if the statesman *did* go after all.*

The new actor, indeed, must have been overwhelmed with the brilliancy of his own success. He would have been more than mortal could he have withdrawn himself from the splendid homage that was paid to his talents. Mr. Glover, of Leonidas fame, was to be seen in the boxes every night, and protested there had not been such acting "for ten years"—a period he might have put further back very safely. Mr. Lyttleton, the Prince's favourite, was his friend, and held out hopes of the Prince himself coming. Others joined in these compliments. "Mr. Pit" said he was the only actor in England. Presently the elegant Murray, whose leading of the dusty ranks of the Bar did not interfere with elegant amusements, was to have him at supper at Lincoln's Inn Fields. He was presently to sup with Mr. Pope, on Mr. Murray's introduction. He was soon to dine with Lord Halifax, then with Lord Sandwich, and again with Lord Halifax, to meet Lord Chesterfield. "In short," he writes to Brother Peter, "no being, I believe (as an actor), was ever more caressed, and my character, as a private man, makes them more desirous of my company (all this *entre nous*, as one brother to another)."

Mr. Hawkins Brown, who wrote the pleasant burlesque of "The Pipe of Tobacco," was also his friend.† These "civilities" were wonderful; but he was all the while reaping more substantial benefits than dinners with lords, or suppers with wits. The modest three hundred a-year to which he looked forward was already expanding; Giffard had now associated him with himself in the management of the house, and was sharing the profits with him. It was scarcely unreasonable that he should wish to have his pittance of a guinea a night raised.‡ But the "rush" had not as yet come. Presently

* Mrs. Deanes was a remarkable person in her way, being the widow of the poet Rowe.

† Garrick used to tell how, at this triumphant season, when his company was sought by all the town, he had been brought by a friend to the house of old Speaker Onslow, whom his friend was most anxious should hear him. The Speaker did not care much for plays, and when told that the young actor had been induced to stand up and favour the company with his great dagger scene in "Macbeth," he bowed assent. But at the pause—one of the grand "points" which preceded the speech—the old man's voice was heard, "Pray, sir, was you at the turnpike meeting at Epsom on Thursday?"—*Cradock*.

‡ Giffard's son used to tell how, at the end of this first great week, he

word went forth at the other side of town that the new actor was to be "the fashion." Ladies of quality were presently to pronounce his name, and the spell began to work. Not yet, however, were "the dozen dukes" to be seen in the boxes, one of whom, the Duke of Argyle, was to declare him superior to Betterton. The town was growing "horn mad after him;" though it was certainly strange that two men of the caste and gifts of Walpole and Gray should affect to "see nothing" in him. That such a surprising success should have raised up enemies was only natural. One report was diligently sent about that he had appeared at the masquerades in some unbecoming character; which he took the trouble to contradict by a card in the "London Daily Post." He begged to assure the ladies and gentlemen "who were offended with him without a cause" that he was not at either of the masquerades that season, as could be proved. If any person had a wish to be further satisfied, he was quite willing to do so in person, and in the fullest way.

Old Cibber, a waif and stray of the past, much discontented, looked on sourly. His own son—afterwards to be a bitter enemy of the new actor—was on the stage, and in possession of a good many of Garrick's parts. Though Cibber had true contempt for his son's ability, he affected to consider him superior in *Bayes*. Every one was coming to the old man to sound the new actor's praises, and ask his opinion. No doubt he was told of Pope's admiration. It was not to be expected that one who had seen and known the old school, and was committed by long criticism and years of writing to that school, should very heartily welcome a revolution in principles. He would lose his temper on this subject, and depreciate the actor by shrugs and "pishes," and bitter remarks. Even at Toms' Coffee-house, where he was playing cards one night with an old general, the subject was introduced, and put him out so much, that he revoked. "Have you no diamonds,

had entered the room, and found Giffard and Garrick in friendly dispute about six guineas, the salary for the first week, and which Garrick generously refused to accept. The money fell on the floor, and there lay; and he carried it off without their perceiving it.—*Lee Lewes*. "Not that I expect," wrote Macklin, a year or two later, in his violent appeal against Garrick, "you will discover any puncture or throb at your heart except for the further advancement of your own wages; these are indeed a sort of qualms with which the manager will find you continually troubled. You were excessively subject to them whilst you acted with Mr. Giffard at Goodman's Fields, where you were strangely uneasy in your mind, and had odd fits of longing, till at last you had usurped one-half of the whole theatre from this generous manager."

Mr. Cibber!" "Yes, a million, by G—d," said the other, who swore terribly. "And why not play them, then?" he was asked, pettishly. One of the good-natured bystanders called out maliciously, "Because Garrick would not let him!"

Another night, when Garrick had been playing *Fribble*, they were still harping on the same strain. "You should see him," said Cibber to a certain lord; "he is the completest little doll of a figure—the prettiest little creature." "But in other characters," said the lord, "has he not great merit?" He did not answer for a moment. Then suddenly, "What an admirable *Fribble*—such mimicking, ambling, fidgeting! Well, he *must* be a clever fellow to write up to *his own character* so excellently as he has done in this part."*

Once Mrs. Woffington gave him and Arthur Murphy a little dinner, where, as usual, he spoke with great contempt of Garrick. "Come, Colley," said she, "you must confess he is a very clever young man." He owned he was fair enough in *Fribble*, thus always carefully avoiding any praise of his really great parts. Again, he said, his son was much superior in *Bayes*. Murphy then struck in and joined Mrs. Woffington in these praises, and at last got the old critic to admit that Garrick was "a very extraordinary young man."†

Later again, when Fleetwood asked in the green-room when they were to have another comedy from him—"From me!" cried the old man; "but who would take the characters?" "Why, sir," was the answer, "there's Garrick, Macklin, Clive, Pritchard—" "O yes," said Cibber, "I know the list very well; but then, my dear fellow," he said, taking a pinch of snuff very deliberately, "*where the devil are your actors?*"‡

Quin's position, long the established tragedian, and in command of the town, was cruelly affected by the new actor's success. He was at once thrust down and deposed. There was fatal truth in the hypothesis he threw out in his first burst of

* Nothing is more curious than the linking of distant eras by a generation or two. *His* era had stretched back to the days of William the Third, and yet the mother of a gentleman who died not many years since, recollected this veteran perfectly, standing at the parlour window of his house in Berkeley-square at the corner of Bruton-street, "drumming with his fingers on the frame." He seemed to her a calm, grave, and reverend old gentleman.—*Taylor*.

† Davies makes Mrs. Bracegirdle the actress in this story, and describes Cibber taking snuff, and saying, "Faith, Bracey," &c.

‡ Davies tells the story better, making it Garrick who puts the question. But the old man, some time after, in a mixed company, gave him a very happy thrust. Garrick said the old style would not go down now. "How do you know?" replied Cibber; "you never tried it."

disgust: "If this young fellow be right, then *we* have been all wrong." He secretly believed that *they* were right, and therefore the "young fellow" was wrong. But, alas! the public were deciding the question rapidly, and without any question of delicacy. Such dethronements have been always carried out with the rudeness of a *coup d'état*. So sudden and mortifying a desertion is always incident to the actor's lot; this was the third time he had experienced this rude shock. On Booth's death he had reigned supreme; when suddenly arose Delane, and Quin found himself deserted. Again, Macklin's success had brought a fresh abandonment. Yet there was a bluff honesty about Quin—and even a dignity—in the way in which he set himself to do battle for his throne; when he found himself fairly beaten, he gave up the struggle, and, for a time at least, retired. He had no animosity to his conqueror, and could later become his warm friend. He had his jests and satirical remarks, the best of which was his calling Garrick "*the Whitfield of the stage*." With wit and truth, Quin added that the sectary was followed for a time, but they would soon all be coming back to church again. Garrick was told of his speech, and retorted in smart rhyme—

"Thou great Infallible, forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and errors are revered no more;
When doctrines meet with general reprobation,
It is not heresy, but Reformation."*

Garrick's *Bayes*, which old Cibber so depreciated, was the most important of these successes; but it was scarcely so legitimate a triumph as some of his others. The entire attraction lay in the admirable burlesque imitation of the mannerisms of the ordinary actors of the time. Leading actors are always "mannered," but never were players so dismally monotonous and even regimental in their delivery, through the stiff, inflexible chaunt they were compelled to adopt. As a revolutionist, he felt he must act on the offensive, and his best engine certainly appeared to be ridicule. It was given in February, and the success was unbounded. There he had a field literally illimitable, on which he could revel in versatility, and wit, and humour. From this true comedy had Fielding taken his "Pasquin," while later was to

* Quin's jests, "among the most masterly in the language," are well known. Not so familiar are a number that will be found in Mr. Taylor's amusing Memoirs. Cradock gives his sketch of Warburton. "Why," said he, "when he gets to heaven, he will be seen *mounted on the tallest horse there*, and calling out to Paul, 'Hold my stirrup,' and to Peter, 'Bring my whip.'"

come Sheridan with his "Critic," who, with posterity, will have all the honour. Yet Garrick's conception and treatment of the great character was highly shrewd and original, for he saw that he was alone, and comparatively weak. It must be owned that this was scarcely a dignified proceeding, and he afterwards regretted it. But the new style of acting he had introduced brought him enemies. The old actors affected to think he was taking away their bread. Quin, as we have seen, was angry. It was indeed natural they should feel, as the old conservatives of a profession will do to young reformers. Garrick therefore, alone and unsupported, required to defend himself by every means, and in his *Bayes* gave imitations of some of the pedantic school. The same acute critic of "The Champion" defended him very judiciously. "I cannot omit taking notice that some have been offended at his mimicking the players, on which I shall beg leave to observe that it was first done at Goodman's Fields to *excite curiosity and serve the proprietor*." . . . He then adds, that Theo. Cibber and "young Green," of Drury Lane, were greatly applauded for the same thing; and, he adds, "I think it his least excellence . . . *for the best and only model is nature, of which Mr. Garrick is as fine a copy as he is of the players he imitates*." Certainly as elegant a compliment as it is an ingenious defence.

He gave Delane, Ryan, and Bridgewater, actors of the old school, who croaked, and mouthed, and "sang" in the true established style. Hale came one night to enjoy the ridicule of his brethren, but was infinitely mortified and humiliated at the exhibition given of himself. On Delane's reputation the effect was serious. The ridicule indeed "killed;" and it became impossible to listen again with gravity to the frantic and lusty "ranting" of his *Alexander*. It was given out that this mortification so preyed on Delane's spirits that he "took to the bottle," and died of excess. This absurd story is not true, for he lived many years after. Garrick, who deeply regretted having given pain to his brother player, tried to make it up to him in every way, and became his friend, almost ostentatiously, which the other repaid by an unhandsome piece of deceit which Garrick could not forget.

One of the green-room stories runs that Garrick had told Giffard that he must just glance at him, to support a show of impartiality. The other assented, but was so enraged by the ridiculous portrait given of him, even at rehearsal, that he sent his friend a challenge. They met the following morning, and it is said that Garrick received a slight wound, which caused

the play to be put off a fortnight, "owing to the indisposition of a principal performer."* It is infinitely to Garrick's honour that when some time later the actors came and remonstrated with him on the injury he was doing to their reputation and prospects, he at once gave up his imitations, and never resumed them, though he must have known he was sacrificing the chief attraction of the piece.†

On one of these nights, his friend Johnson, with another Lichfieldian, Dr. Taylor, were among the audience, and afterwards adjourned to a tavern with Garrick, and Giffard the manager, to talk the play over. Johnson, perhaps not in the best of humours, and never very tolerant of his friend's success, began to find fault with his emphasis in various lines, and then said, "The players, sir, have got a kind of rant with which they run on, without any regard either to accent or emphasis." Giffard and Garrick, a little offended at this ungraciousness, tried hard to confute him. Johnson offered to give them a test, and asked them to repeat the Commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness," &c. Both were said to have put the emphasis wrong; and Johnson with infinite glee set them right, and showed himself superior to the players.

Taking the advice of his friend, Newton—he was always grateful for useful advice, and took it always—he was now gradually falling out of the more undignified round of characters, such as *Jack Smatter*, *Clodio*, in "The Fop of Fortune," and even the *Ghost* in "Hamlet," which was scarcely of importance enough for his powers. He was secretly thinking of a grander character, later to prove perhaps his finest tragic conception. He was privately studying *King Lear*. Wise beyond

* Cooke is the only authority for this story, and it would seem to be refuted by the appearance of Garrick's name in the bills nearly every night of the fortnight, during which the play was put off. He was not, therefore, the "principal performer" alluded to. Still, we should be almost inclined to accept it as true, in its broad outline. Cooke, who reports it, was a theatrical critic, knew all the chief theatres, and most of his stories have some foundation. Garrick and Giffard were both sons of gentlemen, and would not be reluctant to resort to the popular arbitration of their caste. They had already had a coolness, as to the profits of the theatre. And, finally, the play having certainly been put off, it may have been Giffard that was wounded. The mimicries that offended did not take place at rehearsal, but must have occurred at the performance, for the play was played once or twice before it was suspended. Cooke speaks very confidently of the duel, "which none but the parties and their seconds knew, at the time, and very few ever since."

† "For once in his life did a generous action," said the ungrateful Tate Wilkinson; who, with a stupidity equal to his ingratitude, chronicles innumerable instances of Mr. Garrick's kindness and generosity to him.

his years, he took no serious step without consideration. Macklin and the jovial physician, Barrowby, were taken into council. There were many discussions at the Bedford, and the advice they offered was that he should consult his own powers, and, if he felt confident in the matter, should by all means attempt it.

On the 11th of March, 1742, he came forward in this character. The two friends were in the pit, charged to criticise jealously; but though it was well received by the audience, they were not at all satisfied. They told him frankly that he had scarcely caught the spirit of old age, and was too young; he did not show enough infirmity. He seemed to want dignity in the prison scene, though as far as dress went he looked the part excellently. In the famous curse, where he afterwards made such a "point," he began too low, and ended too high. Macklin later described this scene—the young actor sitting pencil in hand, and carefully noting those remarks; at the end he thanked them, and said he would not play the character again until he had thoroughly reconsidered and studied it. The play, however, had been already announced for the next week. He performed it again, and Macklin said not nearly so well as on the first occasion. It was played half a dozen times, then laid aside for nearly three weeks.

He would not allow his two critical friends to see his next rehearsal, as he said their objections only constrained him in the playing. It was played again towards the end of April. Newton, his fellow-townsmen, was present at this revised performance, and was enraptured. A master of Westminster School and a chief clerk in the Treasury—good judges—who had seen Betterton and Booth, placed him far above the latter, and almost equal to the former. It was remarked that he was now completely the old man, and represented the infirmities of one who had passed four-score years. It must have been a fine performance, quite new to the audience; full of tides of passion, grief, despair, rage, and fury, and a pathetic hopelessness and abandonment. What struck the clergyman was the complete change from the power and fury of *Richard*. He had now seen the young actor in four parts—*Richard*, *Chamont*, *Bayes*, and *Lear*—and he earnestly declared nothing could be conceived more distinct than each. They were four different persons. For here was the mistake in the old actors. In passion there was a sort of heroic standard, carried out in all characters, just as the Greeks put on their tragic mask, or as the English actors donned the tall plume of feathers for all staid and solemn characters. Cibber's *Wolsey*, Newton said,

and his *Iago*, all smelt strong of his *Lord Foppington*; and Booth's rage of *Hotspur* was the same as that of his *Lear*. It was truly wonderful how a youth of five-and-twenty should have such force, such a weight of manly passion, and affecting pathos. The alternations from fierce, wild anger and despair to the most heartrending grief, kept the audience in a tumult of continuous passions. At times the performance was interrupted by open sobs and weeping.* "In short, sir," said Macklin, when he had become his bitter enemy, "the little dog made a *chef-d'œuvre* of it;" and a *chef-d'œuvre* it continued to the end of his life.

Now the family, giving over opposition, begin to find some profit in their relative's success. Peter has a sum to make out for the stock of wine, and David generously bids him draw on him: he will take it up when due, and Peter shall repay it at his convenience. Peter, too, could so far recognise the stage as to complain, in the name of a Mrs. Brown, who had taken places at Goodman's Fields, and been refused admission. But, as David takes the trouble to show him, her servant had taken the places in a Mrs. Dalton's name, and hence the confusion. "Blunders of footmen," he adds, taking a lofty tone, "make the unthinking part of the world angry, when they should not."† Now, too, of a sudden, Peter is aggrieved once more at not hearing enough of David's affairs. David replies that "he is pained to see him warm upon trifles, and suspicious without foundation." Already the family were looking to him to provide for them suitably out of the profession they so despised; and brother George, now about nineteen, was sent up from Lichfield, and by his brother's influence established in an office—Mr. Patterson, a solicitor, being persuaded to dismiss a clerk in order to make room for him. Through his whole life, indeed, this pair, with George's "long" family of children, were to be an everlasting charge on him. For George himself he had to find places and pay off debts; for Peter he had to weary noble friends for offices and "berths."

At last, by the end of May, Goodman's Fields season ended. Never had there been so industrious a performer. From his first appearance in October to the closing of the theatre, he had played nearly every night—certainly five nights in the week. The season had lasted from Monday, October 19, 1741, to Monday, May 23, 1742. It was, indeed, a laborious time. We can count up a hundred and fifty-nine performances, and what was more laborious still, he studied and acted

* Davies.

† Forster MSS.

over nineteen characters. There were *Richard*, *Lear*, *Pierre*, *Chamont*, *Aboan*, and the *Ghost* in "Hamlet"; *Bayes*, *Lord Foppington*, *Witwould*, *Fondlewife*, *Jack Smatter*, *Clodio*, *Lothario*, *Duretête*, *Captain Brazen*, *Sharp*, and *Master Johnny*, the *School-boy*. He also played in his own farce of "Lethe," taking no less than three characters. Here was a varied round of passions, feelings, wit, gaiety, broad humour, eccentricity, fun, light comedy, and the deepest tragedy.*

On the 24th the playhouse had been obliged to close its doors, not without some pressure of the old persecution. It was only natural, indeed, that the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, finding their houses growing "thinner" every day, and the gaudy stream of the nobility's chairs and carriages struggling through the narrow streets of the city, should think of any instruments of suppression furnished them by Act of Parliament. Sir John Barnard, the old enemy of the players, was ready to aid. Lawyers had by this time discovered a check for the trick of playing a tragedy gratis, and taking admission-money for hearing a few tunes played before it. Against such odds it became evident that the little theatre could not maintain a struggle. Fleetwood, embarrassed as he was, could dictate his own terms. It was agreed that Garrick should engage at Drury Lane for the new season at £560 a year.† This was the highest sum ever previously given to an actor, though Quin had nominally been receiving £500 from Fleetwood. With that loyalty to his friends, which was always his characteristic, he made it a stipulation that his friend Giffard should be engaged by Fleetwood. But the manager broke his engagement. He now came to Drury Lane for three nights, playing *Bayes*, *Lear*, and *Richard* to crowded houses. This Fleetwood had also stipulated, to whom it was a welcome assistance. Such a cruel oppression of Giffard, who now, after

* The whole season included 169 nights. *Brazen* he played but once, and he thus seems to have tried nearly every character in that play; *Kite* when he was a boy, and *Plume* later, in Dublin. *Foppington* he gave but three times; *Aboan* twice; *Witwould* four times; *Duretête* twice. *Richard* he played eighteen times; *Sharp* twenty-four; *Jack Smatter* eighteen; *Lothario*, *Clodio*, and *Chamont*, twelve; *Bayes* sixteen; *King Lear* eleven; *Pierre* four times. Thus his attraction in the great tragedy and the great comedy were very nearly balanced. His next most popular part was in his "Valet" part, *Sharp*, which he repeated—often after a heavy tragedy—no less than sixteen times. Such parts as *Jack Smatter* and *Master Johnny* were unworthy of him; but they were popular, as was also *Fondlewife* and *Clodio*. Of this series, *Bayes* seems to have "drawn" the best; for though it was played almost as often as *Richard*, something must be taken off to allow for the curiosity and "rage" to see the new player.

† "The Gentleman's Magazine." Murphy says £500.

this brilliant opening, was only beginning to reap the profits of his spirited outlay. He had given infinite satisfaction by the regularity and perfect propriety of his management, the almost classical choice of his pieces,* and the elegant care with which they were mounted.†

So ended this famous season, which gave to the English players a name, without which their order would be in a poor way indeed. But even after that seven months' hard work, he would not allow himself to rest. He had received a pressing invitation to appear in the Irish capital on most favourable terms, and this he accepted.‡ He was to have no holiday. He had hardly a week to make his preparations; and in the first week in June was in his chaise with Margaret Woffington, and Signora Barberini—a dancer—posting down to Park Gate. The journey to Ireland was then tedious, uncertain, and even dangerous, and would take nearly a week. His success had gone on before him, and he was certain of a brilliant welcome.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST DUBLIN SEASON.—1742.

DUBLIN, at the time when young Garrick arrived, was a city of many fascinations. As we now look back to its court and courtiers, its lords and ladies, who lived then in fine houses, where are now the meanest slums of the city—to its music, its dancing and revels, it seems to resemble some of those small German courts where an Elector or a Grand Duke reigned. Wealthy English dukes and earls, holding court at the Castle, with ministers, privy councillors, chaplains, body guards, pages, musicians, and nearly all the incidents of royalty, were glad to ask over their titled friends and connections, whose presence added to the attraction. No wonder that under such encouragement that surprising Irish stage should have flourished, and have furnished the British drama with a roll of names unsurpassed in any age or country.

* Curll. Garrick actually played on Christmas day!

† He reopened the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre after the season of 1747-8, but failed. He retired to Bath, having made enough money to purchase the estate on which part of Coventry Court, in the Haymarket, now stands. A lady who was living at Bath in 1823 recollected him and his wife.

‡ Davies says "a deputation was sent from Ireland," which is only his loose way of expressing that Duval, the manager's agent, had waited on him.

The roll is indeed splendid. It can count as its own, Wilks, the chief comedian of the day; Doggett, whose badge is still rowed for by the London watermen; Delane and Ryan—Quin, Mossop, Barry, Sheridan, Macklin, Henderson, and Farren—a marvellous galaxy of genius. Smaller names, to carry on the succession, are Moody, Sparks, and O'Brien; and coming near our own time, Cooke and Macready. It has also Clive, Woffington, and Bellamy; and the succession is kept up by Farren, Walstein, Glover, Forde, Mrs. Fitzhenry, Mrs. Jordan, and Miss O'Neil. There were writers to furnish these great players with dramas, not less remarkable—Farquhar, Southerne, Brooke, Macklin, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Kane O'Hara, Sheridan Knowles, O'Keeffe, and Bickerstaff—with the half-Irish Steele and Congreve.

In Aungier-street, not very far behind the Castle, was the Theatre Royal, where the charming Mrs. Cibber had drawn audiences and admirers, received such tokens as made her write afterwards to Garrick that "her love to Ireland was as great as his could be, and she always thought with respect and gratitude of the favours she received there;" and there was the "new Theatre in Smock-alley" (a racy name), built but half-a-dozen years before—the manager of which, Du Val, had engaged Garrick. Smock-alley was a miserable little lane, close to the river, and wide enough for only one carriage to pass. A fragment of the old theatre can still be seen, forming part of the wall of a Catholic chapel; there are plenty of ancient houses lining the alley, old as the old theatre, as may be seen from the stone "jams" of the windows—whose tenants were then kept awake by the block and entanglement of carriages getting away through the "Blind Key," and by the shouts of the "footmen with flam beaux," calling up chairs.

Just half a street away was another theatre—Fishamble-street—in which, up to a few months ago (1868), plays were still acted. It is certainly the oldest House in the kingdom, was of good proportions, and still shows its old crush saloon, with faded painting, where the audience gathered, and waited for their chairs and coaches.*

On Saturday, the 12th, a paragraph was to be read in the papers that Mr. Garrick was "hourly expected from England." The news of the English *furor* had travelled on long before him, and everyone was eager for some notion of the Goodman's Fields' triumphs. The party did not arrive on Satur-

* It has since been turned into a warehouse.

day; but on Sunday morning Mr. Garrick, Miss Woffington, and Barberini, the dancing lady, landed, having come from Park Gate, Chester, by the packet. Two days after Garrick, arrived Delane, "the celebrated actor," who was to play at the rival theatre.

A Signora Avoglio had been announcing her last "concert of vocal and instrumental music," at the Music Hall, Fishamble-street, for the Wednesday following, but she had to announce—"N.B.—The above concert is *put off on account of the players' arrival from England*, who perform that night, and have given up the Wednesday following to Signora Avoglio for her performance." Mrs. Cibber seems to have waited in Dublin until his engagement was over, and it was here that a part alliance was formed between her and Garrick. It was a pity, indeed, that the Dublin audience could not have seen them together; but Mrs. Woffington was in possession of the leading parts. Woffington was an old favourite, and had been the delight of the town. Now, fresh from her London triumphs, she was "to open" the season on the Wednesday in her famous and popular character, while Garrick was kept over until Friday, in his great part of *Richard*.

The tradition of Garrick's success on that night has been handed down by historians of the Irish stage. Unhappily no details have been preserved. The papers were not in the habit of giving criticisms or notices of performances at the theatres; but it is mentioned that many more were turned away than were admitted. The theatre was not unworthy of the young actor. It was built on the best principles then known; was spacious, and remarkable for the excellent opportunities it afforded for seeing and hearing. It was the largest theatre in Dublin; but the stage was cramped and small, being sacrificed to the rest of the house.* Only the year before all the improvements in moving the scenes and flies, had been introduced. The new Dublin theatres, too, boasted of a modern luxury which the London houses did not at that time enjoy—a spacious crush-room or saloon, "richly ornamented," where the company waited after the play was over, chatting and seeing each other, until their carriages came up. The Lord Lieutenant—the Duke of Devonshire—and his Duchess, were unluckily absent in England at this time, so that the actor enjoyed no court attentions.

On the Monday following he made his second appearance in "The Orphan," with Mrs. Furnival as *Monimia*; while on the

* Chetwood.

Tuesday, at the rival house, with something like desperation, Delane came on with *his* reading of "Richard." Even here the "old school" found it was to have no rest. Every day the new actor's reputation increased, and there was a growing eagerness to see him in new characters. The poorer classes were at this time suffering great distress, and the heats during the month of June were more than unusually oppressive. A sort of epidemic which arose from both these causes was fancifully set down to the overcrowded houses, and was long recollected as the Garrick fever. Young men of fashion began to use a cant phrase: "That's your Garrick!" "As gay as Garrick!"

His benefit was fixed for Thursday, the 24th, when he first astonished a Dublin audience by his favourite combination of deeply tragic and broadly humorous characters on the same night. "King Lear" was chosen at the particular desire of several persons of distinction, with "The Lying Valet," also by desire, after it. Margaret Woffington played *Cordelia*. He went through all his round of London characters, playing also in the "Busy Body," "The Fair Penitent," and "Love makes a Man," taking the character of *Don Dismallo Thick-Skullo de Half-Witto*, a claptrap name for *Clodio* in "The Fop's Fortune"—and in "The Rehearsal," and "Old Bachelor." The Lords Justices, the Primate, Lord Chancellor, and Speaker, went in great state to see "The Busy Body." His second benefit was on the 8th of July, with "Richard." On the second of August "The Constant Couple" and "Lying Valet" were announced for the last time. He himself was to have another and final benefit, for which it was said he had selected "The Fair Penitent;" but he changed it, as there was natural curiosity to see him in a far more popular play. No audience had yet witnessed his personation of the Danish prince, and he now resolved to try *Hamlet* for the first time, and before the Dublin public. He issued on the Saturday morning a curious personal announcement:—"Mr. GARRICK thinks it proper to acquaint the town that he did not take 'The Fair Penitent' (as was given out) for his benefit, *that play being dissaproved of by severel ladies and gentlemen*, but by particular desire, deferred it till 'Hamlet' could be ready, which will be played on Thursday next—the part of *Hamlet* by Mr. Garrick, *Ophelia* by Mrs. Woffinton."

Mr. Garrick's last benefit with so familiar a play was sure to have drawn an overflowing house. He was carried through the part by frantic and enthusiastic applause. It was much criticised, and some of his readings were objected to. It was considered, however, a wonderful performance, full of beauties, especially the scenes between *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*, and *Hamlet* and the

Queen. In short, an able critic who wrote to him anonymously two days after the performance, prophesied he would be "the best and most extraordinary player that ever these kingdoms saw." It was noted, too, that he came on without being "attended by music," which was always an accompaniment of the traditional "Hamlet;" and further, what was remarkable and almost courageous behaviour in the year 1742, that he left out every word that could shock a modest ear.

As there was a general desire that he would play *Hamlet* again, he performed it once more. Walker, the original *Mac-heath*, had now arrived from Covent Garden, and his aid enabled them to bring forward "The Recruiting Officer," with a "strong cast." *Kitely* was taken by Walker, *Silvia* by Woffington, and *Plume* by Garrick. This was on the Thursday after the "Hamlet" Thursday, and to the notices was appended a significant "N.B.—This is the last time of Mr. Garrick, Mrs. Woffington, and Signora Barberini's performing, during their stay in this kingdom." Finally, on the Monday following (Aug. 23), a sort of dramatic travelling party—Garrick, Delane, Dr. Arne (Mrs. Cibber's brother, who had come over to give concerts), and Mrs. Cibber—set off together from Dunleary Harbour and embarked for England. Woffington it would appear, remained behind. Thus ended the first Garrick visit, which had now lasted a few days over two months, and it was long remembered. After his departure came a perfect theatrical languor and prostration.

In Dublin the name of Roscius was first given to him,* and the papers teemed with verses in his honour. Behind he left a kindly and grateful feeling. For a sick actor, attached to the theatre, he interested himself with Dr. Barry, then the fashionable physician of the city, whom he got to attend on him during his illness.† He, indeed, took away with him the most generous and grateful sentiments of the people of the place; and when later, what he called "a most cruel and false report" was set on foot, that he had spoken disrespectfully of the "gentlemen of Ireland," he thought it necessary "solemnly to avow that he had never even *thought* with indifference" of Ireland.

* As Murphy says, in some lines beginning

"Roscius, Paris of the stage,
Born to please a learned age."

† Chetwood.

CHAPTER V.

REVOLT AGAINST FLEETWOOD—QUARREL WITH MACKLIN.
1742-1743.

Now returned to London, he was again to have but a short respite. Only a week or two after he arrived, Drury Lane season had begun, and though his first appearance did not take place for a fortnight, the interval could have been no mere holiday. Fleetwood opened on the eleventh of September with a strong company; and with Macklin, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Pritchard, Woffington, and Garrick, prepared to meet Mrs. Cibber, Quin, Ryan, Bridgewater, and the rest of the old school, at Covent Garden. But the strength was unequal. Even the coming to Drury Lane was a fresh point scored for Garrick, whose "fine" patrons of the West-end were thus saved the long journey to the Minories. In vain might Quin declaim and "pave," and Ryan "whistle" from the old wound in his cheek. The game of the old school was played out. Garrick, with conscientious industry, had many new characters ready. *Scrub*, *Hastings*, *Plume*, with his Dublin characters, *Hamlet* and *Drugger*, were new to London. These were as various and successful as his older parts. Mrs. Woffington, on her benefit night, yielded to him her part of *Sir Harry*, which he tried again on the following night, and then wisely abandoned. It was a complete failure. The round of plays was admirably chosen, and selected with an infinite variety and contrast, which must have made the theatre then an entertainment delightful to playgoers. Every taste was suited, and Shakspeare, Steele, Congreve, Beaumont and Fletcher, Cibber, with the best pieces, succeeded each other. The new actor was overworked and hurried, and when the first night of Fielding's new comedy, "The Wedding Day," came round, it was scarcely surprising that he should have broken down. He was to have spoken the Prologue, but to the surprise of the audience Macklin came forward with a free and easy apology. This familiarity began:—

"Gentlemen and ladies—we must, by your indulgence, humbly hope
you'll not be offended,
But an accident that has happened to-night, not in the least intended,
I assure you—if you please, your money shall be returned—but *Mr.*
Garrick to-day,
Who performs a principal character in the Play,

*Unfortunately has sent word 'twill be impossible, having so long a part, To speak the Prologue—he hasn't had time to get it by heart.'**

And this freedom almost seemed to show there was something wrong in the direction of the theatre.

Quin, meanwhile, was fighting a desperate and laborious battle at Covent Garden, acting almost every night, and in all the most weighty and varied characters. If Garrick was to appear in *Richard* on the thirteenth of October, Quin had also the same play on the thirteenth, and mouthed and “paved” in fiery and boisterous rivalry. *Falstaff* and *Julius Cæsar* were in vain attempted. Ryan and Hale and Bridgewater did their best, in these last assaults of the Old Guard. But their best auxiliary was to be the confusion that was obtaining behind the scenes at Drury Lane.

Mr. Charles Fleetwood, the manager, had been a gentleman of good fortune, having once, it was said, enjoyed six thousand a-year, and had been tempted, like so many more, by the fatal seduction of theatrical management. “His person was genteel, and his manner elegant,” which, says Victor, quaintly, “was the last and only remaining quality he kept with him to his death.” It was not the difficulties of the theatre, nor a run of ill-fortune, that led him into embarrassment, but his own extravagant and expensive tastes. He was fond of high society, and of the costly habits of high society; and he had an extraordinary fascination of manner, and a winning grace, that excited interest, not only in his “high” friends, but in the crowd of creditors who were always pressing him.† By these dissipated courses he soon ruined his fortunes; but in 1734 had purchased the Drury Lane patent, and partially restored them. That theatre was destined to prove disastrous to a whole series of managers.

Macklin, then a sort of Bohemian, had been his friend and companion. Both frequented White's, where they gambled heavily, and both were equally unlucky. From this friend, after a successful benefit, or a run of good fortune at the gaming table, he would borrow small sums, “with a manner of sensitive distress which could soften the hardest creditor;” and at one crisis, when he was on the point of

* He did not appear until October 5th. Davies says he relinquished *Foppington* and *Clodio* this season, but the bills show that he acted both.

† His mother was daughter to Lord Gerrard; and the Duchess of Norfolk once told of a strange scene that took place in a Belgian town, in her presence, when Mrs. Fleetwood went on her knees to implore pardon of a young lady, whose life, she owned, she had wrecked by hindering a marriage between her and her son Fleetwood.—Duke of Norfolk's “Thoughts and Essays,” 1668.

being arrested, he obtained from Macklin's easiness, security for a bond of some two or three thousand pounds. Macklin's sense, however, was of excellent service. So long as he held his office of "deputy manager," matters went on tolerably, and were tided over for a few seasons. But every hour the improvident Fleetwood was sinking deeper and deeper, though he was adroit enough to stave off the final crash for a time.

Garrick's intimacy with Mrs. Woffington still continued, and the Irish Tour had only drawn the admirer more closely to the actress. Macklin had been one of her warm friends; and the three being now so intimate, it was agreed that they should "keep house" together, and put all earnings into one common stock. They lodged at a house, No. 6, Bow-street. It was eventually proposed to found a sort of academy, for teaching acting—a scheme which Macklin later carried out, on his own account. This arrangement went on for a short time; but, like most such arrangements, required a greater delicacy and forbearance than the party could muster. Woffington's "month"—for they took the housekeeping "month about"—was conspicuous for a certain prodigality, and a greater run of good company. Mr. Garrick's month was said to be very economically conducted. Mr. Johnson, then a young hack writer, came often, and told, as a proof of his host's stinginess, that Garrick had one night said, "The tea, ma'am, is as red as blood!" This was only the beginning of the favourite stock-charges of "meanness," "stinginess," and the like, which it was the delight of every little histrionic cur—to whom he might have once refused a crust—to yelp out noisily all over the town. Macklin, after their quarrel, was indefatigable in propagating these stories; as was Foote, the most selfish of convivialists. To the spendthrift, the economy of a friend is a standing reproach. Even when grown an old man, and he long since graciously condoned all quarrels by accepting engagements from Mr. Garrick, taking benefits, and having plays brought out—Macklin could "mumble out," "Yes, sir, in *talk* he was a very generous man; a humane man, and all that; but, by G—d, sir, the very first ghost of a farthing he met with," &c. He would tell how they used to ride together on the Richmond road, and halt at various houses; and when the bill was brought, or they came to a turnpike, Mr. Garrick found "he had changed his breeches that morning," or would pull out a thirty-six shilling piece, which could not be changed. This accommodation was usually forgotten; until one day, Macklin asked him to pay his debt, and then pulled out a slip of paper, in which all the

little obligations were entered according to the time and place. "All which, sir," said Macklin, telling the story, "amounted to between thirty and forty shillings." Garrick was a little disconcerted, and thought it a joke; but the other insisted seriously on his claim, and was duly paid. Well might he be disconcerted at this elaborate "book-keeping" for such a trifle. But if there be truth in this story—that is, no exaggeration—he compensated for such carelessness by a thousand instances of substantial liberality.

On another occasion Garrick had given a large dinner-party to Mrs. Cibber, Fielding, Macklin himself, and some more. When the company was gone, Garrick's Welsh servant went over his vails with great glee: "There is half-a-crown from Mrs. Cibber, Got pless her! and here is something more from the poet, Got pless his merry heart!" This was Fielding's donation, which was done up in paper, and found to be a penny. Garrick, next day, with perfect good taste and good sense, reproached Fielding with choosing a *servant* for the subject of such a jest. The other offensively replied that it was no jest on the servant, but a benefit; for, if he had given him half-a-crown, his master would have taken it; whereas he now had a *chance* of keeping it really for himself! Fielding told this about as an excellent piece of humour; and Macklin retold it to Mr. Cooke, who gave it as an illustration of Garrick's avarice. It will be seen that it neither "illustrates" nor proves anything but the bad taste and ill-nature of the guests, and of Mr. Garrick's friends.

The household arrangement was soon broken up. Indeed, it could scarcely have been a profitable concern for Garrick, whose income was so much larger than that of the others. It is said that the partnership had to be dissolved in consequence of heavy liabilities, owing to extravagant management or to the lady's inconstancy. No actress indeed had so many admirers. At this time, however, she had not become the Woffington of later years—quarrelsome, dissolute, and scurrilous; nor had she given her tongue that loose and ready freedom, which Mrs. Bellamy called "blackguarding," or begun to pull caps with rivals in the green-room. There was a certain restraint, and even refinement, which was still to hold her admirer enchained.

But the warm friendship between Macklin and Garrick had not yet been interrupted. At the beginning of the season they had engaged to stand by each other, and decline any separate engagement. They saw the manager's embarrassments were increasing, and that it was necessary they should be prepared to

look for a new arrangement. This alliance gave them a common strength; but even then Garrick believed that Macklin was in league with Fleetwood. He had some "starts of suspicion," and insisted on an explicit contradiction from the latter. This did not promise well. Fleetwood had been always dissipated; had been addicted to cards and dice, but he now sank to the company of boxers and horse-chaunters. He was to be seen with Broughton, the famous pugilist; frequented Hockley-in-the-Hole, where the humane pastime of baiting went on; and what was lower still, in theatrical matters affected the society of rope-dancers and dancing-monkey proprietors. Under such leadership, the interests of the theatre, always precarious, were utterly neglected, and it soon began to go to ruin. Though there was a fine company, and good audiences, money began to fail. The receipts were farmed away, and presently bailiffs began to appear behind the scenes.* This state of things could not go on long. The salaries of the actors were falling into arrear. Such are always the first victims of theatrical ruin—the manager is perhaps the last.

Garrick was the heaviest sufferer by this failure. His salary was now over £600 in arrear; and as often as he had applied the manager had assured him of payment with every ingenious variety of assurance, and even oaths. At last the actor's patience was worn out, and he came to the resolution of suing his creditor at law. With this view he invited himself, one Sunday morning, to breakfast, determining to tell the manager what he had resolved on. So agreeable and "bewitching" was Fleetwood's conversation on every matter but the one which it was his interest to avoid, that he completely won over the actor, who went away without having the heart to enter on the matter. His subsequent behaviour proves that he was not a harsh creditor. At last his patience gave way, and at the beginning of May, 1743, he positively refused to act, and for three weeks was absent from the theatre. A more decisive step was presently taken, under his leadership, he being then but twenty-seven years old. He invited all his *confrères* to meet him at his house at Covent Garden—"Mr. West's, cabinetmaker"—and there submitted a plan of combination for their adoption. There were present the two

* Garrick's rich cap, which he wore in *Richard*, a mass of gaudy feathers, tinsel, and stage jewels, once attracted their greedy eyes; but it was saved by Garrick's faithful Welsh servant, "You must not take that," he said to them, "for it belongs to the king." They were said to have been awe-struck at this notion, and reluctantly resigned their prey.

Mills', Leigh, Havard, the Pritchards, Berry, and Woodburn. Blakes, Yates, Giffard, and a few more, seem to have kept aloof. Garrick then stated the nature of their situation, and invited them to sign an agreement binding them to stand by each other. He had determined that they should all apply to the Duke of Grafton, then Chamberlain, for a licence to open a new theatre at the Opera House or elsewhere; and was certain, when that nobleman had heard of the way they were treated, he would not hesitate to grant what they asked. In fact, they had a lucky precedent in an old combination of the same kind, in the days of Rich, when Bethell and Thomas Barry had gone to the Earl of Dorset, and had been assisted by him.*

This proposal was received with acclamation. Macklin alone opposed the plan, and suggested going to the manager at once, and telling him what they *intended* doing. Garrick calmly showed the folly of such a course. He knew what manner of man Fleetwood was; and if they should "show him their hand," he would be certain to circumvent them in some fashion. A paper was signed, and Macklin overruled. "Thus," says the latter's biographer, "were his best intentions frustrated, and a set of men cajoled into the designs of *this ambitious person*, who had for his object not merely the redress of the wrongs of a few players, but the interested view of aggrandizing himself." This was written almost under the dictation—at least under the inspiration—of Macklin himself. Yet it was suspicious that just before this meeting Macklin had been with the manager, who had been making him handsome offers. Fleetwood himself owns that he raised his salary £3 a week to get him to use his influence over the disaffected actors.† Thus it does seem more than probable he had been trying a *separate* accommodation with the manager, and that his opposition at the actors' meeting was prompted by this very bribe.

They drew up their application, which they sent in to the Chamberlain; then waited on him, but were very coldly received. It was said that he turned to Garrick, and asked him what income he was making by his acting. The answer was about £500 a year. "And do you think that too little," said the Duke, with true contempt for a mere player, "when *I* have a son who has to venture his life for his country for

* This account is made up from the statements and counter-statements published by both Macklin and Garrick.

† Macklin himself boasted, as a proof of his fidelity to this agreement, that he had been offered £200 a year more to remain with Fleetwood. This offer, however, was made just before the actors' meeting.

half that sum?" He was right, certainly, in declining the application; the miserably demoralized state of the existing houses did not encourage the creation of a new one.

This was a serious check. Garrick, whom all the nobility had crowded to see, evidently declined in popular favour. Fleetwood enjoyed his triumph; cast about him; got together a fresh troupe, and at the new season opened his doors boldly, without the seceders. But he was furious with Macklin, who had cast his lot with the others, and whom he had laid under obligations of the most serious and delicate kind.* Garrick then thought of joining with Quin, and of taking Lincoln's Inn Theatre, and overtures were made to Rich, through Macklin; but this scheme fell through, owing, Garrick says, to a "cartel" proposed by Macklin, which would have restricted the privileges they were struggling for.† Macklin, having now fairly broken with Fleetwood, became a little concerned for himself; but was assured by Garrick that he would not desert him—that they were all in the "same boat," and "could," repeated Macklin, artfully, "*at the worst*, set off for Ireland, and make money together there. *This*," he added, "*was to be the dernier ressort*."

Time was wearing on, the regular season was now approaching. The condition of the inferior players "on strike," with whom everything had failed, was growing pitiable. There was nothing open to them; and their only resource—a humiliating one—was submission to the enemy. They applied to him. He was master of the situation. Some he promised to take back, others he did not want. He made the handsomest offers to Garrick, but positively declined on any terms to have anything to do with Macklin. Hence arose a public difference between the two great actors—a notorious scandal—and it will at once seem intelligible how such a difference should arise. For Macklin, finding himself so pointedly tabooed, and exempted from the indemnity, would be anxious that "the strike" should continue in *some* shape, for his benefit.

The conclusion, I think, will be that Garrick acted with honour and good sense, though perhaps without a punctilious and Quixotic adherence to the mere *letter* of an agreement. He at first positively declined any overtures that did not include Macklin. He even offered, under a penalty of £100, to answer

* Macklin had been tried for murder, and Fleetwood had "stood by him all through his difficulties."

† On the other hand, Macklin says it was Garrick that would only take it for a year.

for his behaviour. When this failed, he proposed, if Mr. Macklin went to Ireland, to provide for Mrs. Macklin in London, with a weekly salary—to guarantee Macklin himself in his Irish engagement, and make up any deficiency. But Macklin was furious and clamorous, said a solemn engagement had been violated, and that he had been sacrificed. Yet it was mere special pleading, thus to suppose his interests were to be supported at the sacrifice of the majority. And though certainly, in a common working man's strike, it seems hard to desert a leader whom the employer had proscribed, the true equity is for the fellow-workmen to indemnify him, and gain the advantage of their own submission. Such engagements are not to be construed with all the technicality of a bond; otherwise Garrick might have been bound for his whole life, or so long as the irregular behaviour of his companion lasted. The fact was, Macklin saw that he was to be made a scapegoat by the manager. Various meetings were held to arrange the matter, but without any issue. Meanwhile, the unfortunate actors were in a state of suspense and destitution. Some, it has been mentioned, had been taken back; and Garrick, greatly pressed by the manager, at last yielded; but made it a condition that the rest should be taken back also. This was agreed to; so that if Macklin now gave his consent, all would be accommodated. The Players then addressed a remonstrance to him—in a letter couched in almost piteous terms, saying that “this punctilio of honour” was ruining them; that they feared Mr. Garrick was going to Ireland, so as to stand by his agreement, in which case the manager would have nothing to do with them—almost imploring him to come to some terms; and again appealing to Garrick, who made fresh exertions to compromise the matter. He proposed to take a hundred guineas less salary from Fleetwood, and engaged in the most solemn manner to work unremittingly to smooth away all obstacles to Macklin's re-engagement; but nothing would be accepted, save the selfish alternative that Garrick and all the other actors should “stand out,” and sacrifice themselves, because his own behaviour had precluded him from all hope of reconciliation. Garrick could hesitate no longer, and prepared to close with Fleetwood. He held himself discharged from all community with so impracticable a partner.

During the course of these *pourparlers*, the new season began on September 13th, Fleetwood having now some of his old corps at the old salaries, and others at the half their previous wages, which they were glad to get. Mrs. Woffington

was at her post, but does not seem to have joined in the *émeute*. Nearly three months had passed by, and still Garrick did not appear. Strange reports had been going round the town as to the reason of this extraordinary suspense, and these were not favourable to him. On the eve of concluding his engagement he appealed to the town in a letter to the public journals, in which he shortly explained the true reason—a very modest and judicious letter. He was sensible, he said, that his affairs were too inconsiderable to be laid before the public; but as he was their servant, and had been treated with such indulgence, he thought it was his duty to show that it was not “obstinacy or exorbitancy” that kept him from their service, but a wish to bring about a reconciliation with the manager, which was now almost accomplished. In a few days it was known that all was accommodated, and Mr. Garrick was announced in his great part of *Bayes*, in “The Rehearsal.”

This news caused a commotion. Macklin had a number of Bohemian allies—Dr. Barrowby (the physician), Corbyn Morris, and others—who met at the Horns Tavern in Fleet-street, and debated the wrongs of their friend, and what Macklin’s biographer absurdly called “the imperishable infamy of Garrick’s apostasy.” It was determined to take action in more ways than one. On December the 5th Garrick was announced; and on that day a “Case,” hastily got up, and written by Macklin, was launched upon the town.* A hand-bill was presently circulated about the town and the theatre, signed by the great actor, in which he humbly begged the public to suspend their judgment for a day or two, until an answer to that appeal had been prepared. When the curtain rose on Tuesday, the following night, the pit was found to be filled with Macklin’s friends, led by the party from the Horns Tavern. When Garrick appeared, the uproar burst out. He was saluted with yells of “Off! off!” He bowed low, and, with extraordinary submission and humility, entreated to be heard. But no hearing would be vouchsafed him. Then eggs and apples and peas came showering on the stage, while the great actor was seen calmly standing high up at the wing to escape the attack. The play was not allowed to go on, and the curtain had to be let down.

On the next day, Garrick having secured an ally in Guthrie,

* Macklin’s biographer, Kirkman, gives Corbyn Morris as the author; but Davies “has authority for saying” that it was by Macklin himself. The truth may be between, such productions being then the common work of the author and his friends.

a Scotch "hack-writer," rapidly drew up a reply. But for the next night he took counsel with his friends. Some of them, with Colonel Wyndham, of Norfolk, a man of note, repaired to the theatre in force.* Fleetwood's low tastes for once brought him profit. A crowd of his pugilist friends, headed by Broughton and Taylor, were privately admitted into the pit, before the doors were opened. Just before the curtain rose, the leader of this formidable band stopped the music, and standing up, said, in a loud, rough voice, "Gentlemen, I am told some persons have come here with an intention of interrupting the play. Now, *I* have come to hear it, and have paid my money, and advise those who have come with such a view to go away, and not hinder my diversion." This plain and sensible speech raised a terrific uproar. The bruisers drew together, began the fray, and very soon cleared the pit of the Macklinites. Then the piece began. Mr. Garrick appeared with many respectful bows, and went through his part amid the acclamations of his friends. This was his first theatrical battle.

On the next day his answer appeared. There was one passage which had a certain warmth, and which, when read in Ireland, must have won him many friends—namely, his kindly declaration of affection for the people of that country, and grateful acknowledgment of their kindness.

In this struggle Macklin was worsted, and the victory was with his rival, of whom he became the bitter enemy. From that time his tongue never ceased its busy slanders, ringing the changes on Garrick's "meanness," though in course of time he could bring himself to ask favours from the man he had so treated. The whole episode proves his rough, ill-conditioned, and violent character; his "Case" is full of phrases as "your treachery" — "you have no notion of honour" — "your mean disposition," and such language. Even then he was glad to have the opportunity of repeating his favourite charge — "not only treacherous, but also an avaricious disposition; be so good as to tell whose picture it is; for you very well know, and are a fond admirer of the original." Mrs. Clive had shown her spirit; during the first stages of the quarrel she adhered to the manager, but joined the malcontents later.† Had Macklin been temperate and

* Colonel Wyndham was one of the men of fashion of the day. He had served Maria Teresa; was a handsome man, an accomplished swordsman, and father to the better-known William Windham.

† See a particular account of her straightforward behaviour in "The Life of Mrs. Catherine Clive" (1888), by the author of this work.

loyal, his proscription would have been an eternal claim, which Garrick would never have ignored; and he would certainly have shared in the latter's great good fortune. Proscribed by all parties, the unlucky actor seemed to be shut out of every house, and was driven to open that strange histrionic academy at the Haymarket, where he brought out Mr. Foote and Dr. Hill.

CHAPTER VI.

SHERIDAN—QUARREL WITH WOFFINGTON.—1743-1745.

AFTER this inauspicious opening, the season proceeded. Garrick's popularity had not been impaired,* and he added the new characters of *Macbeth* "as written by Shakspeare," *Biron*, *Lord Townly*, *Zaphna*, and *Regulus*, to his stock. The two latter were bald, conventional figures, mere sketches, poor lath and plaster constructions, without nature, blood, or feeling, and mere vehicles for frothy declamation. Yet they were the beginning of a long line; and it is inconceivable that Garrick should, even in the way of business, have associated himself with such parts. It must have been a real treat to have seen him and Mrs. Woffington in *Lord* and *Lady Townly*—a true exhibition of pleasant comedy, done with infinite spirit. During the season, old Cibber played his own parts of *Fondlewife* and *Sir John Brute*, while his son, afterwards to be one of Garrick's most scurrilous enemies, was also of the company, and played *Abel Drugger* a few nights after Garrick had played it. He could even challenge his enemy in *Bayes*. Well might a friend of Garrick's ask "what demon possessed him thus to exhibit himself?" It was thought he never performed it so ill—leaving out half his grimaces and buffoonery—it was supposed because he saw Garrick among the audience. Another feature of the season was the engagement of a gentleman, from Macklin's curious show in the Haymarket, who appeared in *Othello* and *Foppington*. The name of this actor was not given; but he was already well known to Garrick, and perhaps already feared by him. For his voice was heard loud enough at the coffee-houses, supporting claims to be the exponent of the true

* At his benefit, five rows of the pit were railed into boxes, and the ladies were desired to send their servants three hours before the doors opened. The Dublin Theatre was the only one in the kingdom where ladies were not admitted to the pit.

school of natural acting, allowing that Garrick was natural and easy, but not natural and easy enough; and that "he wanted the due amount of spirit and courage to take tragedy completely off its stilts."* He was of course on Macklin's side in the Fleetwood quarrel, and this intimacy, beginning on a footing half war, half peace, was to continue in the same curious tone for nearly forty years. Foote was the name of the young player, then only three-and-twenty, even then "a most incompressible fellow," of ready wit and tongue; dreadful in exposing what he thought "humbug," or any false assumption of decorum, and destined to the end to be the sharpest of the many thorns in Garrick's side.

At the other house Quin and Ryan, reinforced by Mrs. Clive—who in the late quarrel had contrived to offend both Fleetwood and Garrick—kept up the struggle. They chose nearly the same round of plays. The town had an opportunity of comparing two *Macbeths*, and the contrast must have been extraordinary. Garrick himself was among Quin's audience, and described that most singular conception of the part, which shows how absurd and mistaken were some of the principles that regulated the old school. In the famous scene he clutched at the dagger not once, but several times, first with one hand, then with the other, at the same time ludicrously striving, as it were, to keep on the ground, much as a drowning man plunges and strikes out wildly. In the ghost scene he drew his sword, and kept making passes at the spectre until he had driven him quite off the stage. But Garrick owned his great merit, which triumphed over these absurdities, "his slow, manly, folding-up of his faculties, his body gradually gathering up at the vision, his mind keeping the same time, denoting by the eye its strong workings. He did not dash the goblet to the ground, but let it gently fall from him, as if unconscious of having such a vehicle in his hand." Quin, only a few months later, had set off for Dublin, where he had always been a favourite, and was sure to find his reign undisputed there. But his gradual fall seemed to be marked with a series of mortifications, and on his arrival he was told he could not even have a night, as the town was running "horn mad" after a new local actor of the most wonderful powers.

When Mr. Garrick was in Dublin he had met a young student of Trinity College, son to a well-known clergyman of the city—Doctor Sheridan, Swift's friend. This young gentleman—at that time well stage-struck—unable to resist the

* Forster's essay on Foote, p. 350.

spell, had only a few months later himself gone on the stage, to the consternation of his friends, who were shocked at the disgrace. He succeeded, and became the rage of the hour. Garrick took infinite interest in his career, and with that kindness for beginners which was always his characteristic, wrote over to invite him to stay the whole summer with him, and proposed that they should play together at Drury Lane, offering to give him up any of his own characters. In the young man's answer to this handsome offer, though put with affected diffidence—"a well cut pebble," he said, "may pass for a diamond till a fine brilliant is placed near it"—can be seen traces of the arrogance and temper which later made him so impracticable a character to deal with. His head was already turned. As to playing at one house, it was impossible; they would "clash too much" in regard to characters. He then hinted a rather conceited proposal of their playing alternately in London and Dublin, "dividing the kingdoms" between them, for he was convinced that Dublin was as well able to pay one actor for a winter as London was. They were to be like the two buckets in a well. But this was the vanity of supposing that both buckets were of equal strength and weight; and the difference Sheridan was to discover later, by the sure test of thin houses and empty boxes. It was pleasure, not business, he said, that was taking him to town for "a jaunt of three weeks." He had hardly time to do anything, having had "to study and act three new characters within a fortnight," one of which was *Othello*! This lightness contrasted ill with Garrick's thoughtful and diligent preparation. When he did come to town he was engaged, not at Drury Lane, but at Covent Garden.

That new season of 1744-5 was to have troubles of its own. The Drury Lane company was strengthened with the tender Cibber—a valuable auxiliary for Garrick in such plaintive parts as *Monimia*, *Belvidera*, and *Andromache*, and by Sheridan, who had come to join his friend. Garrick made his first appearance on the 19th of October, Sheridan on the following night. Garrick was therefore sincere in his protestation of friendship, for a word from him could have prevented the engagement of a rival. He indeed was virtually directing the theatre. The same toleration allowed the return of Macklin, who was restored to his old place, and made his submission in a humiliating prologue:

"From scheming, fretting, fuming, and despair,
Behold to grace restored an exiled player.
Your sanction yet his fortune must complete,
And give him privilege to laugh and—eat."

But he was not to be reconciled, though he admitted there were in the green-room "longer heads" than his, to whom he would in future leave the conduct of affairs. He was presently to see the manager made the object of just such a scene of violence as he himself had organised against Garrick, and which it is not improbable was got up by the same party.

Among other attractions, the manager had brought out a costly pantomime called "The Fortune-tellers," and to reimburse himself for the increased charges, new engagements, scenery, &c., found it necessary to make some advance in the price of admission. This was received with deep dissatisfaction, for the raising of prices had only been tolerated in the case of an entirely new entertainment. On the night of Saturday, the 7th of November, the audience took their favourite method of showing their displeasure by a riot. The performance was interrupted. There was an affectation of being disgusted with pantomimes, and that class of entertainment, and a handbill was actually circulated proposing that the "advance money" should be returned to those who did not choose to wait and be "tortured with entertainments." This was a mere pretence. The manager was called for tumultuously, but with some spirit declined to appear before them, pleading exemption, as not being an actor; but said he would be willing to receive a deputation in his room. Some delegates were accordingly sent from the pit, and the audience waited their return patiently. On the Monday night a concession was announced. Any persons who did not choose to stay for a new piece, pantomime, &c., might ask for a special check at the door, on presenting which, they might have the advanced price returned to them. It was to be the second appearance of Garrick, in his excellent character of *Sir John Brute*; but that famous piece of acting had no spell. The riot broke out again with fury. The moment the doors were opened, the rioters burst in, and swept the door-keepers from their places, the theatre was given to sack and confusion, the benches torn up, the sconces pulled down and flung on the stage—a favourite and traditional fashion with a dissatisfied audience, of showing their displeasure. When they were about invading the stage to tear down the scenery, a number of constables, "carpenters, and scene-men" came from behind, and stood to its defence. "A country gentleman," conspicuous as a ringleader, was dragged from the boxes, and brought before a magistrate, a proceeding which the mob affected to think an outrage on their dignity, though he was later released. The manager whose property was thus outrageously dealt with, was put on his defence, as it were, and exculpated himself humbly in

a pamphlet, urging that he was merely protecting his property. Such indeed has been the rather exceptional tone in all English theatrical disturbances, audiences having always claimed the outrageous privilege of setting themselves right, by sacking their enemy's theatre. After wreaking their fury in this fashion, the manager was allowed to repair his House, and further concession was not insisted upon.*

Macklin must have had some satisfaction in witnessing what was scarcely a failure, but what some were eager to consider a failure; for, on March the 7th, Garrick attempted "Othello," for the first time. Then it was that old Quin, turning to Hoadly, made the smart and not unfair criticism, "Here's Pompey, but where's the tea-kettle and lamp"—an association that became almost irresistible to any one thinking of the short figure, the blacked face, and the bright scarlet officer's coat in which he absurdly dressed himself. Otherwise he played it well, as we know from the testimony of two friends;† and, indeed, the character, full of fitful gusts of passion, must have suited him excellently. But no splendour of acting could have triumphed over the likeness to Hogarth's "black page."

Sheridan, meanwhile, was growing in favour by aid of strong lungs, and "words enforced with weight." He seems to have had all the coldness of a professional elocutionist; and an old playgoer,‡ who saw him in decay, was struck with his stiff features and inharmonious voice. He was given every advantage. With a surprising superiority to that petty jealousy which has been at the bottom of half the scandals of the profession, Garrick allowed his friend to appear in *Richard*, *Hamlet*, *Pierre*, *Othello*—parts that belonged to him. Yet very soon there was a party formed who affected to think the Irish actor was kept back, and who affected to consider him superior to the established favourite. Under such conditions came jealousy, with a coldness, and later an open quarrel. Indeed it was always Garrick's fate to be harassed by the sensitiveness and pretensions of the rising actors, for whom his very indulgence and encouragement was but a foundation for grievances and exorbitant demands.

Thomson, the author of the "Seasons," had now ready his "Tancred and Sigismunda," a romantic and pathetic piece, and perhaps, after Hughes's "Siege of Damascus," the best of what Johnson so happily called "the Tig and Tiry" school: alluding

* One of the advertisements ran: "The company cannot play till to-morrow evening, as the damages have not been repaired."

† Victor and Aston. This jest has been also attributed to Foote.

‡ Boaden.

to the names in an Eastern piece, *Tigranes* and *Tiridates*. Mr. Pitt and Lord Lyttleton were deeply interested in the success of the play; and, indeed, it was said to have been at their instance that it was produced. They attended the rehearsals, and their hints are said to have been received by the players "with great respect, and *embraced with implicit confidence*." Indeed, the play was well calculated to bring out all the love and pathos of two such tender actors. It flowed on in a strain of rapture and chivalrous ardour, which later recommended it for the exceptional honour of French translation.

In the beginning of April, Garrick had been seized with a severe illness, and his parts had to be taken by others. By this time, also, the disorder in the management of the theatre had come to a crisis. Hopelessly involved by debt and dissipation, Fleetwood was at last obliged to retire, and yet, considering his bankrupt condition, contrived to make surprisingly good terms. He had brought the theatre to a desperate pass. He had already mortgaged the patent for three thousand pounds to Sir Thomas de Lorme and Mr. Masters; and had cajoled an unsuspecting Mr. Meure or More to advance more money for the redemption of the patent, who was told that seven thousand pounds would set it quite free, his security being the theatre properties and wardrobe, with a title to enjoy all the receipts. But he was presently surprised by seeing in the papers a public notice, that the patent was to be put up to sale under a decree in Chancery. He had been tricked, and found himself in the embarrassing position, that he might be the owner of a theatre, its scenery and properties, but without patent or licence to use either. This stroke of craft was characteristic of Fleetwood, who, indeed, was now said to have turned a sort of "sharper."

About this time Rich, the manager of Covent Garden, had in his service a stage manager called Lacy, a business-like Irishman, who had made a little money by speculation, and who in his dealings, had been found "honest" and exact—then an almost exceptional virtue in the histrionic world. When the theatre came into the market, two persons of substance from the City, being anxious to venture in theatrical speculation, came to Lacy, though he was personally a stranger to them, and proposed to him to join them, he undertaking the theatrical management. They were content to find two-thirds of the purchase-money, and if his share was not forthcoming, would allow it to remain out, as it were, on mortgage.

This arrangement seemed acceptable, and was being drawn up by Green and Amber, a City house, who were to have been

bankers to the new company, when one of the partners suddenly became seriously ill, and the project had to be given up. The bankers were much disappointed. It occurred to them to take the place of the other contractor; and, Lacy's character being known to them, they made him a fresh proposal. He was to undertake the negotiation, to get Fleetwood to accept an annuity of £600, and also induce Mr. More not to press for his mortgage. If he succeeded in these two matters, they would find the money to pay off all the other charges, allow Lacy's contribution to "stand out," and be gradually discharged by his proportion of the profits. Lacy succeeded in the negotiation. Fleetwood, racked with gout, and worn out with excess, was glad to accept such handsome terms, and retired to France, where he closed his strange career. Drury Lane once more passed to new proprietors.*

During this time Garrick's relations with Mrs. Woffington had continued, but with a fitfulness that was characteristic on her side. They still met; and we have a glimpse of them in the London suburbs, only a little before the Scotch rebellion, which has a certain dramatic air.

She was then living at Teddington. Mr. Sheridan, who had met both her and Garrick in Dublin, was staying at Kingston, where he kept open house, and dispensed hospitality, and his influence was said to have seriously altered her style in tragedy, giving it something of the French stiffness. She amused herself by making fools of old men, like Cibber and Owen Swiney, having them dangling about her, the wits said, like the elders after Susanna. There was a curious circle at this Kingston villa: made up principally of jovial students and professors, of the delightful Mrs. Woffington herself, and of Garrick, who, it was given out, was sighing to be reconciled to his former "charmer." To this house came also a Mrs. Bellamy, with her

* The accounts of the patent and its shares are much confused. Neither Victor nor Geneste notices what was done with Giffard's share. Victor is wrong also as to the price paid. It was £13,750, not £3,500. The pedigree of the "licence" thus disposed of would seem to be as follows:—Starting from the year 1711, it was shared between Colley Cibber, Wilks, Collier, and Dogget. In 1714, Booth, the actor, was taken in, under a new licence granted to Steele. A fresh patent was granted in 1731. In 1732, the amateur manager, Highmore, purchased the whole of Cibber's share and one-half of Booth's for the sum of £5,500—an enormous price, considering the decay of the property. Later, in 1733, Giffard purchased Booth's remaining half; and on Highmore's failure the proprietors of the patent were Highmore, representing one-half, with the widow of Wilks, and Giffard, who held the other. Fleetwood then appeared, and purchased, for little more than the unlucky Highmore had given for his part, Highmore's and Mrs. Wilks's share.

pretty daughter; and a sister of Woffington's—Miss Polly Woffington—whom the College gentlemen discovered had great gifts for the stage. It was once determined to get up a private play to make trial of these gifts. Mr. Garrick took *Orestes*; the pretty Miss Bellamy, who had not as yet gone on the stage, *Andromache*; *Hermione* fell to Miss Polly; and *Pyrrhus* to Mr. Sullivan, "Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin." All the neighbours of fashion were invited, including "Sir William Young," who was loud in praise of Miss Bellamy, though Miss Polly Woffington much excelled her in beauty. Mr. Garrick, also, pronounced that Miss Bellamy was more in earnest. The whole must have been a curious and characteristic scene—the fashionables of Kingston sitting round—the lively Woffington, and the "great Garrick," and Mr. Sullivan, Fellow of Trinity College, declaiming away against each other.*

Woffington was one of the pillars of the theatre, and one night, and that not on a benefit night, when such compliments are usual, she could show her true devotion to the interest of a play by taking a mean part in "The Provoked Wife," and allowing Mrs. Cibber to play *Lady Brute*. Thus was given a perfect cast. But her admirer sought in vain for such constancy in another direction. "Colonel Cæsar of the Guards," Lord Darnley, and others began to crowd on the scene. Many looking on, saw this fickleness in the lady, and were concerned for their friend Garrick; and Lord Rochford told him very plainly that he had small confidence in "Woff's" attachment, who "could wean herself much easier than you can, or I have no skill in woman's flesh." Gallants of the class of Hanbury Williams were growing more pressing in their devotion. It is plain that the volatile creature was making efforts to maintain some show of constancy to her lover, and it is certain that he had engaged solemnly to marry her.† It was later to come so near, that he had brought home the wedding-

* Bellamy's Memoirs.

† Miss Polly Woffington married the nephew of Lord Cholmondely, who was greatly shocked by the degrading alliance, but on meeting Mrs. Woffington later owned that *she* had reconciled him to the match. Her reply showed the spirit as well as the good heart of the actress. "My lord," she said, coldly, "I have much more reason to be offended with it than you, for before I had but one beggar to maintain, now I have two." She for years supported this younger sister, sent her to a convent in France to be educated. She was "a very airy lady," according to Johnson. In Miss Burney's diary, as well as in the memoirs of Dr. Burney, are some lively sketches of the Rev. Mr. Cholmondely and his wife. It is amusing to see how the heralds respectfully put her father, the Dublin mason, down as "Arthur Woffington, Esquire;" and her children married into the good houses of Townshend in England, and of Bellingham in Ireland.

ring, and tried it on.* With so respectable an alliance in view, and possibly with some sincere attachment to the actor, it is not surprising she should have made some attempts at steadiness, though attended with occasional lapses, for which the lover could have indulgence.† This is shown by some lines of reproach addressed to her by Williams only the year before, and which describes the situation, and her character very fairly; and shows that some struggle was going on. It is curious that they should be in the same injured tone as Garrick's were to be in the year following—complaining of the lady's fickleness, now growing all but constitutional:—

TO MRS. WOFFINGTON, JULY, 1744.

“If Heav'n upon thy perjured head
Had the least mark of vengeance shed,
For all thy hate to truth;
Had e'en diminish'd any grace,
Lit up one pimple in thy face,
Or rotted but one tooth,

“I would believe its powers: but you,
More fair, as still more faithless, grew—
Charms flow from perjuries;
The more you cheat, we trust the more,
Each jilting tear's a fruitful shower
That makes fresh beauties rise.

“See all our youth confess thy power;
They but behold thee and adore,
And press to drag thy chain;
And though we swear and brag we're free,
Repentant Darnley longs, like me,
To be thy slave again.”

The Lord Darnley who longed to be her slave again, had obtained a promise from her that she would not see the actor, when he himself was obliged to leave town. He had her watched, and taxed her with breaking this promise. She denied it, and said “she had not seen Garrick for an age.” The nobleman said he could prove she had, and on that very morning. The baffled actress answered with a spirit, that showed affection as well as readiness: “Well, and is not that an age?” It

* Murphy vouches for this story, and was assured of its truth on many occasions by the actress. It is quite plain that Garrick was looking forward to a marriage.

† Macklin used to tell stories of Garrick's approving of these irregularities, and favouring the addresses of Lord Darnley. Such conduct is utterly inconsistent with Garrick's character, and with the bitter expostulation on her perfidy he was to make later.—See this “good story,” in Kirkman's Macklin, p. 117.

was this genuineness that was her charm : and these little flashes of nature were to hold her lover undecided a little longer. Macklin used to relate her version of how "shabbily" he had withdrawn. He told her that he had lain tossing all the night, thinking of this wretched marriage—that it was a foolish thing for both, who might do better in separate lines, and that, in short, "he had worn the shirt of Dejanira." "Then throw it off at once, sir," said she in her shrill, inharmonious voice. "From this moment I have done with you." The next morning she sent back all his presents, and a letter of dismissal. He did the same, with the exception of a pair of diamond buckles of some value. She waited for a month thinking they had been forgotten, and then wrote for them ; but Garrick begged "he might be allowed to keep them as a memorial of their own friendship, and of many happy hours," &c. This was told with much chuckling by Macklin, as an illustration of "the little fellow's meanness and avarice ;" though there is no reason why it should not be accepted in its literal sense, as a proof of feeling or affection.

But we have fortunately the means of discovering what was his version. I find among his papers a long "copy of verses," full of bitter reproach, significant of anger and deep jealousy, holding up to her astonished eyes a fierce and caustic picture of all her infidelities, and warning her how it must surely end. They were headed "Epistle to Mrs. Woffington, sent to her in June, 1745." He still calls her Sylvia, as though she was always present to him in that first loved character, and they show that all was at an end between them, but certainly through no fault on his side.*

" Sylvia, to you I dedicate my lays,
No flattering bard, or love-sick youth ;
Regardless of your censure or your praise,
I come to expose the naked truth.

" To you, and to your heart my muse appeals,
And if not tainted to the core,
Freely confess the action she reveals,
Which all your various arts explore.

" And now my muse in greatest order move,
In just succession *facts impart* ;
Pursue the rovings of a woman's love,
And sing the progress of her heart.

" From *forty-two* I take my present date,
When Darnley's gold seemed void of charms,
And driven by whims, inconstancy, or fate,
You flew from him to Garrick's arms.

* From the Hill MS.

" *No mercenary views* possessed your mind,
 'Tis love ! cried out the public voice ;
 To Sylvia's virtue we have all been blind :
 By fate a mistress, not by choice.

" But soon these pions cease—'twas worse and worse,
 (For fame will err and make mistakes)
 She revels with the man she ought to curse,
 And riots with *her quondam rakes*.

" *I know your sophistry, I know your art,*
Which all your dupes and fools control ;
Yourself you give without your heart—
All may share THAT, but not your soul.

" But now her thirst of gold must be allayed,
 The want of show her pride alarms ;
 It must, it shall be gratified, she said,
 Then plunged in hateful W—ll—ms' arms.

" Oh, peer !* (whose acts shall down time's torrents roll),
 If thus you doat, thus love the dame,
In nuptial bonds unite her to your soul,
 And thus at once complete your fame."

He then, rather pathetically, warns her of the decay, which such a course of life must entail, even in her looks, and bids her look in her glass :

" Peggy ! behold that harassed, worn-out field,
 Which once was verdant, fruitful, gay—"

and which is now "barren," and "cracked ;" "and" he adds,

" Though you feign the joys you cannot feel,
 Yet even mechanic passions wear.

" Your spring is past, but not your summer gone,
 O reap before the sun descends !
 When autumn's fall or winter's blasts come on,
 Farewell to lovers, flatterers, and friends.

" But now, advice apart, the theme pursue,
 Follow the damsel in her wild career !
 Say what gallants, what keepers are in view—
 Behold the Colonel in the rear !

" Some say you're proud, coquettish, cruel, vain.
 Unjust ! She never wounds but cures ;
 So pitiful to every lying swain—
 Flatter or pay, the nymph is yours."

It is extraordinary that so sensible a young man should have meditated uniting himself in wedlock to such a person. It may have been that he believed he could reform her, and hoped that she might be fit to take her place as the wife of an honest man who loved her. This was an infatuation ; still,

* Lord Darnley.

looking at the existing state of morals about him, such views were almost creditable to him. But the abandoned creature could not be fixed : one lover was preferred after the other, and Garrick, dismissing all hopes of a reformation, finally determined to break off with her. His constancy and attachment had no doubt amused the town and his friends, and this rupture, which was notorious, furnished no less abundant talk and diversion. Caricatures were published, and verses written. A hundred stories went about, as to the promise of marriage, and of the gentleman being tired of his engagement. The actress was piqued and angry, and gave friends her version, coloured, no doubt, by an angry woman's view of the matter, and diligently retailed by her friend Macklin. It was, indeed, the happiest thing in the world for Garrick. Such an alliance would have shipwrecked his whole life and made his home wretched. He was saved in time to meet with the rarest and best of women—one that was elegant in mind and person, the most faithful and admirable of wives. "Peg" Woffington perhaps laughed the loudest at this desertion.

Still there was a fifteen years' brilliant career before her, more theatrical triumphs, membership of the Beef Steak Club, and "four thousand pounds brought by her to the theatre," for four old stock plays. Her admirers clustered fast, one of whom was old Owen Swiney, whom she, later, turned to excellent profit. She passed over to Paris, where she picked up hints from Dumesnil.* And, long after, the "Hon. and Rev. Robert Cholmondely"—the husband of Miss Polly Woffington—was not ashamed to draw some profit from Mr. Garrick's old intimacy with the actress, and asked and received loans of money. Thus ended this episode.

Lacy, now in command of the theatre, was not on harmonious terms with his leading actor. He also had quarrelled with Mrs. Cibber ; and Garrick, having been obliged to give up playing for the present from illness, was only thinking of restoring his strength by easy expeditions to the country. What Mrs. Cibber was eager for was a joint adventure—that

* Fitzpatrick wrote from Paris in 1748 :—"There are a great many English now here ; and, among the rest, Mrs. Woffington is now here with Swiney. I have often the pleasure of conversing with her at the play-house, where we sit in judgment on the players. We have agreed that in comedy they far surpass the English players, but in tragedy they fall short of them." At a public fencing match she was so attracted by a handsome fencing master that she went over and pinned a favour on his breast, and later travelled home with him in the same chaise. There is a picture of old Swiney, her other admirer, by Van Loo. In dress and air it is very like the well-known one of Rubens.

with Quin and Garrick she should purchase the Drury Lane patent, which it was very probable Lacy's growing embarrassments would send into the market once more. She tried all sorts of pleasant blandishments, now asking Garrick to her place at Woodhay, now planning a meeting in town, now flattering him, and now frightening him by the news that Lacy was determined to shut them both out of the theatre for the new season. But Garrick was too cautious to join in such triumvirate.

This was in October, and he was still only recovering slowly from his illness, under the care of Thompson, a well-known physician of the day. But before arranging the details of this new scheme he went down to Buxton Hall, and later to Bath, with his friend, Colonel Wyndham, and there received a proposal which changed everything.

CHAPTER VII.

SECOND DUBLIN SEASON.—1745–1746.

GARRICK was at Bath, enjoying that pleasant watering-place, when the post brought him a letter from Sheridan, then in Ireland. It contained a singular and characteristic proposal. Having heard, he said, that Garrick wished to pay a second visit to Dublin, he wrote to inform him that he was now "sole manager of the Irish stage," and that he might depend on receiving "every advantage and encouragement that he could in reason expect." The basis of their agreement was to be a division of profits, but he frankly warned him to expect nothing from friendship, or, indeed, anything more than an actor could in strict right require. No wonder that Garrick, on this almost hostile invitation, should turn to his friend, and say: "This is the oddest letter I ever received in the whole course of my life." Colonel Wyndham replied that it might be odd, but that it was still fair, open, and honest, and advised him to accept the proposal. Uncertain as to his plans—for the London theatres were still in sad confusion—and inclining himself in that direction, he took his friend's advice, and closed with Sheridan.

He first went to Lichfield to see his family, and determined to go on from thence to Ireland, without returning to London. This resolution seemed to hurt his friend Mrs. Cibber, who thought it against his interests, and a little against the interests of their friendship. With a break-up in theatrical

matters so imminent, it was well to be on the spot. His "little wife," as she called herself, would have been glad to have had but two or three hours' conversation with him before he left. Garrick, we may suspect, was growing a little fatigued with this "friendship;" and wrote back some routine compliments, saying that she was of the number he could not wish to take leave of. He added that he also wanted sadly to make love to her—on the stage. To which she replied pleasantly that she could assure him very seriously that unless he made more love than he did the past year, she would never act with him. All the last winter she had had "wretched lovers. I desire you always to be my lover on the stage, and my friend off it." Garrick then promised to write to her from Ireland, and set off about the middle of November.

In the interval between Garrick's first and second visit, the state of the Irish theatres had become deplorable, and sad disorders had grown up. A sort of licence among the audience had been encouraged by the management, and by allowing the public to behave as they pleased, all check of respect and decency had gradually been lost. The boxes and pit were deserted while the stage was crowded with gratuitous visitors, and the gallery was the scene of brawls and riots between the "footmen" and the mob. In this demoralization Sheridan had been invited to become manager, and attempt a reform; and having remodelled scenery and scenic effects, and brought about something like order, determined to play boldly, and, as the first card to play, thought of engaging Garrick.

He presently came to London, to get together a band of recruits, and at last started for Chester with a curious party: Miss Bellamy, the well-known "George-Anne," an ambitious young girl, who had just begun her career as an actress; her mother, and Lacy, the manager of Drury Lane, who was going over to pick up recruits for his new season—who, furious at his treatment by Garrick, had written bitterly of him to the Irish proprietors. There were also Mrs. Elmy, another actress, and a Mr. Morgan, who was an admirer of the latter, but in the last stage of consumption. Mrs. Elmy, who affected to be a humourist, enlivened the journey by constant disputes with Miss Bellamy. At Parkgate they found the wind contrary, and the manager, impatient to get to his theatre, left them there, and posted on to Holyhead.

On a Sunday morning, November 24th, Mr. Garrick arrived in Dublin. Garrick was anxious to have a certain sum in place of sharing profits. There was near being a fresh quarrel, which was accommodated by Sheridan's ungraciously taking

out his watch, and giving the other a few minutes for an answer. This did not promise much harmony. The next day the news was in all the papers. The season did not open for a fortnight; meantime the capital had plenty of attractions to fill up the popular actor's time. It was during this season that he formed a crowd of acquaintances among the highest in the country, whose friendship he retained during all his life—Lord Forbes, Lady Doneraile, Bishop Clayton, Mrs. Delany's friend, besides Lords Bellamont, Milltown, and many more. One of the leading persons of fashion was Colonel Butler, and his wife, "the Hon. Mrs. Butler," whose house was "frequented by most of the nobility." They had a handsome seat on the sea-coast at Clontarf, and with this family the English actor became very intimate. Lord Chesterfield was now Viceroy. He had laid himself out to conciliate the people by something like impartial government. The Irish Court seemed to glitter afresh. New amusements were devised; new rooms were built at the Castle, designed by the elegant taste of the Lord-Lieutenant himself, where festivals are still given on drawing-room nights.

The theatre was at last ready to open. It was a surprisingly good company. One of its elements of strength was to be a new actor, who, like Powell later, had stepped from the warehouse to the stage. Mr. Garrick, coming over as a "star," perhaps made small account of this local luminary, who was now modestly studying *Castalio* to play to Miss Bellamy in "The Orphan." He did not dream of what perilous rivalry he was to find in the noble figure, handsome face, and tender voice—a dangerous combination of advantages—of the *ci-devant* Dublin silversmith. This was Spranger Barry, who had made "some figure on the stage" the preceding winter; and that splendid presence and silvery voice, full of deep pathos, were later to ravish all London.

As Garrick had taken his farewell in "Hamlet," he was now to make his re-appearance in the same play. With Sheridan he was now on fairly cordial terms, and they had agreed to play in Shakspeare alternately. Indeed, at every period—whether we look back to the beginning or to the end of his career, to his apprenticeship, or to his full maturity—we find the same calm, temperate, and modest tone of mind, and the same generous self-abnegation. No wonder he won respect, fast friendship, and admiration, besides fame.

On the night of the 9th of December the theatre opened "with *éclat*." The manager had determined to carry out all his reforms strictly, and by advertisement the public were

warned that no one would be admitted behind the scenes excepting those who had box tickets.* Mrs. Storer was the *Ophelia*, and, after the tragedy, sang, while a Madame Moreau danced. Thus the entertainment comprised music, dancing, and singing.

A fortnight later, Garrick was to have had his first benefit, but the "Messiah" being fixed for that night at the "Music Hall," for the benefit of "the poor prisoners," he good-naturedly deferred his night till Friday, when he appeared in *Bayes*. The Viceroy was present, and also "one of the most polite and crowded audiences that hath ever been seen at *any play*"—a pardonable exaggeration. Vast numbers had to be turned away for want of room, and the block on the little "Blind Key" was tremendous. It was after this occasion that the play-goers were entreated by public advertisement to keep distinct route in coming and going, with their chairs and coaches, which got sadly confused "in so narrow a place," and that "these rules may be *punctually* obeyed," oddly added the notice, guards were placed to insure the regulations being carried out. But the Viceroy's behaviour to Mr. Garrick was extraordinary. The actor and manager had both attended him to his box, carrying wax lights and walking backwards, a custom that still obtains in Dublin on benefit nights. To Sheridan he spoke kindly, but took not the slightest notice of the other, and did not even return his salute. This was characteristic of the cold-hearted professor of the Graces. He affected to disparage Garrick's view of the part of *Bayes*. He held that it was intended for a serious and solemn character, and that it was quite misconceived. Generally, too, he objected to the actor's comedy powers; though later he went so far as to say publicly that he was not only the best tragedian of the day, but the best that had ever been in the world. This was high praise: but it was delayed till he was removed from all possibility of contact with the player. Yet he had met him at dinner in London. Cer-

* The new rule, made lately, admitted ladies to the pit, as was the custom in London. The quarrelsome "footmen," who waited for their families in the galleries, were not to be admitted there without a ticket from the box-keeper; and their habit of waiting in the "box-room," with flaring torches to light their masters' "chairs" home, was found disagreeable for the ladies, and was required to be given up. The chief prices were 5s. 5d.; the "lattices," 4s. 4d.; the "pit," 3s. 3d.; "gallery," 2s. 2d.; and the "upper gallery," 1s. 1d. Tickets were to be had at Mr. Neil's, in Abbey-street, and at the bar of the Merchants' Coffee-house. The performances were to commence at half-past six, a later hour than in London, for even at this time they had the habit of dining so late as five o'clock. The doors were open at four o'clock.

tainly during the engagement the Vice-regal box was rarely empty.

Bayes was announced as his last appearance before the holidays. He must have spent them pleasantly. He knew Lord Mountjoy, and "old Dr. Barry," and Mr. Tighe, of the Castle. He talked "fine things" to them of Mrs. Cibber, who was affectionately thought of. He was really anxious that she should come over and join their company, but she was afraid of the sea.

It must have been a rare treat indeed, attending Smock Alley Theatre and seeing plays so finely cast, with four players, all young, spirited, clever, and good-looking. These, after all, are precious stage gifts. On the first day of the new year they began with the "Fair Penitent" "by command," when Sheridan took *Horatio*, Garrick *Lothario*, and the handsome Barry *Altamont*—a small part, which he made so graceful that it became as important as the other two. No wonder that the Dean of Down's wife should have thought him in this very character, "the handsomest man and finest figure altogether that ever paced upon the stage." Play-goers and writers seem at a loss for words to describe the charm; but setting all the portraits side by side—Churchill's, Davies', and many more—the features resolve themselves in a graceful figure, a face of calm, manly beauty, an expression of soft interest and tenderness, and a touching and musical voice. These are gifts that would carry any actor through, and most likely they carried him over the mannerisms hinted at by the bitter Churchill, and the affectation, with which, the satirist unfairly says, "he conned his passions as he conned his part." The ladies were his warm patrons, whom "he charmed by the soft melody of his love complaints and the noble ardour of his courtship." Lord Chesterfield also admired his figure, but forecasted his sudden withdrawal from the stage, carried off by some smitten rich widow.

Then followed "Macbeth" (by command), "The Orphan," "King Lear and his THREE DAUGHTERS," "The Recruiting Officer;" and for Garrick's second benefit, "The Provoked Wife" with the farce of "The Schoolboy." Later came *Archer*, in "The Beaux' Stratagem." But the footmen had again grown disorderly, and the manager had to address the public on the abuse; threatening to shut up the gallery altogether. He offered them one last chance of trial on Garrick's benefit night, when if the noise was repeated the gallery was to be closed, and servants were "never to be admitted to the theatre again." It was odd that this very class were later

to break out at Edinburgh in a riot of very much the same kind.

The English actor once more read in his newspaper complimentary verses from his Dublin admirers. One took the shape of an epigram—

“Hearing that aged crows are learned and wise,
I ask’d the ancient, famous one, at Warwick,
Which of all actors best deserved the prize?
Roscus it could not say, but *Garrick—Garrick.*”*

The young Miss Bellamy was making progress, and combining the pleasures of Dublin society with her professional duties. The sprightly and ambitious girl had boldly made terms with the manager in London that she was to be allowed to commence as *Constance* in “*King John*,” a part in which she had a girlish ambition to take the audience by storm. She was naturally encouraged to it by the great applause she received, for she was appearing nearly every night, in all sorts of characters—was going to parties at Mrs. Butler’s and other fashionable houses, and hardly found time for sleep. She was very pretty; and it gives us a hint of the tone of Dublin Society and the overpowering rage for drama, when Lord Tyrawley’s natural daughter was “chaperoned” by Mrs. O’Hara, Lord Tyrawley’s sister, as her niece, and Mr. Garrick, the young “player,” was welcomed everywhere.

“*King John*” was much talked of, and was announced by the papers to be in rehearsal. There was great curiosity abroad to see it, as it had not been played “in this kingdom” for many years; but there was a serious commotion going on

* On another day he read other lines, not less complimentary—

“O, thou, the phoenix of the age,
The prop and glory of the stage—
Thou Proteus, that with so much ease
Assum’st what character you please.
* * * * *
Like Pallas, from the brain of Jove,
Perfect you came—*nor can improve.*
* * * * *
How did my swelling bosom glow,
To see thy *Lear*’s majestic woe;
And yet, O, strange! on the same night,
How did thy *Lying Sharp* delight!”

Then in reference to his playing *Richard III.*—

“I scarce can think thou play’st a part,
And I could stab thee to the heart;
’Tis here thy genius is admired,
’Tis here thou seem’st almost inspired;
Else how could thy sweet nature bear
T’ assume the murdering villain’s air?”

in the green-room. Garrick and the manager were to play the *King* and the *Bastard* alternately. They were to be the pillars of the play; and Mr. Garrick had privately pitched on Miss Bellamy for a "hose and trunks" part, *Prince Arthur*, for which his good sense had told him, a pretty and untrained young actress would be far better adapted than for *Constance*. The more experienced Mrs. Furnival was intended for that part. There was, besides, another objection to Miss Bellamy appearing as *Constance*; the part of *Prince Arthur* would then have to be done by a lady whose misfortune it was to be "hard-featured" and a little too mature for a boy-character. Sheridan stood by his promise, and supported the young actress' claim; but Garrick was firm, and prevailed.

The retaliation she took was characteristic, almost amusing. With true green-room spite and girlish fury she flew to her friend, "Mrs. Butler, of St. Stephen's Green," told the story of her wrongs and persecution, and actually engaged her in a very vindictive scheme of revenge. Ladies of fashion in Dublin had a great deal of power in reference to the theatre.* Mrs. Butler, who led "the genteel world" in Dublin, took up the cause of her *protégé*, and when the play was announced for the 5th of February, actually went round diligently to all her friends, and made it a point that they should stay away. She further insisted they should exert themselves to prevent all their friends attending the first representation of "King John." The spiteful little scheme succeeded perfectly. On that night, with Sheridan as the *Bastard*, and Roscius as the *King*, the house was miserably thin, and the receipts did not reach £40.

The malicious young actress had triumphed thus far. She often told how she had given "the immortal Roscius his first humiliation." She had made him "severely repent" of preferring the regular tragedy queen, Mrs. Furnival, "to her little self." Those who have studied Roscius' life and character, will know that no such feelings were in his heart. He was more amused than angry, and yielded. He bore her not the least malice for so unworthy a trick, and treated the wilful actress with a charming good-humour and forgiveness, that shows us his true character admirably. He was magnanimous enough to

* Leading actors attached themselves to some lady of quality, who took on herself the management of his "night," canvassed her acquaintances, disposed of tickets, and received the fashionable part of the audience in the box-room, as though she were the hostess. The night was called, not the actor's but "Lady ——'s night," and there was a sort of emulation among them to have their particular "night" successful. The silver-tongued Barry had many such nights, and was at no loss for patronesses.

have the play put up once more, with Miss Bellamy in her coveted part of *Constance*.

The town, meanwhile, had got hold of the story, and was vastly entertained. This time it was Garrick's turn to play the *Bastard*. Mrs. Butler, no doubt, set her influence at work in the genteel world—but in an opposite direction—and the result was an overflowing audience, with crowds turned away from the doors. The actress affected to recognise in the boisterous applause of the audience, a recognition of the victory she had gained. But the wilful girl was not yet satisfied. She took all this good-humoured forbearance for indifference, or perhaps enmity.

"*Tancred*" then followed, and "*Othello*"—with Garrick and Sheridan taking *Iago* and *Othello* alternately. This variety and trial of skill would have delighted the Dublin galleries; but it is plain that by this time, the superior ability and popularity of his rival had excited some jealousy in the manager, who had now become hostile both to Garrick and to Barry. The feeling between the two latter was most cordial and honourable. Barry's benefit followed, "*The Distressed Mother*," with Garrick's first attempt at *Orestes*. Then came "*Lear*," "being the last time of Mr. Garrick's playing under his present agreement"—for the success had been so great, that a new engagement was entered into. On the 19th of March, he attempted *Sir Harry Wildair*, in which it was confessed, that he did not approach the saucy Woffington, and on the 3rd of April, played for the benefit of a dramatic author. It was also given out that "Mr. Garrick would play two or three times more before leaving the kingdom."

April the 15th was a high festival, being the birthday of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, which, like all loyal occasions, was kept "with great demonstrations of joy," "*Orestes*" was the play for this night, and Lord Chesterfield and his court, and "a numerous and polite audience" were present. Sheridan spoke a prologue; but the event of the night was the epilogue, written by "The Farmer"—a sobriquet for "the ingenious Mr. Brooke"—and spoken by Mr. Garrick. The enthusiasm of the occasion, and the correct elocution of the speaker, may have diverted attention from the graver burlesque of this production. Some of the verses ran:—

" 'Tis not a birth to titles, pomp, and state
That forms the brave or constitutes the great;
To be the son of GEORGE'S just renown,
And brother to the heir of Britain's crown."

The bathos of the last line reads like burlesque. The Viceroy

was about leaving for England, and Roscius had to deliver some passages of complimentary regret :

“Then seize, Hibernia, seize the present joy,
This day is sacred to the martial boy ;
The morrow shall a different strain require,
When with thy STANHOPE all delights retire ;
And (a long Polar night of grief begun),
Thy soul shall sigh for its returning SUN.”*

An ordinary play had been chosen for Garrick's last benefit and last appearance, but as there was a desire to see him in one more new character, “Jane Shore” was underlined, and Miss Bellamy found in this an opportunity for her malice, or her petulance. She was really gaining favour with the audience by a mixture of impudence and spirit, which is often popular in a theatre, as well as by the way she had resented a freedom Mr. Ledger had attempted, giving him a sound slap on the face in full view of the audience—which caused Lord Chesterfield to applaud publicly, and send his aide, Major Macartney, to require a public apology.

Garrick had wished that she should play *Jane Shore* for him, which she refused—maliciously giving him back his own pretext, in the case of *Constance*—her excessive youth. He then wrote her a sort of playful note, in which he said that if she would oblige him in this matter, he would write her a “goody, goody epilogue, which, with the help of her eyes, should do more mischief than ever the flesh or the devil had done, since the world began.” And this effusion he directed burlesquely, “To my Soul's Idol, the beautiful Ophelia !” This was given to his servant to deliver, to be handed over to a messenger, who was utterly mystified by the address, and took it to his master. He turned out to be a newspaper proprietor, and, Miss Bellamy says, promptly inserted it in his journal. “The writer of this high-flown epistle,” she adds, “was not a little mortified at its publication.”

“Jane Shore” was then played ; but the important feature of the night, instead of the “goody-goody epilogue,” was a farewell address to the town by Mr. Garrick. It has not been reported. It was his last appearance on the stage in Ireland,

* Garrick was fond of telling a story about “the widow Madden,” a Catholic lady of great beauty, who had appeared at the Castle on King William's birthday, with an orange favour in her dress. The Lord-Lieutenant made the well-known epigram—

“Little Tory, where's the jest,
To wear that orange in your breast,
When that same breast, betraying shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose.”

but he remained some days more. The popular Viceroy had sailed on the Wednesday before this last performance, a departure which could not affect Mr. Garrick. His last words to Sheridan were a most earnest encouragement in his scheme of an "oratical academy" in London, with an appearance of warm personal interest in the project that might reasonably be taken for a promise of support. But when the academy was started, and the actor waited on the patron, only a guinea was put into his hand!

It was rumoured that the amount of money divided between Garrick and Sheridan was something incredible. The former had indeed full reason to be satisfied with his visit—though it is quite plain that the old estrangement had again set in. The manager resented the superior popularity of the young actor, and still more the mortification of thin houses on nights when he was dependent on his own resources. The fault can scarcely be laid to Garrick's side; for with Barry, far more dangerous as a rival, a sort of warm friendship sprung up; and, with him also, it seems that Sheridan had fallen out.

The day before Garrick embarked he galloped down to Clontarf to say good-bye to his fashionable friends the Butlers. He found the whole family walking on the terrace with his girlish enemy. Of Mrs. Butler he was a great favourite, but on this occasion she could not resist a sprightly practical joke. She went away suddenly, and came back with a sealed packet, which she put into his hand, with a little solemnity, and a declaration as solemn. "I here present you, Mr. Garrick, with something more valuable than life. In it you will read my sentiments; but I strictly enjoin you not to open it till you have passed the Hill of Howth." Every one was a little surprised, "especially," remarks Miss Bellamy, "Colonel Butler's chaplain," who was of the party. He dined there, and went away in the evening; then the "Hon. Mrs. Butler" told the company the joke. The packet contained "Wesley's Hymns" and "Swift's Sermon on the Trinity." He was so chagrined, says his young enemy, and mortified, that he tossed them both over the vessel's side. But how did Miss Bellamy learn this exhibition of wounded *amour propre*? The malevolent and persecuting Garrick told her the story himself in London—where, too, he had given her an engagement at his theatre! Thus ended the second great Garrick season, which had lasted some six months, and was long remembered. He was never to see that pleasant city again, though his heart often turned to it.

No wonder Garrick spoke almost with affection of this visit,

and of his "love to Ireland." No wonder that, while waiting till the chaos at the London theatres should settle into some defined shape, he should think of returning again in the following year. He had made abundance of friends, and mixed in the best circles, and had "drank" and been merry with the Irish gentlemen.*

As soon as he was gone, everything fell into confusion. Salaries were stopped, and the silversmith's graceful son could not get a penny of what was due to him. Garrick, however, had stood his friend, and lent him money; further, with a wonderful absence of all mean jealousy, was anxious to keep a place for him in arrangements he was now meditating, and eager to introduce him to a London audience. Acting, no doubt, on Garrick's advice, he declined Lacy's proposal for an engagement. "When I consider you as my guardian angel," wrote Barry to him, "I can resist any temptation. . . . You have already made me happy by your friendship; and it shall be the business and pleasure of my life to endeavour to deserve it, and I would willingly make it the basis of my future fortune." The business, and perhaps pleasure, of his life was to become a fretful and spiteful rivalry, and a harassing of his friend with complaints and ungenerous suspicions.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VIOLETTE.—1746-47.

MR. GARRICK travelled back with Victor, a useful official at the Irish theatres, and who knew most of the actors on both sides of the water. They reached London on the 10th of May, Garrick bringing with him six hundred pounds, the spoil and profit of his campaign. He found the air thick with clouds. Everything dramatic was in confusion and disorder. His clear business eye saw that a general break-up must soon come, and that his post clearly was to stand aside, look on, and bide his time.

His friend Mrs. Cibber had kept him *au courant* with the state of the London stage. Nothing could be more deplorable. One of the reasons for this general decay had been the general disturbance caused by the Scotch rebellion, which affected pleasure and business impartially. The actors were starving,

* In one of his letters to Mrs. Cibber he hinted at these carouses. The people of Cork were much offended that he did not visit them.

and the theatres reduced to the most unhappy condition. The managers took the unworthy course of appealing to the popular prejudices, and inflamed them by the selection of plays likely to stir the vulgar passions of the mob. The little "theatre in the Hay" had been opened for opera, with *Geminiani's* music, and the amateur assistance of Prince *Lobkowitz*, and the "Mysterious Chevalier of St. Germain." But the loyalist mob would not tolerate an entertainment supported by Papists and foreigners; and after nine nights the place was shut up "by order." "The Nonjuror" was played very often, and with such profit to the managers that, as the pleasant Mrs. Cibber said, "it would give them a respect for the name for the rest of their lives." But the topping of all was Lacy's bringing out "Perkin Warbeck, the Popish Impostor," magnificently "mounted;" perhaps the most comic wrestling of history to bigotry on record. The audience, however, had the good sense to laugh at "Henry the Seventh," who by a curious anachronism was thus made to represent English Protestantism and freedom. Even with this attraction, the affairs of the theatre continued in a wretched condition; the actors were on half salaries, and there was often, according to Mrs. Cibber, scarcely fifteen pounds taken of a night. She was now watching the gradual decadence of the Old House. Now, the stage had been "built up" for the accommodation of the crowds who were to rush to see "The Recruiting Officer;" but as no crowd came, Lacy had to shut in the benches with a flat scene. He had tried to detach Mrs. Cibber by fresh and advantageous offers, and when these were declined, went round telling everywhere of the insolence and exorbitance of Garrick and his confederate, who had made such extravagant demands as no house could offer to give. It was said, too, that he and his friends were hatching a pamphlet, in which the rapacity of the pair were to be properly exposed; and the actress was very eager that this move should be provided against—that, if such did appear, it should be replied to, and Garrick's written decliner of his proposals really set before the public. Lacy tried advertisements, hinting at the matter in the papers; but finding that they did not pique the public, gave over his plan of a pamphlet attack. She wrote also, that Lacy was setting up one Goodfellow as quite equal in power to the absent actor.

At last, however, this clever lady persuaded him. Before he had left Dublin he had agreed to join with her and Quin in purchasing the Drury Lane patent, should it come into the market, as indeed it was likely to do. With that spirit of

accommodation which was always his characteristic, he was ready to resign some of his old parts to Quin, study new ones himself, and, in case of others, was content to play them alternately. But the theatre was not yet sufficiently embarrassed, and was to struggle on for some time longer.

A dull but handsome Prince of Hesse, who had been on the staff of "the Duke" through the Scotch campaign, had arrived in town, and was the cynosure of the moment. All the attractions of London were displayed to him. On the Sunday he dined with the King, who presented him with a splendid sword. On the Monday he went to Ranelagh, where he supped, and actually went up to the great and famous actor, Mr. Garrick, and spoke to him. People in the country were very anxious to have the exact words used by his Royal Highness. It is curious that, on the following night, he should have been at the opera with his suite, to see a very famous danseuse, after whom all the town was running, and it was remarked that he changed from his own box into the Prince of Wales', to get a better view of the "last dance." This was danced by a lady called La Violette. Thus the future husband and wife received nearly equal honour; and most likely Mr. Garrick, who resorted to places of fashion like Ranelagh, was also present at the opera, to see this homage to one whom he did not think of then as his future partner.

Rich determined to profit by the general rejoicing, and although the season was over, kept his company together for a few nights, in honour of the Prince. He secured Garrick for six performances, one of which was his weak part—*Othello*. These performances, however, brought him three hundred pounds, and most likely the patronage of the Prince.*

In this tide of success, money, applause, compliments, gaieties, and civilities heaped upon him, it is no wonder that he should have been in spirits. He could afford to wait events. He left London, and went down to Cheltenham for a holiday. His letters, at this time, overflow with spirits, and enjoyment, and affection. He enjoyed life there. He was admired by all the ladies. He tore himself from the place with reluctance, as he wrote to his brother, rather strongly, "leaving Elysium to arrive at Hell." The company of that Elysium had been long expecting him. Three young ladies, "most agreeable parties," with whom he had been "very merry and happy last night," had gone away. Another lady had got "rantipole spirits" by.

* He was engaged on June 11th, and played *Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Richard*, *Othello*, *Archer*, and *Macbeth*.

drinking the waters. Miss Polly Fletcher, however, down at Lichfield, must not believe her sister if she brings back a story of his having fallen in love with Miss Vernon; for his passion for Miss Polly is still unalterable.*

Then he went down to Lichfield, where he had seen his friend Walmesley, who still called him "dear Davy," and wrote to him from Bath most affectionately. That kind old friend was trying to learn whist, to make himself acceptable at the parties there; and one day, as he was sitting in the coffee house, chatting to Mr. Stanhope, entered Lord Chesterfield, no longer Lord-Lieutenant, and began to talk of Mr. Garrick. The old man had great pleasure in writing to "Davy" that his lordship considered him the best tragedian in the world. He then began to dwell on the gifts of Barry, and seemed to hint, a little maliciously, that he would try and advance him as much as he could. Mr. Walmesley, eager for his pupil, hoped his lordship would extend his protection to Garrick also; but the other said carelessly that *he* wanted none. He had clearly some petty spite to the actor, and his patronage of the other was no doubt more a depreciation of Garrick than a substantial assistance to Barry.

But there was a spell drawing Garrick back to London—one, whom he perhaps did not then dream as the guardian angel of his life—a beautiful young girl, who, as we have seen, was dancing at the opera. About her there was quite a little history.

Early in the year 1746, only a few weeks before the Battle of Culloden, some young and vivacious Scotch gentlemen, who had been studying at a Dutch university, where they left Charles Townsend behind, were embarking at Helvoetsluys, on their way home to their own country. One of these students was the handsome, lively, and not too straight-laced Doctor Carlyle, the clergyman of Inverness, whose memoirs are such agreeable reading. Among their fellow-passengers was one whom they took for a Hanoverian baron going up to St. James's with his suite. Presently the wind began to freshen into a gale. The Scotchmen enjoyed it, but the young baron went down to the only berth in the cabin, and becoming very ill, called out in French to know if there was any danger. The young student then detected a woman's voice, reassured her, and he and his friends were very attentive and obliging. They soon found out that this was a young dancer from Vienna, coming to try the English stage at the Opera House; and

* Forster MSS.

later, a person who gave himself out as her father, with a true air of business, begged their patronage for his *protégée*.

Landing at Harwich, they travelled on up to London; but at Colchester the servants of the hotel suspected the sex of the young page, and began to insult "the foreigners." The young men interfered, stood by the party, and saw that they were civilly treated. The next day they met on the road again, and the Scotch gentlemen made the young lady dine with them. Finally they got to London, and the whole party put up in Friday-street. They did not forget their promise of patronage; for shortly after, the young girl made her appearance at the opera in the Haymarket, and they all repaired to see her. The whole thing seemed to their Scotch minds unreal and tawdry, but the dancing, which they were perhaps prepared to like, they thought "exquisite."

This young girl, who was thus travelling once as a page, was Mademoiselle Violette, the reputed daughter of a respectable citizen of Vienna, named John Veigel.* Her story was a romance. When the children of Maria Teresa were learning dancing, this young girl was taken to the palace with some others to form a sort of class, and she was there said to have attracted the Empress's notice, so much so as to have been requested by her to change her name from Veigel—a patois corruption of Veilchen, a violet—into the corresponding and prettier French word. But it was said also that the Emperor's eye had fallen with favour on the young lady who came to practise with his children, and that the Empress, much alarmed, had sent her off to England, with recommendations to influential persons there, with a view also to making her first appearance on the stage.† Her brother, Ferdinand Charles, belonged to the Vienna ballet. She travelled in company with some foreigners named Rossiter, who were looking after some English property.

The Earl of Burlington and his family were, no doubt, among those to whom she brought introductions. As we have seen, they took her up with extraordinary warmth; and from mere patronage their attention grew into affection. Her first appearance was on December 30, 1746. The King patronized her benefit. She was talked of everywhere, from Leicester House downwards; and—unusual privilege for a dancer—was made free of noble and fashionable houses. She was singularly

* She was born "on Leap Year's day," 1724-5, at Vienna.—MS. House Book, Lichfield.

† She gave this account herself to a lady, who repeated it to Mr. Rackett, Mrs. Garrick's executor.

attractive. A dainty little miniature of Petitot's, shows her as she appeared about this time—a sort of Watteau beauty, with a small round face, ripe lips, and a cloud of turquoise-coloured drapery floating about her. This attractive young Viennese, who danced with such applause in that ill-fated year, became the wife of David Garrick, and lived long enough to sit to Mr. Robert Cruikshank, for one of his most characteristic etchings, some forty years ago.* The theatre was administered by the Prince of Wales and Lord Middlesex, just as Drury Lane was later by Lord Byron and a company of noble directors. But with the royal manager of the theatre the new dancer had fallen into disfavour. He had required her to take lessons from a French dancing-master, Denoyer, an intriguer, and a useful tool of the Prince, and she had refused.†

Young Burney was among those who looked on at the “exquisite” dancing of the Violette. The Violette was still the chief attraction. Two noble sisters, the Countesses of Burlington and Talbot, were competing for her, having her always at their houses. For the former she was now sitting for her picture. She was a guest at Lady Carlisle's supper parties. Lady Burlington, always impulsive and *exaltée*—as may be seen by her odd epitaph upon her own daughter—would go down with her to the theatre, and wait at the wings with a *pelisse* to throw over her when she should come off. The *danseuse* was taken to Lord Lovat's trial, and was seen among the very finest company. She was the “rage;” and Walpole called her “the finest and most admired dancer in the world.” Thus it continued until the end of July, when the amateur management was broken up by the waywardness of one of the noble managers, Lord Middlesex, who “protected” the Nardi at this theatre. He became furious at the popularity of the Violette, and dragged the whole company into this rivalry. The principal male dancer was arrested for debt; to the luckless Glück the noble manager gave a “bad note” in payment of his demands, and then fined him £300 for taking part with his countrywoman, the Violette, in the theatrical squabble.

In December, 1746, she had appeared at Drury Lane, sup-

* There is a charming picture by Zoffany, representing Mr. and Mrs. Garrick sitting in their garden, which is in possession of Mr. and Mrs. Hill. Nothing fresher or more delicate in colour can be conceived. In possession of the same family is also a crayon drawing by Catharine Reed.

† Lord Strafford writes that at her first appearance she surprised the audience. “On her beginning to caper she showed a neat pair of black velvet breeches, with rolled stockings; but finding that this was an unusual costume, she substituted white drawers.”—*Hist. MSS. Com. 2nd Report*.

ported by a male dancer called Salomon. On one occasion she was put down for *three* dances without her knowledge, and the audience being disappointed, a riot had nearly taken place. The absurdities of the day had made follies, as Walpole said, enter into the politics of the time—or, rather, they *were* the politics of the time. On this night Lord Bury and some other men of fashion began a disturbance, and insisted on her being sent for from Burlington House. Next day it was the excitement of the hour; many great houses were thrown into agitation. Lord Hartington, son-in-law of Lady Burlington, was made to work the Ministry, and used all his influence to secure a good reception for the dancer on her next appearance. “The Duke” was sent to desire Lord Bury not to hiss. But the Violette herself took the most effectual mode to appease the angry audience. She made a pretty and characteristic apology. She “*humbly begs leave to acquaint the public* that she is very much concerned to hear that she has been charged with being the occasion of the noise on Wednesday night.” She added that “*she cannot possibly be guilty* of an intention to disoblige or give offence to an English audience, especially where she had met with so much indulgence, for which she retains all possible gratitude.”

Later, she paid a visit to the Tower with Lord Burlington, to see the political prisoners. He told her as they entered, “Every one that we shall see now is to be executed to-morrow”—a speech that shocked her terribly. The prisoners were then brought in. They were drawn up, and among them was the famous “Jemmy Dawson,” and an interesting youth, quite a boy, named Wilding, who belonged to an old English Catholic family. The young girl was so attracted by this child and the unhappy fate that was in store for him, that at the first opportunity she threw herself at the feet of her protector, and, with extraordinary vehemence, begged him to use all influence to save him. This intercession was successful. A pardon was obtained on condition of his banishing himself to the North American colonies, where he was not long after killed in a skirmish with the Indians. Some seventy years later, when the Wilding family had become nearly extinct, and an ancient maiden lady, at Liverpool, alone remained, a gentleman, named Rossan, was charged by her with a mission to Mrs. Garrick, to offer a somewhat late acknowledgment for this generous intercession. The gentleman performed his duty, and found that, though she was now old, the whole incident came gradually back on her.*

* This story was told to the writer of this memoir, by a lady who had it

The operas had now ceased to have their day, either through the fickleness of the town or these dissensions in the management. A few months later they were still being played; but no one thought of going to see them. The theatres then came to have their turn, and the rival managers, preparing for a serious struggle in the coming season, made such successful exertions, that it almost seemed as if Garrick had "held over" too long, and over-reached himself. This was no doubt the opinion of his friend, Mrs. Cibber, who, for the last year or two, had been coquetting with both houses, and affecting a sort of retirement. He was far wiser. Lacy, gathering recruits for his season, made every offer to tempt Garrick to join; but the latter still refused, as Lacy's behaviour had rendered alliance impossible, or because the application for Drury Lane came too late, or more possibly, Garrick was flushed by the success of the six performances at Covent Garden. It was soon known that he had agreed with Rich for the coming season at Covent Garden, and, by his accession, helped to make the strongest company ever known at that theatre. Lacy had not been remiss. He had commissioned Sparks to make Barry fresh offers—even a hundred pounds in hand "by way of present." Now the town might look forward to a rare treat in the coming season, through the fair rivalry of two such strong companies.

CHAPTER IX.

QUIN AND GARRICK, THE NEW MANAGERS OF DRURY LANE.
1746-47.

IRELAND was then looked upon as quite another kingdom, and the rise of its actors as well as of its speakers in the Houses of Parliament was watched with interest in London. The advent of an actor "taller than the common size," graceful, elegant, said to have the most touching voice in the world, and whose conquests, among his audience, were not a little

from the Mr. Rossan alluded to. It was repeated that this ardent patronage was owing to the fact that she was a daughter of Lord Burlington's, born before his marriage, when he was abroad at Florence. But it has little to support it, beyond the fact that a noble lord and his lady were very kind to her, and eventually provided for her. First, he had been married two years *before* she was born, and from the date of his marriage lived in England many years without leaving it. Mrs. Garrick, when asked directly on the matter, denied it to Mrs. Carr. "No," she said, "but I am of noble birth."

remarkable, was sufficient to excite the curiosity of the languid town. He promised to be a dangerous rival. Otherwise the forces at the two theatres were fairly matched. At Covent Garden were drawn up—Garrick, Quin, Woodward, Ryan, Chapman, and Hippisley; with Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Green. To meet these at Drury Lane were Barry, Beard, Taswell, Giffard, Macklin, Delane; Clive, Woffington, and a Mrs. Giffard. As regards the ladies, sprightly comedy seems to have gone to one house exclusively, and stately tragedy to the other. And though Walpole pronounced the Covent Garden company perhaps the best ever brought together, the “twinkling feet” of the Viennese dancer were likely to be a dangerous counter-attraction. With these forces both houses prepared for battle.

Lacy had secured Macklin as a sort of lieutenant, and who, having grievances of his own against Garrick, was sure to be an eager auxiliary in the new competition. Macklin took his newly-arrived countryman by the hand, and supplied him with hints as to matters likely to be useful to an actor who was strange to a London audience.* The Prince of Wales, it is said, thought him deficient in the graces of deportment, and forced his dancing-master on him, just as he wished to force this favourite on the Violette in the early part of the year. Barry judiciously accepted this august patronage, which he may indeed have owed to Lord Chesterfield.

Covent Garden led off in September, and on October the 4th the new actor made his *début* in *Othello*. His success was complete, and did not require the *claque* of his countrymen, who, it was said, crowded the galleries. Every one was struck with the fine figure, the graceful movements, and the uncommon sweetness and tenderness of the tones of his voice. “There was a burst of grief” in it, as one remarked who had often heard him; and in the scenes, where rage, jealousy, and tenderness succeeded each other, it assumed all the tones belonging to those passions with marvellous versatility. Ladies’ eyes, fixed on him, and drinking in his persuasive tones, seemed to utter a repetition of *Desdemona’s* speech — “Would that Heaven had made me such a man!” And in the scene in the fourth act, where he was reproaching *Desdemona*, the agony of mind, the tender love, and the hopeless misery that came into

* He led his friend about the parks, and other public places; and when people asked who was the distinguished-looking stranger that was walking with him, some spirit of waggishness made him answer that it was “the Earl of Munster;” and this, getting about, was actually believed, even when Barry was first seen upon the stage.—*Kirkman*.

his face, as he spoke the line—"But there, where I had garnered up my heart"—was such as hardly to leave a dry eye in the house. So with his burst of *rapture* when he met her on his return from Cyprus; and it was noticed that, to the level passages at the beginning, generally slurred over by other actors, who were keeping themselves in reserve, he gave a meaning and force. The greatest encouragement was the sight of old Colley Cibber, that link between the new and the old school, in the boxes, applauding vehemently and conspicuously; and the new actor was told that the veteran preferred his *Othello* to that of the famous Booth or Betterton. Davies indeed says that it was considered his finest effort; but his physical gifts, as well as his peculiar style of tenderness and passion, point to another character—*Romeo*. A fortnight later his rival stepped upon the Covent Garden boards as *Hamlet*. But the formal Garrick and Barry contest was not to set in for some years; and we can be almost certain that no one was more eager, and even sincere too, in his congratulations to the new *Othello* than was Garrick. What was now to entertain the town was the contest at the one house between Quin and Garrick. Such a situation is always embarrassing for the party whose superiority is already established, for he feels that he is watched by curious eyes; and it was Garrick's lot to have this delicacy put to the proof on a whole series of occasions. We have seen with what forbearance he behaved to Sheridan, and shall see presently with what moderation he could forget the past, and give a *soi-disant* rival the fairest opportunity for "rivalry" and the leading parts on the boards of his own Drury Lane. From Ireland he had written home the warmest praise of Barry, calling him "the first lover" on the stage, and offering to advise him in every way. To him in later years he gave his stage, and his leading parts, put up with his sensitiveness, bursts of jealousy, and pseudo grievances with a moderation and toleration that seems astonishing. Here, now, accident had thrown him into an unavoidable competition with Quin, who naturally felt a nervous jealousy at the favour of one who, after dispossessing him of his throne, seemed destined to be his rock a-head.

Quin's strength lay in good, bold, and sterling comedy: in tragedy he represented merely the dry, colourless, declamatory elocution of the old time—that ancient style, tuned according to rule, and declaimed with harmonious conventionality. By way of challenge, he came forward early in October as *King Richard*. It must have been a cruel shock to him to find a miserably thin house, with difficulty saved from emptiness. A

week later came Garrick's turn in the same play to an enormous house. Every one was eager to see their strength joined in one play; and it was a night of extraordinary interest and curiosity when the curtain rose on "The Fair Penitent," with Garrick as *Lothario*, and Quin *Horatio*. The scene was an exciting one. Each, as they appeared alternately, had his partisans; but in the second act, when both met, the shouts of applause were so loud, raised again and again so noisily, that they appeared a little disconcerted. Garrick afterwards honestly confessed that he was, and Quin changed colour, though he affected to laugh it off. A young Westminster boy—Richard Cumberland—taken to this new performance, and placed in front of the gallery, has left almost a photograph of what he beheld.

We can see Quin in his heavy green velvet coat, huge periwig, and rolled stockings, "paving" out his periods in a full heavy monotony, accompanying his periods with a weary "sawing motion." We can hear Mrs. Cibber chaunting her periods in a sweet, sustained dead level, that, after a speech or two, fell wearily on the ears of the schoolboy, and sounded like an old ballad, with interminable verses. Of a sudden Garrick came bounding on the stage with a flash, bringing with him light and animation, a quick motion, a surprising variety of voice and manner—in short, ease and nature, in an almost comic contrast to stiffness and grim conventionality. It seemed like another life, a young beside an old one, new creatures beside those of an older world. Every muscle and nerve seemed in full play, as there stood the brilliant *Lothario* pointing at *Horatio*.* The Westminster boy said that the audience seemed to lean to their older favourite. Quin, too, may have had more openings for declamatory "points." Even when challenged by *Lothario* in a light, prompt manner, Quin dragged out his answer, "I'll—meet—thee—there!" with such slow rolling utterance and protracted pause, that, as the story ran, some one in the gallery called out to know "why he did not give the gentleman an answer?" It was a trying situation for the failing actor, and a little hard to keep his dignity and temper. The play was repeated many times, and was specially chosen for Saturdays, as a counter-attraction to the best opera night.

* Many years afterwards, when they were dressing up Tate Wilkinson, at Drury Lane, for a ridiculous part of "The Fine Gentleman," they brought the very dress which Garrick wore in this part—a very short old suit of black velvet, with broad gold flowers, then grown as dingy as the letters on a piece of gilt gingerbread.

But when "Henry the Fourth" was announced Quin had his turn. In *Falstaff* he was unapproachable in all the breadth, humour, and stolidity of his great character. It was one of the great attractions of that season; and Garrick's *Hotspur*, which never suited him, quite dwindled into an inferior part beside it. It was played again and again. Even after the fifth night, when Garrick fell ill, or prudently retired, another actor was substituted for him, and the run went on.* In "Jane Shore," *Hastings* restored Garrick's supremacy. That masterly part, and, perhaps, most elaborated of his characters, was repeated for a dozen nights.

They also played together in the "Distressed Mother." An old Lord Conyngham, who knew the *coulisses*, recalled that he had seen the pair in "Julius Cæsar," and used to describe graphically the *Brutus* of Quin, as being like a great solid three-decker, immovable, and reserving its attack; while Garrick, as *Cassius*, seemed to fly round and round, attacking here and there, wherever there was an opening, with unflagging vivacity. But he was confounding the "Fair Penitent" with Shakespeare's play. Garrick never played in this tragedy. Through the whole season they continued in perfect harmony. Everywhere Garrick was loud in praise of Quin's *Falstaff*. He relished his rough humour, and was determined not to be drawn into a quarrel.

Meanwhile he had not forgotten his gift of farce writing; and having seen a little French piece of M. Fagan's, called the "Parisienne," adapted it very happily to the English stage. It was gay and full of spirit, and had at least five clearly drawn humorous characters. There was a hoyden for Mrs. Green; a pert, free-tongued waiting-woman for Mrs. Clive; a testy old baronet, of the "heavy father" pattern, for Taswell; a Bobadil captain for Woodward; and a mincing Macaroni for himself. Such figures and such actors were sure to carry any piece through. But the real attraction lay in the *Captain Flash* of Woodward and the *Fribble* of Garrick, two types of the town which were known to all. Every one had seen the "Derby Captains" swaggering hotly in the coffee-house, mere adventurers, who came and drank their Derby ale, ruffled it in their Kevenhuller hats and long swords, and were a nuisance to orderly citizens.

Some of the critics attacked Garrick for the coarseness of his piece; but in a few months he was to command instead of

* There is a coloured figure in Derby Stafford-ware—very spirited and a good likeness—often seen in the old curiosity shops, representing Quin in this character.

serving, and then could use his power for reformation. It drew large houses for many weeks, and was acted over twenty times. Quin grumbled at having to play in one of his best pieces as a sort of *lever de rideau*, and swore he would not “hold up the tail of any farce.” This speech was carried to Garrick, who said smartly, “Then I will give him a month’s holidays,” and chose a number of plays in which Quin had no part, putting up his farce for weeks together. Such is Davies’s report of mere green-room tattle. Garrick had not the power of choosing the plays for the theatre, and Quin was content to hold up the tail of the farce at his own benefit.* In fact, Davies misapprehended Garrick’s speech, the point of which was, that as Quin would not act on the nights of the farce, he was likely to give himself a long holiday, the piece was so popular.†

Garrick was scarcely bearing in mind an excellent caution of his friend Walmesley: “I hope you will take care not to hurt your health by playing more than you can bear; for that would be the worst husbandry in the world.” Several times in the season he had been obliged to retire from illness, and Quin’s benefit had to be put off for the same reason. He became seriously ill indeed; a severe cold settled on his lungs, and he was confined to his bed for weeks. Yet he made attempts to rally, and his kindness in coming from a sick-bed to play for Quin’s benefit was remarkable. He had not strength to go through a long comedy, but he was willing to attempt a farce.‡

That sickness had its advantages. It relieved him of the unsuitable part of *Hotspur*, and besides revealed his surprising popularity. During his illness, which lasted five or six weeks, and indeed recurred during the whole season, the door of the periwig-maker in James Street, Covent Garden, where he lodged, was quite blocked up with the footmen of persons of quality coming to ask after him. Of this interest and sympathy we have plenty of instances all through his life, down to the last great procession—the player’s funeral—up to Westminster Abbey.

In the following month the famous comedy of “The Suspi-

* Genest.

† Murphy says “it was universally agreed that Quin gained no addition to his fame by appearing in *Lear*, *Richard*, and *Macbeth*. . . . In ‘The Orphan,’ Quin was *Sciolto* and Garrick *Chamont*.” This is a surprising collection of mistakes; Quin did not appear in *Lear*, and *Macbeth* was not acted at all. By *Sciolto* he means *Acasto*.

‡ His letter to Quin was printed at the top of the playbills.

cious Husband" was brought out, and *Ranger*, one of his most successful and spirited characters, was added to Garrick's *repertoire*. Actor and character were indeed worthy of each other, for nothing can exceed the buoyancy, the unflagging gaiety, the frolicsome *abandon* of this prince of good-natured rakes. It is one of the few *living* comedies, is written with extraordinary animation, and reads now almost as freshly as the day it appeared. "The Provoked Husband," "The Suspicious Husband," "The Clandestine Marriage," "The School for Scandal," and Goldsmith's two dramas are the comedies of the eighteenth century. Nearly seventy years are gone of the nineteenth, and no comedy approaching even "The Suspicious Husband" has yet appeared. As acted by Garrick, Woodward, and Mrs. Pritchard, it must have been an admirable and delightful entertainment.*

To the end of his life almost it was one of Garrick's parts, and would seem to have suited him charmingly. In the same free key as the "Wonder," having its window and rope-ladders, and bed-chambers, it was the work of a medical member of a clever family—Dr. Hoadly; and so delighted the King with its genuine life and humour that he sent a hundred pounds to the author, and had the play dedicated to himself.†

* The agreement for the performance of this comedy at Covent Garden runs:—

"In consideration of £80, which I am to receive from Mr. Rich, I shall give up half the profits to him of the third, sixth, and ninth nights arising from the new comedy called 'The Rake,' and am to allow the said Mr. Rich £60 for each of ye said nights for ye charges of his house.

"N.B.—The copy of the play is my own, and ye profit arising from ye printing it." The title was altered to "Ye Suspicious Husband."

The gaiety of *Ranger* starts from the moment the curtain rises. His talk with the servants; his reply to his friend, after being up all night:—

"*Bellamy*: Fie! *Ranger*. Will you never think?

"*Ranger*: Yes; but I can't be always a thinking. The law is a damnable dry study, Mr. *Bellamy*; there have I been at it these three hours; but the wenches will never let me alone.

"*Bel.*: Three hours! Why, do you usually study in such shoes and stockings?

"*Ran.*: Rat your inquisitive eyes! *Ex pede Herculem*. Egad, you have me. The truth is, I am but this moment returned from the tavern." So with his quotation from "my Lord Coke," in "a case I read this morning," and his friend's expostulation, "My Lord Coke?" and his answer, "Yes, my Lord Coke; sleep! mere loss of time and hindrance of business; we men of spirit are above it;" and the whole kept up in the same tone, make it a most entertaining production. Strickland, however, is but a repetition of Kately.

† And the jealous, growling spirit of the manager, who was in the pit, not unnaturally took a general expression, "the manager an owl," to himself.

This piece drew forth an excellent dramatic criticism from Foote, then playing at "The Hay," and preparing his "Diversions of the Morning," in which he pronounced it to be the best comedy since Vanbrugh's "Provoked Husband." It also brought out a bit of criticism, in the odd shape of a farce, by Macklin, which lived but one night.* In fact, the play excited a storm of criticism at the Grecian and other coffee houses, and was a sensation of the day.

Yet, with the prosperity of his season, the manager's behaviour and temper were a little strange. He seemed to grudge the success that brought himself such profit. When the houses were overflowing, he was seen peeping through the curtain at the audience, muttering, "Ah, you are there, are you? Much good may it do you!" One of his pastimes even was to go down upon his knees, and give a burlesque of the curse in *Lear*, in "Garrick's manner," to the obsequious applause of his dependants. It is even said that he might have readily secured Garrick for many seasons more, but that he preferred his dislike to his interest, and let him go without a word. On May 29th the season closed, with, it is said, receipts to the amount of £8,000. Garrick, with his recurring bad health and illnesses, had worked harder even than usual, and had played nearly ninety times.

Lacy's attempt at management seemed beyond his strength. A load of embarrassment was upon his shoulders. Had he received a fair chance, his own reputation for honesty, and his business qualifications might have carried him through; but his theatrical partners, the banking-house of Green and Amber, began to totter, and finally fell with a crash. They had been suddenly called on by Government to pay in a large balance of nearly twenty thousand pounds, which had been lodged with them, and were obliged to stop payment. Mr. Riddle, receiver for the county of Bedford, father-in-law to Green, was made accountable by the Government for this sum in the hands of the bankers, and he, in his turn, was obliged to look to their securities. The theatre had been going from bad to worse; the audiences were growing thin; and the actors receiving no pay, quite supported Mrs. Cibber's description of "Lacy's ragged regiment." Still he had struggled on, and with difficulties gathering about him—the mortgagee actually about to sell up the green-room properties, and break up the whole concern—extricated the concern with surprising skill,

* "The Suspicious Husband Criticised; or, The Plague of Envy," was the extraordinary name of this production.

and now proposed to his creditors that they should use their joint interest in trying to get a new patent—the old one, which had but half a dozen years to run, being only worth a trifle. They would thus enormously increase the value of the security. Riddle at once agreed to so advantageous a proposal. As Lacy was to be for many years the useful friend and assistant of the actor in managing this great establishment, a few words about his history and character will not be out of place.

“A man of the name of Lacy,” as Sir John Hawkins contemptuously called him, was in trade at Norwich, about the year 1722; but having met with some misfortunes in business, he went up to London and joined Rich’s corps. He seems to have been a person of steady purpose and good business habits, had a clear head without genius, and, besides, a buoyancy of disposition and purpose not to be checked by reverses. Above all, he had character; and the players in some of their squabbles had accepted his word as ample security that they were to be paid their claims. He tried many schemes. He joined with Fielding in the unfortunate adventure at the Haymarket, and played the tragedy poet in the drama “Pasquin,” which brought about the fatal Licensing Act. This, no doubt, led to his appearance as a lecturer at York, in natural protest against the persecution which had so injured him; for many of the actors were then wandering about destitute and unable to get their bread. His strictures gave great offence to Sir John Hawkins, from their dealing freely with “the great officers of State and the clergy.” His entertainment, however, seemed to have come under the power of the Act, and was stopped, proceedings which the Tory knight thus offensively describes:—“He was seized, dealt with as a vagrant, and silenced.” He it was who had started the idea of Ranelagh, that building which, according to Johnson, gave such an “expansion to the human mind.” In this enterprise he was badly treated by his partner, but managed to withdraw from it successfully, having sold it at a profit of £4,000. He was “supposed to understand stage management,” adds Sir John, contemptuously, “and had some friends.” An important one was the Duke of Grafton, the Chamberlain, whom he had met out on hunting parties, and had used such opportunities as the field opened to him to ingratiate himself with that nobleman. The story ran, that he had always kept close to the Duke, who was at last attracted by his hard riding and the spirited horse he rode. Lacy at once offered it as a gift, which the Duke of course declined, but professed himself willing to befriend so

good a sportsman.* The old Drury Lane patent for twenty-one years had but six years to run, having been granted in 1732, and Lacy said that if he could obtain a promise of renewal he could save the theatre from ruin. But he was not inclined to venture alone; and looking round the theatrical world his eyes settled on the great actor, with whom he had had differences, but whose temper, prudence, and tact were as well known in the profession as his dramatic gifts. Garrick received his proposals, and lent his aid; Lady Burlington used her interest with the Devonshire family; and the new patent was readily promised. Indeed, it was likely that the authorities would be glad to have one theatre, at least, which was likely to be well-conducted by steady, respectable, clever men, instead of, as hitherto, by mere adventurers and spendthrifts.

Garrick had three friends, men of business and of substance, who advised and assisted him through the negotiation—Draper, the partner of Tonson; Clutterbuck, a mercer in the City; and Dr. Sharpe, who afterwards wrote some Italian travels, coloured by gross prejudices. On the 9th of April, 1747, an agreement was signed between the two new partners, on the following basis:—

The total present liabilities of the theatre, including the mortgage to Green and Amber, the mortgage to Mr. Meure, with the arrears due to actors and tradesmen, were calculated at about twelve thousand pounds. It was besides burdened with an annuity of £300 to Calthorpe, and another of £500 to Fleetwood. Of this twelve thousand pounds, Garrick, helped by his friends, found eight. Lacy's old interest and exertions, therefore, in procuring the renewed patent, were thus valued at about £2,000. Each party was to draw weekly or otherwise £500 a year as manager, and Garrick was to receive besides £500 a year salary for his acting; but was restrained from playing at any other house, except on the terms of dividing profits with his fellow-manager.

On the whole it proved a fortunate investment. Rarely, indeed, have the functions of a clever and "drawing" actor and that of a skilful manager been so fortunately united; which, after thirty years' skilful government, was to make the property nearly six times as valuable. And this young manager, who had raised himself to so responsible an office, was little over thirty years old.†

* Shuter used to hunt also, and when complimented by the Duke, replied with some humour that "he was riding for a patent."

† For a fuller account of this transaction, as well as for the contract itself between Garrick and Lacy, see my "History of the English Stage," Vol. II., p. 149, &c.

BOOK THE THIRD.

DRURY LANE.

CHAPTER I.

THE OPENING SEASON.—1747-48.

WITH the new management, there was now to set in a hopeful era for the drama, and a complete revolution in the conduct of the stage. At Drury Lane was to begin a new reign of judgment, good sense, fine acting, lavish yet judicious outlay, excellent yet not "sensational" attraction, good acting, good discipline, and good pieces, on which naturally was to follow prosperity. Not only came financial prosperity, but a sudden elevation of the social position of the drama. The other theatres shared in the general "rehabilitation"; and he would have been a bold magistrate who would have now dealt with a player of Drury Lane or Covent Garden "as a common rogue or vagabond."

At once the new managers went vigorously to work. They were determined to get together "the best company in England;" and were soon busy remodelling the house. They shared the labour — Garrick undertaking the intellectual duties, engagement of actors, selection of plays, &c.; Lacy looking after the theatre, scenes, wardrobe, and expenses, for which he was peculiarly fitted. Garrick was to repent later that he did not adopt the wise advice of friends, who would have inserted a clause defining these duties; but a mistaken delicacy made him refuse.

The interior of the theatre, as laid out by Wren, had one remarkable feature. The stage projected forward by many feet into the body of the house, in a sort of oval, and followed the semicircular shape of the benches of the pit. The actors made their entrance through doors, which were near to the audience, and made forward side-scenes necessary. The player was thus in the middle of the house, every whisper and play of expression was perceptible—every rich or fine-coloured habit had a more lively lustre, and the stage had a greater depth. Cibber always looked fondly back to this arrange-

ment, and with reason, for it was in favour of the old school of declamatory actors, who wished their measured utterance and mouthings to be heard and seen to the best advantage. But it obviously interfered with stage illusion, and abridged the space for the audience. A little after the commencement of the century, fresh alterations were made; the stage was shortened and thrown back, and for the first doors, where the actors entered, stage boxes were substituted. By this alteration the house was made to hold "ten pounds" more than it did before.

In July the managers were "in the midst of bricks and mortar," and Lacy was busy making new approaches to the house, altering it internally, painting and decorating. By a fresh arrangement, it was contrived to increase the accommodation by forty pounds a night. Garrick had gone down to his family at Lichfield, and, owing to damp sheets at Coventry, had fallen ill, and had to be bled. To recruit himself for the ordeal of the coming season, he went to Tunbridge Wells, where he enjoyed himself exceedingly, and shook off the thought of coming responsibilities. "I go to bed at eleven; rise at seven; drink no malt, and think of nothing. Old Cibber is here, and very merry we are. Mr. Lyttelton and I are cup and can. I played at *E. O.*, and won. I don't dance, and eat like a ploughman."* This is gay enough, even though he was on a regimen. There is a print of that quaint old place, and its company, as it appeared in the following year; showing "the pantiles," the little shops and trees, and its mall, crowded with remarkable persons. Here are to be seen Mr. Johnson and Miss Chudleigh, and Mr. Pitt, and the Duchess of Norfolk; the Bishop of Salisbury, "the gambling Baron," Mrs. Cibber, and many more persons of distinction and genius; and among them we discover Mr. Garrick, paying his court to Frasi, the *prima donna* of the opera. To the end of his life he always enjoyed himself at Bath and Tunbridge, and found relaxation in the pleasant company there.

He was all the time busy enlisting recruits; and it is characteristic that, at the earliest moment he found himself with power, he used it for the service of all his friends. Barry, growing in prosperity, already pronounced superior to Garrick in many favourite parts, was retained at the house. Mrs. Cibber, his old friend and ally, was also engaged. It was, indeed, at once whispered that the manager's favour was to place her

* Forster MSS.

in every leading part. The rumour reached Bristol, and brought up a petulant remonstrance from the Pritchards, husband and wife, thus early giving Garrick his first managerial experience of the morbid sensitiveness of his actors.* A protest he answered in the good, generous, and reasoning way which afterwards became almost habitual to him in dealing with such wounded sensibilities. He showed temperately that it was the proprietors' interest that Mrs. Pritchard should have her proper place at the theatre, and not be sacrificed to the empire of "any haughty woman." "I have a great stake," he added, "Mr. Pritchard, and must endeavour to secure my property and my friends' to the best of my judgment. I shall engage the best company in England, if I can, and think it the interest of the best actors to be together." If, however, they still had doubts, he would do his best to release them, and let them go to Covent Garden. And having reassured these jealous souls, he gave them the best proof of his regard by making their son treasurer to the theatre.

He was also generous enough to engage Macklin and his wife—a man who, under a fancied sense of injury, had so grossly attacked him with tongue and pen. It is amusing to read Macklin's biographer on this act, which, even if it were an act of atonement, had a certain graciousness. "Although Mr. Macklin," he says, "had just cause to remember the cruel treatment he had formerly experienced at the hands of Mr. Garrick, yet the nobleness and generosity of his mind prompted him now to dismiss it totally from his recollection." Kitty Clive, "Peg" Woffington, Delane, Havard, Marks, Yates, Shuter, and Woodward, who was to join after Dublin engagement had been concluded, all made up a company not merely strong, but brilliant. Quin alone, still rose and aggrieved, refused an engagement, and retired to his chamber.

At last, on September the 15th, the playhouse opened brilliantly with a fine prologue from the pen of Samuel Johnson; Macklin as *Shylock*, and an epilogue spoken by Woffington.

A friendly but anonymous writer privately sent to Garrick the key of little intrigue. Rich had behaved with his usual eccentricity, wished to detain Mrs. Pritchard, but protesting "that she had turned up her nose at what he had offered her; that he would never give her more, if he opened his doors; and as to asking her, he would never do it, if his wife was starving." Friends then promised they would contrive to break her articles with Garrick, by working on her husband's jealousy, and urging that a difference was made between Cibber and Rich, Cibber's name being always in large character in the bills. The writer said to Rich, will "fire" Pritchard.

The prologue—weighty, impressive, and sonorous—contained the famous line—

“Those who live to please, must please to live—”

and the fine encomium of Shakspeare—

“Panting time toiled after him in vain !”

It also expounded to the audience what were to be the faith and principles of the new management. Audiences were not to expect rope-dancers like Mahomet, boxers like Hunt, flying chariots, or such pantomimic tricks. It was at the same time hinted that the remedy lay with the audiences themselves; that the stage could not reform itself, but must follow the taste of the public. Of this salvo he later fairly availed himself. Garrick declaimed Johnson's majestic lines with fine effect, and a hum of approbation must have passed round when they heard him say, and with singular appropriateness—

“From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roared, while passion slept.”

At the bottom of their bill, the audience found another hint of reform. There was to be no more admission behind the scenes; and “it was humbly hoped” that the audience would not take it amiss. Significant, too, was the choice of Macklin's *Shylock*—a ready commentary on Johnson's lines; for Macklin was of Garrick's own school, and with such a pair declamation was not likely to roar. Garrick himself fell ill a few days after the opening of the theatre; and as the prologue was repeatedly called for, it was at last published, with an apology from the manager, who hoped they would accept it in that shape. He himself was not able to appear until a month later.

Behind the scenes also a new order and new regularity had been introduced. The greater actors had been careless as to learning their parts accurately, and were too often heard appealing to the prompter. A strict attendance at rehearsal was enforced, and the plays carefully prepared. Some of the older actors, who from habit supplied the defects of memory and carelessness by “a bold front and forging matter of their own,” were tacitly rebuked by being left aside for some time until they mended. Yates was a notorious offender.

The management relied principally on good stock-pieces, well supported, with one or two strongly-cast characters, and a new play or two. Barry was put forward as the leading actor. He played in all his favourite characters. Nights of special attraction were, when Mrs. Woffington came out in her famous “breeches part,” *Sir Harry Wildair*, with Garrick as *Fribble*, to

wind up the evening ; or, when Garrick and Barry played together in "The Orphan" and "The Fair Penitent ;" or, when Mrs. Cibber, Garrick, and Barry were joined in "Venice Preserved." The parts in this play seemed to have been cast *à travers*, for Garrick took *Jaffier*, the weak, tender, loving, irresolute conspirator ; while Barry was the fierce, impetuous, and unscrupulous *Pierre*. Still, with the "enchanting melody" of Mrs. Cibber in *Belvidera*, and the nobleness and passionate tenderness of the play itself, it proved a great attraction. Later, on another stage, Barry took his right part ; but all this time was secretly turning the occasion to profit as an opportunity for studying Garrick.* Mrs. Cibber had another opening for her enchanting melody in *Polly* ; and the new comedy of "The Foundling," by Edward Moore, brought out a wonderful cast. Barry showed all his handsome grace in *Sir Charles* ; Macklin, as *Faddie*, found a part that suited his oddities, and convulsed the audience. *Faddie* was said to have been modelled after "an ingenious young gentleman" who had some skill in taking off the opera singers, and who was suffered, by the ladies who had turned his head, to be sent to gaol for £40. Mrs. Cibber was all softness and music, and Woffington, in *Rosetta*, all pertness and prettiness ; but Garrick, who had taken *Young Belmont*, a sort of walking gentleman, by his extraordinary spirit and versatility turned it into a leading character.

To Shakspeare due homage was paid in "The Tempest," and in a revival of "Macbeth ;" but a "Macbeth" cleared from the "improvements" and decorations with which it had been daubed over by the clumsy mechanists of the stage. Three years before it had been thus played, but had not excited attention. Though considered a sort of good "stock" melodrama for a company, it was thought poorly of in the profession as an opening for a leading actor. Even to bring it into a suitable condition, it had to endure the choppings and patchings of the restorers—a race who seemed to deal with these old plays much as inferior picture-cleaners do with acknowledged masterpieces. In this way, for more than eighty years, audiences had looked on and applauded this spurious Shakspeare without question ; and actors had declaimed Davenant's "fustian" without ever dreaming that it was not the true inspiration of the "Swan of Avon." Much more "business" was put in. Garrick determined to cast away all the introduced rubbish,

* It was said, by those who wished to make mischief, that Garrick refused to play *Pierre* to Barry's *Jaffier*, saying, "I will not bully the monument !"

and to give "Macbeth" as written by Shakspeare. Quin exclaimed in astonishment, "What! and don't we play "Macbeth" as written by Shakspeare?" And yet, though Dryden, Cibber, and many more had all mauled and disfigured the Bard with the utmost wantonness, it was reserved for Garrick to be the worst offender of the sacrilegious, and at the close of his career to hack and hew at "Hamlet" in a fashion that they never would have dreamed of.

He also planned some useful reforms in the conduct of the theatre, particularly in "front of the house," particularly requiring that all should pay on admission, and prevent "bilking and frisking" in and out. Foote at this time was giving his "tea," and was threatening an abusive satire on Garrick and Lacy. The latter declared he would break Foote's head; the former that Mr. Foote was quite welcome. This was the first beginning of that curious relation of semi-hostility which coloured their intercourse; which one would be inclined to set down to the envy with which unsuccessful talent has sometimes pursued a rival, to whom it believes itself superior, but which a skilful judge of character, and its mysterious moods, has more delicately accounted for. "From the first they were marked out for rivalry. Distinguished by their superior intellectual qualities from all competitors in the profession to which they belonged, they had only each other to carry on a competition with; and if, as Pope says, war is necessary to the life of a wit upon earth, what are we to expect when the wit has another in the same line to make war upon, who is not only jester and player like himself, but rival manager too? The virtue must be more than human that refrains. . . . No doubt also Foote was almost always the aggressor. His wit was ever at its best with a victim wincing under it, and Garrick's too obvious weaknesses were a temptation difficult to be resisted."* This happily describes this most unpleasant relation; though, it must be added, that Foote's later aggressions, unchecked through Garrick's toleration and, perhaps, weakness, grew at last to assume an unjustifiable grossness which repeated *amendes* could not extenuate.

* Forster's Essays, p. 369.

CHAPTER II.

MARRIAGE.—1748-49.

GARRICK'S second season began in September; but he had already begun to suffer from desertions. Delane and Sparks were seduced to Covent Garden; its extraordinary manager, Rich, at last rousing himself from his languor. A more serious loss was Mrs. Woffington. The manager's new attachment was, no doubt, distasteful to her, as well as the supremacy of Mrs. Cibber—to say nothing of constant quarrels with Mrs. Clive. Perhaps Garrick, with his heart now set on a new shape of domestic life, was anxious to be wholly free from all association with the past.

At the commencement, the burden lay on Woodward and his special range of character, and on Barry in "Othello" and "Hamlet." The chief attraction before Christmas was two Shakspearean revivals. Never was there a more legitimate success than that of Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard in *Beatrice* and *Benedick*, for it was the triumph of true genius, exercised in the most perfect and buoyant bit of comedy that could be conceived. So evenly matched were their powers, and so sparkling the alternations of their vivacious rivalry, that the town found it impossible to decide the question of superiority. When the actress was gone, the play lost all its attraction. An excellent revival was that of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts;" but it seemed unmeaning to revive it for the sake of giving *Sir Giles* to the obscure Bridges, for it seemed a part that Garrick could have made much of. It, however, introduced an admirable player—King—who was soon to become a comedian of the very first order. Indeed, Woodward and King represented a type of player now extinct, whose talents, bright, gay, and luxuriant, filled in a character, and made that character vivify the piece; so different from the modern system, when the piece has become a mere background for the centre figure. A yet more important revival had been occupying his thoughts, and was the result of much pains and care. This was "Romeo and Juliet"—the play of poetry, grace, and tenderness, put into the appropriate hands of the very priest and priestess of grace, pathos, and tenderness—Barry and Mrs. Cibber. Here again we see the temperate self-denial of Garrick. It was a tempting opportunity;

and though the part was infinitely more suited to Barry than Garrick, the town would have readily found indulgence for the manager who had seized on the prize for himself. He took the play with him into his closet ; but, with an odd inconsistency, the man who had just cleared “*Macbeth*” from the thick crusts and varnishes with which Davenant and other Shakspearean “restorers” had coated it, did not shrink from putting an entirely new catastrophe to the story of the Verona lovers.

There used to be many who have melted over the wakening of *Juliet* in the tomb, the long and touching scene between the lovers that follows, and never dreamed that *Romeo* died just after his combat with *County Paris*. The whole of that interview is a clever bit of sham Shakspearean writing, fairly well done, even to the “fathers have flinty hearts,” which has been sometimes quoted as a bit of the genuine stuff.* At the same time, he deserves some credit for the manner in which he has fallen into the tone of the situation, and caught up the sweet key of Shakspeare’s music. Garrick himself attended all the rehearsals, gave his hints, watched it carefully, and the result was a marvellous performance, which drew the whole town for nineteen nights.

Meanwhile his old friend and schoolfellow, Samuel Johnson, struggling on through “garret toil and London loneliness,” glad to get fifteen guineas for a masterly poem, busy with the “great English Dictionary,” had thought of his old tragedy, which years before had brought him up to London, full of theatrical designs. Very different fortunes had befallen the actor and the scholar, who had started together from Lichfield. Garrick was now at the head of the first theatre in England, in easy if not in opulent circumstances ; Johnson was fighting a cruel battle, and not yet known as the great Dr. Samuel Johnson, the weighty representative man of sturdy English principles and morals, and the classic model of the time. For Garrick to take his friend’s play, and use all his resources to bring out what was a heavy and unskilful piece, even

* The whole is a clever Pasticcio.

“’Twixt death and love I’m torn : I’m distracted—
But death’s strongest—”

is Garrick’s.

“I’ll not wed Paris : Romeo is my husband !”

is Otway’s.

“Oh, let me hear some voice
Besides my own in this drear vault of death !”

These lines are from the “*Mourning Bride*.”

compared with the existing dreary models of historical tragedy, was certainly no little proof of kindness. This drama, some acts of which had been written in a country town before its author had read Shakspeare, and which had been read over with Peter Garrick in the Fountain Coffee-house, then frequented by Fleetwood, was at the beginning of the new year put in rehearsal at Drury Lane. The manager tried hard to have some "business" introduced into the play. He felt that Johnson's cold and solemn platitudes would set the audience yawning, and perhaps empty the theatre. But Johnson hotly resented this interference, and it nearly brought about a quarrel. Garrick, instead of using his power, applied to a common friend to reason with the angry author. "Sir," said Johnson, in reply, "*the fellow* wants me to make *Mahomet* run mad, that he may have an opportunity of tossing his hands, and kicking his heels." The "fellow," however, did not play *Mahomet*, but *Demetrius*. *Mahomet* was assigned to Barry, to give the play every advantage, and win all his zeal for the author; but he made only a poor part of it.

On the 6th of February was the first night of "*Mahomet and Irene*," when Johnson was seen, not in his old brown suit, but glowing in "a laced waistcoat" and a new flaming scarlet coat—flitting in that unwonted raiment from the *coulisses* to the boxes, and from the boxes to *coulisses*. Here surely is a subject for our painter, as characteristic and suggestive of humour as Leslie himself could have found. It was an anxious night. In the beginning, before the curtain rose, shrill catcalls were heard, which the author himself a little imprudently had deprecated in his prologue.* Garrick had spared neither trouble nor expense for his friend. The costumes were superb. There was one scene, representing a Turkish garden, which was considered a triumph of scenic skill. Yet all that could be done for it in the way of sumptuous dresses and Eastern scenery was of little avail. Though the prologue "soothed the audience," nothing could lighten the hopeless declamation of the piece, which was as cold and dull as the most monotonous tragedy of the French school. The grand "spectacle" could not help it off. Even the clap-trap description of the English Constitution, absurdly put into the mouth of one of the Turks, was of no profit. Mrs. Pritchard, Barry, and

* The epilogue was said to have been written by Sir William Yonge. "I know not," says Boswell, in his own true key, "how Johnson's play came to be *thus graced by the pen of a person then so eminent in the political world*." And this obsequious doubt seems well founded, as the better opinion would now appear to be that it was in part written by Johnson himself.

Garrick declaimed their dull parts with surprising vigour and elocution ; but nothing could give it life. Even the desperate resource suggested by Garrick of having the heroine put to death by the bow-string before the audience became ludicrous from sheer contrast, and some one screamed out " Murder ! murder !" She tried in vain to speak, but her voice was drowned in a chorus of disapprobation. Young Burney, however, says that, with this exception, the play was fairly received. Garrick's zeal and friendly interest kept it before the public for at least the regular nine nights, to allow the author to have his three nights' profits, which reached to close on two hundred pounds ; this, with one hundred pounds for the sale of the copyright, was a substantial return for so indifferent a play. But Johnson was not satisfied, and, like many a dramatist before and since, complained that justice had not been done him by the actors. He was heard growling his disapprobation in the orchestra. From that time he had a grudge, born of ill-success, against his friend.

Garrick also tried to keep Barry in good humour by playing *Iago* to his *Othello*, a part which he seems to have attempted only once. He revived his own farce " *Lethe*," with new characters, which, as they did not make any striking effect, he resigned at once to other actors. In Aaron Hill's solemn *Merope*, he seemed, to the ladies of his audience, to look and play like an angel. Perhaps there was one lady certainly to whom this praise would scarcely have seemed an exaggeration ; for all this time the hard-worked manager had his eyes fixed on Burlington House, and though every obstacle was thrown in the way of their attachment, he had contrived to secure a firm hold on her affections. The young dancer constantly withstood many trials, the pressure of her kind patroness and guardian, and even the offers of suitors of family and position. This secrecy and these impediments gave it all the air of a little romance. And with this attachment is connected a melodramatic story, which has been made the basis of a popular German piece, which again has been adapted to the English stage, to show off the talents of a versatile comedian of our own time, who represented to perfection Garrick's *Fribble*, but in the costume of the present day.

The story is of a class, associated with Garrick's name, the details of which usually turn on his marvellous powers of mimicry and facial expression. A young city lady, with a despotic father, has fallen frantically in love with *Romeo* as played by Mr. Garrick ; grows sick, and is at the point of death. He is sent for ; treated with contempt as " a stage

player" by the father, who talks of the folly of being moved by sham emotions. There are various versions of the young girl's cure. In one she is taken to see him in *Abel Drugger*, and is completely "*désillusionnée*." In another version the actor is brought to her as a doctor; reveals himself as *Romeo*, talks to her, drinks as he talks; and by the incoherent ravings of intoxication awakens her from her delusion. In the German play it is a baronet, in the English a city merchant. But the point of the story is nearly the same in all. Lee Lewes, the comedian, giving a minute account of the courtship of the *Violette* by Garrick, mentions some incidents of this kind, and which he says he heard through an aged domestic of the Burlington family. The dancer had seen Garrick in one of his characters; had fallen desperately in love with him; had become sick, like the lady in the anecdote, and no one could divine the cause. Lady Burlington had designed her for a rich and important alliance, and would never consent to an alliance with a player. But a clever doctor found the secret out, represented that it was a matter of life and death, and obtained the lady's reluctant consent. This is obviously the basis of the dramatic story; though Lee Lewes and his "old domestic" can hardly be depended on, especially as to the details and private conversations, which are given with a suspicious minuteness and fulness.

It was, however, matter of notoriety that Lady Burlington opposed Garrick's advances, and the *Violette* used to tell afterwards how he had once disguised himself in woman's clothes to have the opportunity of conveying a letter to her. There is, besides, the testimony of an old gentleman of eighty, alive not very long ago, who was told by Mrs. Garrick herself that the German story was, in the main, true; and that it was Garrick's noble self-denial in the business that induced Lady Burlington to give her consent.*

The Patroness looked after her *protégée* with extraordinary care and jealousy. When the *Violette's* benefit came on, Kent, an artist of reputation, was employed to design the tickets. Everything was done to show her off to advantage. When, in March, 1748, the strange Duchess of Queensberry

* See "Household Words" for 1857. This German narrative brings in also the name of a barrister friend of the actor's, a Mr. Bingham, of Lincoln's Inn, with whom he had once studied law; and such a name is to be found among the barristers of that date. The late Mr. Sothern and Mr. Vezin distinguished themselves in this piece; while the vivacious Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore have entertained both Berlin and St. Petersburg with the same piece.

gave a masquerade at Richmond, Lady Burlington was seen walking about with her charge on her arm, and Lord Coventry following with extraordinary persistence. The Countess, it was noticed, motioned to him, and, drawing off her glove, significantly moved her ring up and down her finger—a hint that was very intelligible. When the Countess took her to a splendid masquerade on the river, where was the King, and dukes, and princes, and “God save the King” was sung by the royal family themselves to the mob over the rails, Mr. Garrick contrived to be brought there also, by some of the Richmond family. Lady Burlington kept watch over her charge jealously, while Garrick, “ogling and sighing” from a distance, caused much amusement to those who were behind the scenes. A diplomatist, who belonged to the Duke of Modena’s court, was asking Walpole questions about this lady and the other. “That was Lady Huntingdon.” “And the next one?” It was a distressing question, said Walpole, but, after a little hesitation, he replied: “Mais c’est Mademoiselle Violetta.” The diplomatist looked puzzled, and searched his memory. “Et comment Mademoiselle Violetta—j’ai connu une Mademoiselle Violetta par exemple”—he was thinking of the Ballet, but Walpole adroitly turned off his attention to a Miss Bishop. It was not so easy to turn off the eyes of the lover now busy watching. At last such constancy was to prevail. He wrote a formal proposal to Lady Burlington; her opposition was withdrawn, or perhaps she saw that it was useless, and she finally gave her consent.

Yet the lover, now happily at the end of this long courtship, with all through his life a great uneasiness as to what the public or private people were saying and thinking of him, now shrank from the discussion, and perhaps ridicule, that was sure to follow when his proposed marriage should become known. It was suspected that some complimentary verses, with which the curious public amused itself, were not quite a surprise to him.*

Not satisfied with this free-and-easy introduction of his bride’s name and his own to the public, he took another, and what he fancied was an effectual way, to deprecate the ridicule he so feared. On the eve of his marriage some fresh verses appeared, which are to be found among his

* Fortune was made to ask why Slander is always “sneering at me and poor Davy?” The truth was, Slander believed that

“The creature loved self,
And cared not a fig for a soul but himself.”

friend Edward Moore's poems, but which were said to be written by himself, or at least under his inspiration.* They were headed "Stanzas to Mr. G——k on the Talk of the Town," and had the following motto from "Much Ado about Nothing":—

"'When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.'

"'No, no; the left-hand box, in blue;
There, don't you see her?' 'See her? Who?'
'Nay; hang me if I tell;
There's Garrick in the music box.
Watch but his eyes. See them, O pox!
Your servant, Mademoiselle."

Then the "ladies" are described as, talking it over, "pale, wild as the witches in 'Macbeth'"—

"Married! but don't you think, my dear,
He's growing out of fashion?
People may fancy what they will,
But Quin's the only actor still,
To treat the tender passion."

"'Nay, madam; did you mind last night
His Archer; not a line on't right?
I thought I heard some hisses.'
Two parts, they readily allow,
Are yours, but not one more, I vow.
And thus they close their spite."

It winds up with a soothing compliment, bidding him not to mind their speeches:

"Take, you can't do better,
A pox upon the tattling town;
The fops that join to cry her down
Would give their ears to get her."

His wedding present was a silver tea-kettle and a little casket for holding tea, which was to stand afterwards on the

* Among his papers I find the following:—

"VERSES SENT TO ME ON MY MARRIAGE.

"What! has that heart, so wild, so roving,
So prone to changing, sighing, loving,
Whom widows, maids, attacked in vain,
At last submitted to the chain?
Who is the paragon, the marvellous she,
Has fixed a weather-cock like thee?"

He wrote a reply, which contains a true picture of the bride:—

"'Tis not, my friend, her speaking face,
Her shape, her youth, her winning grace,

table, at which was their cosiest and happiest of meals. Often was the actor, and candidate for acting, invited to breakfast, when Mrs. Garrick sat and made tea, and took her part in passing judgment.* Lady Burlington, now softened, presented him with a prayer-book, a very modest *souvenir*, but for which he was very grateful.†

At last, on the 22nd of June, they were married‡—first, by Dr. Francklin, at the church in Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and afterwards at the chapel of the Portuguese Embassy in Audley Street, by the Rev. Mr. Blyth.§ Walpole wrote out the news to Florence, but could not understand the business. “The chapter of this history is a little obscure,” he said, especially as to the consent of the Countess, and the fortune. It was indeed a surprising little romance; and it was more surprising still that the marriage of a comedian, whom Parliament but a few years before would have described as a “common rogue and a vagabond,” with a “famous dancer,” whom it could have sent to the House of Correction, should have gained

Have reach'd my heart; the fair one's mind,
Quick as her eyes, yet soft and kind.
A gaiety with innocence;
A soft address, with manly sense.
Ravishing manners, void of art,
A cheerful, firm, yet feeling heart.
Beauty that charms all public gaze,
And humble amid pomp and praise.”—HILL MSS.

* These presents are still preserved, and were of a handsome and substantial sort. In her will Mrs. Garrick left a special bequest of the old humble tea service which Garrick had used in his bachelor days.

† He wrote some lines in the beginning—

“This sacred book has Dorothea given,
To show a straying sheep the way to Heaven;
With forms of righteousness she well may part,
Who bears the spirit in her upright heart.”

‡ Garrick settled the sum of £10,000 upon his wife, with £70 a year pin money. Sir T. Martin, in the *Quarterly Review* (July, 1868), who had the settlement before him, says that a further sum of £5,000 is described in it as being on the estates of Lady Burlington, in Lincolnshire, but belonging to the bride; and it is suggested that this may have been the young lady's money, lent to Lady Burlington. But there is a confusion between a loan of Garrick's to his family (*see post*). In fact, we later find Garrick corresponding with Lord Hartington on the subject of a charge on the estate. Mr. Carr, who was Garrick's solicitor, and afterwards lived in Hampton Villa, when asked on this point by “Rainy-day Smith,” seemed to say that Mrs. Garrick denied ever receiving money from the Burlingtons, adding that she had only the interest of £6,000, which was paid to her by the Duke of Devonshire. The principal was still unpaid at Mrs. Garrick's death, as can be seen by her will.

§ As she herself told Mr. Smith, it took place at eight o'clock in the morning.

such prestige, have attracted such attention, and be celebrated under the patronage and friendship of dukes and lords. This was certainly fair evidence of the weight of Garrick's private character, and of the respectability and position to which he had raised himself and his theatre.

CHAPTER III.

HOGARTH—FOOTE—THE RIVAL ROMEOS.—1749-50.

No happier honeymoon could be conceived. The newly-married pair travelled about, stayed at Chiswick, and at Burlington House; though it is plain that Lady Burlington's peculiar temper was to make the actor's relations with her rather delicate. They had fixed to go down to Lichfield, on a visit to Peter, and were duly expected; "but," writes Mr. Garrick, excusing himself, "when we hinted it to the family here, we had only grave faces and cool answers." Though the noble family might tolerate the player, they did not relish their *protégée* going to the player's relations. Garrick was too independent to accept patronage at the price of an obsequious slavery, and there soon came a rupture; though with Lord Burlington he was always on the best of terms.*

At this pleasant time Lichfield folks would come up to London and go to Ranelagh, then new and in high fashion, and be amazed to see their townsman the player in such fine company. But "Mrs. B. and Penelope S.," whoever they were, could report nothing "fine" on his part. He came up and walked and talked with them, "and they seemed pleased," he says, characteristically, "for I left Lady Hartington and my wife and their company to entertain them."† And Mr. Garrick, who himself dearly loved a lord, was not displeased that they should bring home an account of the fine people from whom they had taken him away.

He had given up his handsomely-furnished bachelor lodgings in Covent Garden, and now looked out for a house where he might set up an establishment. He found one that suited him in Southampton Street, which in those pre-West-end days was not an ungentleel quarter, and which, it was said, he took

* Lord Hartington was his real friend, and a true peacemaker. Later he wrote to Garrick, after one of these differences—"Lady Burlington was afraid you were gone away for the last time; and I said you were a warm, impetuous man, but a very honest one."—*Forster MSS.*

† Forster MSS.

from Mr. Sheldon at far more than its value.* It was within five minutes' walk of his theatre, and from the bottom of the street came up the buzz and hum of London traffic hurrying through the great artery of the Strand. As we now walk up the street, we can see on the left, within a few doors of the top, one of the good old houses, its long thin windows very close together, and with a more architectural pretence than any house in the street. Within there is plenty of the old panelling, and beyond the study, the little room where Mr. and Mrs. Garrick used to breakfast.† There he was to live for some years, and Mr. Garrick's house in Southampton Street became one of the best known residences in London.

Domestic happiness might now comfort him, after the troubles his peculiar position was beginning to expose him to. For if office was to bring with it the charm of authority, it was also to be accompanied with what was absolute torture to a sensitive mind—a shower of abuse, of coarse pamphlets, coloured by disappointment, spite, and envy. This, for a great part of his life, was the favourite shape of annoyance, and almost with the first day of his management it began. No man was ever so persecuted. Not less offensive was the anonymous and “friendly” advice of outsiders, who publicly thrust their counsel on him. One would speak very plainly of that “exorbitant and glaring passion, it is reported, you have for money;” and added that “on the least diminution of your enormous receipts, *you feel the greatest agonies.*” With something like the spirit of true prophecy, the same writer warned him against the airs and insubordination of actors sure to be in store for him; hinted at Garrick's own extravagance in dress, requiring a new one every night, and gave a picture of Garrick's “lofty” manner, when, in a lower position, he was asked to take a part, “Name it no more! Another word that way makes me your mortal foe! Begone!”‡

Another “hand,” at the close of his first year's management, had as freely canvassed what he had done. Why had he not opened with a new part instead of with a prologue, printed and sold at sixpence; which was about as good as telling the public that he knew how grieved they were at his ceasing to

* Cradock.

† It is now No. 27, and was lately Eastey's Hotel. The excellent society that has been formed for the purpose of marking the residences of celebrated men might have one of their tablets inserted in the front of Garrick's house.

‡ A letter to David Garrick, Esq., on his becoming manager of Drury Lane.

speaking it; and he must, at least, take that way of putting it in their reach. Mr. Garrick, it would seem, disdained to play, except for noble persons and people of quality. Then, as to reformation of the stage, and Garrick's profession of giving a moral tone, this critic would wish to know if "'The Scornful Lady and Parson Roger,' a scandalous and atheistical part," was a proper piece to offer to a decent audience—a question for which there might be some foundation. But it should be borne in mind that Garrick was hardly settled in his chair, and such a reformation could only be brought about gradually.

In September the theatre opened, and the fortunate manager had now a new player—one of the Palmers—a valuable recruit for the ranks of genteel comedy. Mrs. Cibber was aggrieved, and refused to play. At the other house Quin had come up from his retirement, and, helped by royal patronage, made one more expiring effort. He challenged Garrick in *Sir John Brute*, though admirers of both owned that nothing could be more distinct than the two readings. He was supported by the young Miss Bellamy, and by Woffington, for whom now there could be no place at Drury Lane.

The manager, whose marriage had been such a source of gossip, made his *rentrée* after the honeymoon on the 28th of September, and, with questionable taste, chose *Benedick* as the part in which to introduce himself. As he had intended, passages like "Here you may see Benedick, the married man;" "I may chance to have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage;"—all excited the heartiest laughter and enjoyment. This restless craving to make the public partners in all his little domestic concerns was one of Garrick's weaknesses to the end.

At this stage, we have a glimpse of Foote, and not a very favourable one. Indeed, it would seem that every occasion, when the manager was to come in contact with him, was to have its own disagreeable associations. This was only the beginning of the series. A dull play of Otway's, called "Friendship in Fashion," was being revived, to bring out Woodward, now returned from Dublin, and a rumour had reached Foote that Woodward was about, in stage slang, "to dress at him," in *Malagene*. Foote at once wrote, in a brusque and threatening tone, to the manager, speaking of Woodward as "a very contemptible friend" of his, and adding that *he* could have no dread from the manager's "passive wit," or the "actor's active humour;" but would just hint that he had by him "a plan for a short farce, that was to be wormwood to some, entertaining to many, and very beneficial to, sir, yours, S. FOOTE." In

what shape the wormwood was to be administered might be guessed from an insulting postscript, in which the popular jest at the manager's saving habits was made to his very face. For he sent him back his free admission to the theatre, saying that he would in future always pay his five shillings to the boxes, "*a sum not very contemptible to you.*"

With perfect dignity, good-humour, and much kind reasoning, Garrick wrote back, declining to interfere. He explained that he knew not what views Woodward had in the business, who, for that matter, may have even intended "taking off" his own manager, whose full permission he had. As for calling Woodward "contemptible," that was surely a little indiscreet, considering what a dangerous rival of Foote's that actor had been. Besides, supposing he did "dress at him," was it not a compliment: for the character of *Malagene* is that of a very smart, pleasant, conceited little fellow, and a good mimic? Then, with unabated good-humour, he deals with the thrust about the five shillings: "If I had such a regard for five shillings, surely, then, my giving you the liberty of the house was a still greater favour." Foote, however, might have restrained his humour; for the play was a failure. About the fifth act the audience broke into something like a riot, to the infinite amusement of the French ambassador, who was present.

More pleasant is it, even by way of contrast, to see Garrick in his relations with a man like Hogarth—a very different character. The rude work of the theatre, and the rough passions of the green-room, had no effect on the manager's nature; and when the painter sent round to him, that he was aggrieved by his neglect, fancied or real, Garrick wrote an exquisite letter of excuse, which has an interest that reaches to other friendships. He knew what Montaigne had said, that a debtor and creditor account of "callings," &c., was a fatal sign of decaying regard, and could "cap" it by an instance of his experience. "Poor Draper, whom I loved better than any man breathing, once asked me, smiling, 'How long is it since you were at my house—how long?' 'Why, a month or six weeks.' 'A year and five days,' replied he; 'but don't imagine that I have kept an account; *my wife told me so this morning, and bid me scold you for it.*" "Dear Draper's" speech has the air of one of Steele's little stories, and that it should have impressed Garrick so much shows his native delicacy. "Could I follow my own wishes," he goes on, "I would see you every day in the week, and not care whether it was in Leicester Fields or Southampton Street." With this sweet and affection-

ate tone, it was no wonder the actor was making many and fast friends.

Garrick now felt it was time to introduce a novelty, and he brought out a cold declamatory piece entitled "Edward the Black Prince," by a Mr. Shirley, and which was one of the long series of bald, dreary, tedious plays, constructed on the French model, which were to be such a feature of his management. There seems to have been but the one strict pattern for these chilling dramas, and we look back wearily to the long procession of Roman generals, sultans, Greek matrons, Persian kings, and mythological heroes, whose costume, feelings, and religion, wrapped in hopeless mists, become removed from all dramatic interest and sympathy. How the taste of the audiences already trained by Garrick's nature, and above all how Garrick's own pure and healthy taste, could have relished these cold abstractions, these colourless heroes, fetched out of the Roman History; how people could have crowded to hear scraps of Plutarch dramatised, and chapters out of the History of the Turks and Davila's Wars, made into tragedies, seems now a surprising mystery.

The only other feature of the season was his giving a benefit to a grand-daughter of Milton—an old Mrs. Forster—who had lingered on, to the surprise of all. Another instance of his good nature, though in a different direction, was his playing *Hamlet* to Mrs. Clive's *Ophelia* on the night of her benefit, that vivacious lady winding up the night with a farce of her own composition. But the manager was to have early experience of the troubles which the rule of a green-room brings with it, and which, in his instance, were to be more vexatious than ever waited on manager. It would seem as though his known moderation and superiority to the mean passions that reign behind the curtain, offered tempting inducements to malcontents. What were Barry's grievances—how small and petty, and almost ludicrous—may be gathered from his written complaints on another occasion, when he again tried the forbearance and unruffled good temper of his master. Yet to Barry Garrick had behaved professionally in what might be called "the handsomest way." He gave him up his own parts of *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Romeo*, and *Macbeth*. To Barry had been given *Henry the Fifth*, while the manager was content with the part of the *Chorus*. Still the actor began to take airs, and ill-health was often put forward as an excuse for gratifying his humours. He took the unusual course of addressing the public at the top of the playbills, that whereas it had been industriously given out, in order to pre-

judice Mr. Barry, that he had of late frequently refused to act when his health permitted, he took the opportunity of saying that "he scorned all trick and evasion," and that *nothing* but illness should ever cause him to fail in his duty. He could not endure the manager's *Hamlet* drawing more than his. He pettishly demanded that he might choose his own nights, which Garrick, with unruffled good-humour, at once conceded. But nothing could satisfy this spoiled "lover" of the stage. When the season closed in May, Garrick had played about eighty times, and Barry fully sixty.

At the beginning of the new season these discontents had ripened into a regular confederacy, and Garrick found himself suddenly deserted by his two chief supports.* Barry actually broke his articles, and Mrs. Cibber, in deep resentment, engaged with him, at the other house. This was a gloomy prospect.

Quin, Barry, Woffington, Cibber, and Macklin made up a strong host, especially, as it fell out curiously, that each one of the party was inflamed by a separate and personal hostility to Garrick. Woffington felt that her charms had lost their spell—no fury can match that of "a woman scorned;" Cibber was full of theatrical jealousy of a rival; Barry furious at oppression on the part of one he considered an inferior. Macklin's was the bitterest hate of all. Quin, alone, had a manly, blunt, honourable hostility. Garrick had again made him offers, but he refused. It was said, indeed, that Rich was paying him a thousand a year. Still Garrick was not dismayed. He had only Woodward, Clive, and Pritchard to count on. But, in truth, he always felt, as he wrote later to one of his rebellious actresses, that he himself was the strength of the theatre; and, where the line was giving way, his own presence might be estimated like Napoleon's on a campaign. He had, besides, Mrs. Ward, and the new actress from the Dublin stage, Miss Bellamy, whom he was training.†

It was thought that Drury Lane must go down before this

* Scandal tried to supply other motives for this separation. It has been said that Mrs. Garrick received a letter from some secret admirer a few weeks after her marriage, and that Garrick succeeded in tracing it to Barry. This is Lee Lewes's absurd account of this transaction (*Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 89). The extraordinary verbiage, and the way in which a little fact which has been told to him is expanded into pages of actual dialogue, supplied from his own brain, make his book almost valueless. Facts that are more simply stated prove to be either false or perverted.

† Mrs. Ward proved a failure—was cold and indifferent; and during one of his grandest and most impassioned bursts in "The Fair Penitent," was seen carelessly fastening her glove!

dangerous opposition. The revolters had ready a grand *coup*, with which they thought he would be overwhelmed. At Drury Lane no play had drawn so well as "Romeo and Juliet," and now, with the charming Cibber and Barry, and Rich's tact and magnificence in *spectacle*, it was supposed they would draw the whole town. Garrick had actually trained the two deserters himself in that tender play. But he had early information of the scheme, and secretly instructed Miss Bellamy in *Juliet*, while he carefully prepared *Romeo* himself.

While the town was forecasting the certain ruin of Garrick and his theatre, he opened his doors early in September, and pleasantly gossipped with the house before the curtain rose on "The Merchant of Venice." With fair humour, he smartly glanced at the deserters :—

"Some few there are whom paltry passions guide,
Desert each day, and fly from side to side ;
Others, like Swiss, love fighting as their trade,
For beat or beating, they must all be paid."

And then he made a very plain and significant announcement as to what would be the future policy of the theatre. He reminded the town, as he had done at the opening of the house, that with them rested the choice and character of the entertainments. No manager could reform the stage, and keep up a series of pure and classic shows, at a heavy loss to himself. The most he could do was to try the experiment. He was consistent, for at the beginning he had hinted that on these classic boards Hunt might yet box, or Mahomet dance ; so that—

"If an empty house, the actor's curse,
Shows us our *Lears* and *Hamlets* lose their force,
Unwilling we must change the nobler scene,
And in our turn present you *Harlequin*.
Quit poets, and set carpenters to work,
Show gaudy scenes, or mount the vaulting Turk.
For though we actors, one and all, agree
Boldly to struggle for our—vanity ;
If want comes in, misfortune must retreat—
Our first great ruling passion is—to eat !"

This was perfectly reasonable, and three years was a handsome time to allow for the experiment. Some of the small wits affected to decry the tone of self-sufficiency in this programme, and gave a sort of translation into plain unvarnished prose. "It is true there is a formidable force against me at the other house, yet I am so possessed with the spirit of my own merit that I am pretty sure I shall be a match for them all. This Drury Lane stage, of which I am now the monarch, is the

only stage in the world ; but if two or three of Shakspeare's plays, which I have given you over and over again every season, don't bring full houses, I must e'en turn Harlequin, and set up pantomimes."

The other house opened later, and Barry gave *his* address. He was not slow to retort, and from the boards defended himself, telling his audience that—

"When kings allow no merit but their own,
Can it be strange that men for flight prepare,
And seek to raise a colony elsewhere?"

The insinuation that Garrick engrossed all the acting, as we have seen, was perfectly untrue ; and the stroke about his treatment of the actresses an unworthy appeal to the prejudices of an audience. At the end of September, Covent Garden played its trump card—the new "Romeo and Juliet"—but they must have been disagreeably surprised by seeing an *affiche* at the other house of the same play, for the very same night. The languid town hailed the promised contest as a new excitement, and on the 28th the struggle began.*

Though there was a loud division of opinion and affectation of equal merit, and even superiority claimed for Garrick, there can be no question but that the Covent Garden performance was the best. Miss Bellamy could hardly hope to equal the trained Mrs. Cibber. Garrick was said to have worked out new "points," and fresh readings ; but as his figure was inferior, and his expressive face a little too much marked for the soft interest of a lover, it is likely that his was more an elaborate and clever "reading" than the natural and impassioned conception of the other. Mr. Taylor heard that Garrick was considered superior. Miss Bellamy says that Barry was held to be the better, except in one scene. As the matter was turned into a party question, the voice of the town does not go for much. Garrick's friends even tried to compromise the dispute, by giving Barry the palm in the first three acts ; his melting eyes, plaintiveness of voice, and "the amorous harmony of his features," were set against the grace of his rival's attitudes, the vivacity and fire of his expressions. It was decided that Barry was superior in the garden scene of the second act, and Garrick in the scene with the *Friar* ; Barry again superior in the other garden scenes, and Garrick in that with the *Apothecary* ; Barry was also preferred in the first part of the tomb, and Garrick in the dying portion. Some said

* Murphy is, therefore, mistaken in saying it began in October. Davies mistakes the year.

that Barry was an Arcadian, Garrick a fashionable, lover. But the best test is, that, after an interval, Garrick, with that excellent good sense which distinguished every act of his, quietly dropped the part out of his *répertoire*. Even "Gentleman" Smith, a good judge, and a partial friend of Garrick's, owned that the victory was with Barry. The ladies protested that in the balcony scene they could have wished Garrick to jump up to them, but that they could have jumped down to the Covent Garden *Romeo*; and, with the true method of a public *fureur*, amateurs would go and hear the first part of the play at one theatre, and hurry away for the conclusion at the other!

Woodward was the Drury Lane *Mercutio*, far superior in his vivacity and eccentricity to Macklin at the other house. Rich, hankering after harlequinades, had a "grand funeral procession," which cost a great deal of money. Garrick had his procession also, but without any flourish; it came, therefore, as a surprise, and was doubly acceptable. The public were interested for a few days, and epigrams fluttered about plentifully. Some of them verged on wit; as the well-known one, by Mr. Hewitt, Sterne's friend:—

" ' Well, what's to-night ? ' said angry Ned,
As up from bed he rouses ;
 ' *Romeo* again ! ' and shakes his head.
 ' A plague o' both your houses. ' " *

The contest was carried on for twelve nights, until the town grew tired, and the houses thin. Rich was the first to give way, gladly seizing on the excuse of Mrs. Cibber's illness. The ladies were thought to have been fairly enough matched—Mrs. Cibber thrilling all hearts in passages where grief and despair were concerned, Miss Bellamy acting naturally, and with infinite fervour and passion in the love scenes. She had youth on her side—an advantage so precious on the stage. Garrick enjoyed a little triumph in giving his play one night

* Another, not suspected to come from Garrick's own pen, was written on his strange principle of ridiculing himself, to prevent others from ridiculing him:—

" So reversed are the notions of *Capulet's* daughters,
One loves a whole length, and the other three-quarters."

Which he put also into another shape:—

" Fair *Juliet* at one house exclaims with a sigh,
 ' No *Romeo's* clever that's not six feet high.'
Less ambitiously t'other does *Romeo* adore,
Though in size he scarce reaches to five feet four."

These lines he gave himself to Mr. Cooke.

more, and concluded the contest with an epilogue, in which he sent out Mrs. Clive to say of himself :

“ Oh, 'tis a pretty youth !
 'Tis true he's of a choleric disposition,
 And fiery parts make up his composition.
 How have I seen him rave when things miscarried ;
 Indeed, he's grown much tamer since he married.

* * * * *

So much for him.

The other youth comes next,
 Who shows by what he says, poor soul, he's vext.
 He tells you tales, how cruelly *this* treats us,
 To make you think the little monster beats us ;
 Warned, I have believed, in melancholy phrase,
 How *Bouncing Bajazet* retreats from *Bayes*.
 I, who am woman, would have stood the fray,
 At least, not snivelled thus, and run away ;
 In fact, there has some little bouncing been,
 But who the bouncer was, inquire within.
 No matter who—I now proclaim a peace.”

There was good-humour as well as good sense in this reply to Barry's spite ; for even upon his footlights Garrick could retain the charm of moderation and temper, and never, by bitter speech or compromising act of enmity, put off reconciliation, or shut the door finally against renewed friendship. In the numerous quarrels (invariably fastened on him) he always preserved this undertone, as it were, which was of infinite value to him ; and though it made some enemies who had not the same restraint, it saved to him many friends.

Even at the other house Mr. Garrick's good fortune attended him. The only bond of that stormy and dangerous confederacy was their hostility to him. By their own intestine disputes and jealousies, they were presently in almost ludicrous confusion. They despised their manager, and he made no account of them. Quin and Barry were at war ;* Woffington and Cibber held each other in the highest contempt ; and though a round of the finest and most classical pieces were given, there was so much uncertainty, so many postponements and disputes, that the public grew angry. Cibber was ill, or, it was charitably said, pretended to be ill ; Barry had his chronic fits of hoarseness or, as it was said again, pretended hoarseness ; but Woffington, with true and gallant spirit, and that loyalty to duty in which she was never known to fail, was always at her post. At last even her patience gave way. It was not uncommon to have one of the

* At rehearsal Barry would be absent, which Quin would take for a slight, and be absent in *his* turn on the next occasion.

great tragedies, with the names of Quin, Cibber, and Barry announced for a future night—when from some quarrel or sham illness behind the curtain, the play would be suddenly altered, and Mrs. Woffington, in some of her dashing parts, substituted. To this she submitted for a time, but warned them, if it was repeated, she would not be thus played upon. It happened again, and she refused to go on. The public unjustly made her a victim—flung orange-peel and bade her ask pardon, which she proudly and disdainfully refused to do.* The scene was indeed a picture. She stood there, as *Lady Jane Grey*, “looking more beautiful than ever; her anger gave a glow to her complexion, and even added lustre to her charming eyes.” She treated them with sovereign scorn, and when they would not hear her, walked away. Then they roared for her, and she came back—told them bluntly she would play or not, just as they pleased—it was a matter of perfect indifference to her. They might say on, or off, as they liked. There was a shout of “On!” During this very season this honest actress actually painted her handsome face with wrinkles and crows’ feet, to give effect to a play of Shakspeare’s. Under such conditions even so “strong” a company could not play well together. The plays, too, were absurdly cast.† Before long came the usual symptoms of disorganization—appeals to the public in the papers. By-and-by Quin was “much hissed” in *King Richard*. The two leading actresses, Woffington and Cibber, still showed their dislike and jealousy, exhibited under the restraint of contemptuous looks and speeches—to the enjoyment of the manager, who called them his Sarah Malcolm and his Catherine Hayes, two infamous women who had been hanged; and in this state of disorder the theatre was not prospering.

* “She was never thought to play more finely than when she thus defied the angry pit, treating their rudeness with contempt.”

† We have a graphic portrait, which may do as pendant for the one given before by Cumberland. Quin—past sixty, old, “battered,” and uncouth—was playing *Young Chamont* in a long, grisly, half-powdered old periwig, hanging low down on each side of the breast, and down the back; a heavy scarlet coat and waistcoat, trimmed with broad gold lace; black velvet breeches, a black silk neckcloth, black stockings, a pair of square-toed shoes, with an old-fashioned pair of stone buckles. He had stiff, high-topped white gloves, and a broad, old, scalloped laced hat; he was, besides, very corpulent, and much out of shape. Ryan, another old veteran, was the strong and lusty *Polydore*, “with a red face, and voice truly horrible.” He was not nearly so well dressed as Quin, though in the same fantastic style. Beside these two stood Barry, in all his elegance, youth, and beauty, “in a neat bag-wig” of the prevailing cut and fashion; and the charming Cibber, all elegance and refinement. This extraordinary

Garrick always had really good pieces in reserve, and could vary his *carte* with one of Cibber's capital comedies, "Love's Last Shift," produced nearly sixty years before—a revival the author actually lived to see—which had true stuff in it; if not wit, the likeness of wit, and became a stock-piece. A strange apathy seemed to come over manager Rich, and he did not even have recourse to the unfailing attraction of his harlequinades, in which he was believed to be unapproached. Yet even in this department his supremacy was now to be attacked in a way he little dreamed of.

CHAPTER IV.

PANTOMIME—FOREIGN TRAVEL—MOSSOP.—1750-1752.

THE name of Rich should be dear to all pantomime-goers, and to the rows of little ones that line the front seats at Christmas. There were pantomimes, indeed, before his day—so early as the year 1700; but it was Rich, both as player and writer, who made that sort of piece respectable. It was in 1717 that we find his name conspicuously associated with a *Féerie*, called "Harlequin Executed!" He was a strange being and curious manager; but beyond all question, the most original and vivacious of Harlequins.

A harlequinade then consisted of two portions—one serious and the other comic; the serious portion being a story selected from, perhaps, Ovid's "Metamorphoses," and set off with all magnificence of scenery, rich dresses, pretty music, and grand dances. At intervals, during the progress of the fable, Harlequin and his company came on, and, with diverting tricks and changes, varied the story; carrying on, in short, a sort of under-plot. Rich, from some affectation, would not appear under his own name, but was always set down in the bills as "Mr. Lun." He was not a little eccentric, and had a dialect

contrast of the old and new school must have been highly diverting; and it is most graphically described by Wilkinson, who was looking on. Justice has scarcely been done to Ryan's merit. Garrick once, going with Woodward to see his *Richard*, with a view of being amused, owned that he was astonished at the genius and power he saw struggling to make itself felt through the burden of ill-training, uncouth gestures, and an ungraceful and slovenly figure. He was generous enough to own that all the merit there was in his own playing of *Richard* he had drawn from studying this less fortunate player. Mrs. Bellamy and Wilkinson both mention this acknowledgment, to detract from Garrick's merit; but forget that, in another direction, they are adding to it.

of his own, with an odd, blunt, "Abernethy" manner.* The tone of these pieces was purely rustic. The characters were farmers and village maidens; the scenes and changes were all taken from the country and farmyard. There were louts and countrymen. Harlequin, in all sorts of disguises, "courting Columbine," was always pursued by the "village constables," whom he eluded with all manner of tricks and devices—so that the introduction of modern policemen is founded on strict tradition. A most effective scene was that of building a house, with the scaffolding set, the bricklayers busy, the hod-men ascending ladders; when suddenly Harlequin appears among them, with a touch pulls scaffolding, bricklayers, all down, and is discovered to have escaped in the confusion. Another "trick," that "made the whole house ring with applause," was Harlequin's coming on disguised as an ostrich, pecking at every one, biting the servants slyly, "kissing Columbine," and then finally "morricing off" the stage. The changes and transformations, too, were all after the modern pattern; and, at a touch of the wand, palaces changed into huts. But more remarkable metamorphoses were the sudden change of men and women into "stools and wheelbarrows," of long colonnades into beds of tulips, and of shops into serpents. Sometimes Harlequin would ride in on a broom, and a magic transformation take place, which now appears of a very humble order—the garden wall changing into a wall covered with prints, ballads, broadsides, &c., and Harlequin disguised as an old woman, selling them; not to mention the "delightful perspective of a farmhouse, where you hear the coots in the water, as at a distance." There were yet more adventures of the same sort, and finally a sort of "transformation scene" was discovered; a glittering perspective of pillars and temples. At the end, however, a strange retribution was made to overtake Harlequin, who was carried off like Don Giovanni, *upwards*, to the infernal regions, surrounded with fire and demons.†

* One of his own actors takes off his oddities for us excellently, and most dramatically. Rich had a kind of provincial dialect, and twisted names into special shape for himself. Wilkinson asked him to give a part to Ned Shuter. In reply, the manager took snuff, and stroked his cat. "If I give it to Muster Shuttleworth, he will not let me teach him; but I will *larn* you, Muster Williamskin." Younger, the prompter, enters. "Get away, Muster Youngmore; I am teaching Muster Whittington." He warned his visitor against Barry, whom he called Muster Barleymore, and told him that he had no chance from Muster Griskin, which was his name for Garrick.

† In another piece there was an "effect" of the sun rising, which was

But now the time for the carpenters to take possession of Drury Lane stage had arrived, and Garrick, consistent with his declarations, finding the public would not follow him in the correct and classical path, determined to let it have its way. The houses had been growing thin, and he himself, always a source of attraction, could not play every night. He therefore set to work diligently, and the "Boxing-night" of the year 1750 was celebrated with a gorgeous pantomime, in "Italian grotesque characters," called "Queen Mab," in which Woodward came bounding on as Harlequin. It was a marvellous spectacle—comprising gorgeous decorations, and a "great pomp of machinery." It drew all the town, and made Rich, thus attacked with his own weapons, tremble. Henceforward a pantomime became the regular Christmas feature at Drury Lane. This ran forty nights—a curious instance of the good fortune that attended all Garrick's schemes, for a harlequinade would seem to have been totally foreign to his tastes and experience.*

During this season, there was actually a daughter of the great Farquhar's alive, and in greatly reduced circumstances. Even to that generation it must have been a surprise to hear that there was such a link between them and the great humourist. Garrick paid a graceful tribute to his memory by giving his daughter a benefit at Drury Lane, and by acting himself in the appropriate "Beaux' Stratagem." He was always full of such charity in his professional dealings, and the bills of his theatre show innumerable notices of this pattern, "For the benefit of a widow of a reduced citizen," &c. He also gave fresh evidence of his steady purpose to reform his stage, even

a "superb and complicated piece of machinery"—though how such effects were produced in these pre-gaseous days seems a mystery. Daphne was turned into a tree in the presence of the audience, which was a good surprise. The tossing of Harlequin in a blanket was a comic incident, and delighted the galleries; but they did not see that he was supported in two long slips all the time. There was *acting* then even in the conventional Harlequin. One of Rich's famous effects was "the hatching of Harlequin by the heat of the sun, a masterpiece in dumb-show—from the first chipping of the egg, his receiving of motion, his feeling of the ground, his standing upright, his quick Harlequin trip round the empty shell—every limb had its tongue—every motion a voice." Dramatic genius triumphed *then* over every constraint.

* That the public felt and enjoyed this success was evidenced by a caricature called "The Theatrical Steel-yard," in which Mrs. Cibber, Barry, Quin, and Mrs. Woffington are exhibited as hanging in a row at one end of the yard, and Garrick sits gaily and triumphantly in the other scale, waving his cap triumphantly, and weighing all four down; while Woodward in his proper dress, and *Queen Mab*, "strike" the traditional Harlequin attitude, in the centre of the background.

at some pecuniary sacrifice, and had the courage to abolish a time-honoured custom which obliged managers on Lord Mayor's Day to give their audience a coarse old play called "The London Cuckolds," and which seemed to be about as appropriate as "George Barnwell" was to Boxing-night.

In March, 1751, Drury Lane was to witness an unusual spectacle—perhaps the most remarkable, as well as the boldest venture, known to the amateur stage. Such interest and curiosity was excited by this performance, that the House of Commons adjourned at three o'clock to attend early. The Delaval family—men about town, bitten with a taste for acting—had performed "Othello" at Lord Mexborough's, and were fired with a desire for a larger field of action. Garrick, one of whose little weaknesses was an inclination to favour anything associated with persons of quality, interrupted his regular performances, and allowed his theatre to be used for the night. No expense was spared. All parts of the house indifferently shone with laces and jewels and costly dresses. Even in the footmen's gallery it was noted that half a dozen stars were glittering; the Royal princes, with some German ones, were in the side boxes. All these glories were lit up by the soft effulgence of waxlights. On the stage there were fresh scenes, and new and gorgeous dresses. The music was excellent. The scene outside the playhouse is described to have been almost ludicrous from the confusion, and block of chairs and coaches, which impeded each other from getting near the door; and the mob were delighted at seeing fine ladies and gentlemen picking their steps through the mud and filth. Even at the mean public-houses close by, lords, in stars and Garters and silk stockings, were seen waiting until the street should clear a little. Sir Francis Delaval's performance excited great admiration. The expenses, as may be imagined, were enormous. Garrick received £150 for his theatre, and the dresses, scenery, "waxlights," cost upwards of £1,000.

He had also produced two new plays, one "Gil Blas," by his friend Moore, which was a failure, and "Alfred," "a masque," written by Mallet or Malloch. The distraction at the other house came to a point at the end of the season, when Quin, at last, made his final bow as a salaried actor, in the "Fair Penitent," having however met many mortifications during the season. Woffington left them in disgust, and went away to Dublin, where she was received rapturously. The manager of Drury Lane was now fairly entitled to his holiday.

In the summer of this year Mr. and Mrs. Garrick undertook what might be called their wedding trip, thus delayed for nearly

two years, and set off for Paris. This first French visit appears to have had no special glories or interest. The details are meagre, or perhaps his splendid reputation had not yet travelled to the French.* Even Dangeau, that surprising courtier, who so carefully set down the minutest detail connected with the Court, makes no note of our English actor's presentation to the King. We have one little scrap of criticism. "You ask me how I like France. It is the best place in the world for a visit. The great fault of our countrymen is that they do not mix with the natives. *I did.*"† Among the Parisians, with whom age is so serious a matter, he passed for thirty-two, though he was some three years over that. At home he would have no such unpleasant fiction; and he wrote to his brother, "Set my age down as it is in the Bible." A little story used to be told of an adventure which befell him in Paris.‡ About this time a friend of his had been murdered in the Forest of Bondy, so associated with the dog of Montargis. It was found that an Italian count had left about the same time as the Englishman, and had been about a couple of hours away. He was arrested; and interest was being used to set him free, when Garrick is said to have put in action one of those dramatic *ruses* or *tours de force*, of which so many, and in so many odd shapes, are associated with his name. At his request the accused was brought to Sir George Lewis's hotel. He was there suddenly told that the Englishman was alive; who, though wounded, had accused him, and demanded that he should be brought to his bedside. Garrick had studied a portrait of the Baronet, by Latour, and knew his expression well. When the assassin was introduced, he saw, as he fancied, his victim in bed, ghastly and suffering, who addressed him in a trembling voice—"Wretch, do you deny your crime now?" He fell on his knees at once, and confessed all. This story belongs to a whole family of such stories.

It was a great distinction for an English actor to be presented to the King, which was duly noted by the English papers, or which, perhaps, Mr. Garrick took care *should* be noted.§ The two clever Englishmen, Foote and Garrick,

* In the unpublished journal of his later journey he writes, "I shall say very little of France, as I have done it well, though slightly, in my first journal in 1751." This journal has been lost.

† Hill MS.

‡ The authority for this is very indifferent—being merely a newspaper. It passed to the newspaper from some French Memoira. The name of the baronet and the portrait painter give a circumstantial air.

§ Mr. Fitzpatrick, then over in Dublin, "on business," where he found "humbugging in high taste," and who was pining to go back to the Bed-

had met in Paris; but we know nothing of their proceedings. This *villeggiatura* brought about a renewal of their "fitful intimacy"—it was never difficult to renew an intimacy with Garrick. And the first proof of this renewed intimacy was presently to be seen, to Foote's advantage, on the manager's return, in the production of the little comedy of "Taste."

Though the manager had been so far, and with ease to himself, victorious over the Covent Garden confederacy, he felt that his ranks were thin, and promptly engaged some new players, who brought good reputations from Dublin. Among these were Dexter and Ross; but the most remarkable was Mossop, an iron-throated tragedian. He was a man of education—reared in Trinity College, Dublin, which had thus turned out no less than four first-class tragedians—gifted with a strong and unmelodious declamation, and a physical strength that would have carried him through such tremendous parts as *Sir Giles* or *Richard*. But his action was singularly ungraceful, suggesting so happily to Churchill the motions of a drill-sergeant, and in the more level passages fell into the wearying monotony which was the curse of old stage declamation. He was a valuable recruit. Garrick allowed him to come forward in his own great part of *Richard*, in which his tremendous energy brought him success. The town came rushing to see him. It was assumed, as of course, that Garrick was dying with secret spleen and envy; and when a green-room wit repeated to him some verses on the new actors—

"The Templars they cry Mossop,
The ladies they cry Ross up,
But which is the best, is a toss-up."

a very natural smile on his part was given out as an intense relish and enjoyment of "the sneer." There was neither "sneer," nor "relish," nor currying favour. The whole was a bit of green-room nonsense, for which Mossop's name, offering a facility for rhyming, was accountable. He was at first modest in his success, and judiciously advised by the manager to try gentlemanly parts, where there was a great opening. But very soon was to come the old suspicion, then jealousy, and the whispers of ill-natured friends that he was kept out of "roaring" and tempestuous parts by the manager's envy.

Miss Bellamy, aided by what old-fashioned writers were

ford, had remarked an odd coincidence, that on the day that Garrick was presented, Quin had been stopped by a highwayman on Hounslow Heath. "So different," he said, sarcastically, "is the fate of real and imaginary heroes."

fond of calling "an agreeable figure," continued to attract. She, too, began to contribute her share to the manager's troubles, conceiving that every action of his was directed to annoy her, or gratify a deep-rooted spite; and it is almost amusing to see how she could twist even his most good-natured actions into evidence of this animosity. Yet his good-humour never varied, and the petulant young actress forfeited no advantage by her behaviour.* The record of her humours becomes almost amusing.

Now he was to bring forward a most important revival; a play full of breadth, character, and wit, Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," a piece sufficiently classical to have a wholesome effect on the public. He first prepared it carefully for the stage, by a jealous pruning of everything old-fashioned, or likely to interfere with the easy progress of the story—which was indeed judicious preparation. But he also, according to his favourite practice, added a scene at the end of the fourth act, which really supplies "business," and heightens the interest.

Never was play so perfectly "cast" or so diligently rehearsed. Garrick was suited to a nicety in *Kitely*, whose fitful changes and passions gave him good scope for play of feature, and inflections of voice. Woodward could not have had a finer part than *Bobadil*, nor *Bobadil* a finer actor; for it eminently fitted his solid and classical humour, a humour now lost to the stage. Indeed, it was long thought to have been his masterpiece. Yates, as *Brainworm*, Ross and Palmer as *Wellbred* and *Young Knowell*, were all good selections, and the manager was fortunate enough to find actors, otherwise obscure, who made for themselves reputations, in even the minor parts of this great play.

In the green-room Garrick trained them himself, teaching them his own readings and inflections. These Woodward appeared to adopt with much humility. But one morning, during the manager's absence, Woodward, in unusual spirits, undertook to give his brethren a specimen of the way he meant to deal with his part on the night in question, which was wholly different from the one in which he had been so

* She describes how one night a butcher's wife fell asleep in the boxes, and began muttering "Rumps and burrs!" As she slept, the associations of her husband's profession found their way into her dreams. It was notorious that the manager had an almost morbid horror of the slightest interruption during his acting, and these extraordinary sounds threw him into confusion. He called out sharply, "What is that?" forgot his part, and introduced rambling passages from other plays; all which the young actress maliciously records.

carefully instructed. During this performance, Garrick arrived unperceived, and listened quietly. The way in which he treated this little bit of duplicity is excellent testimony to his fairness and good-humour. "Bravo, Harry," he cried, "upon my soul, bravo! Why, now this is—no, no! I can't say this is *quite* my idea of the thing. Yours is, after all—to be sure, rather—ha!" The actor was a little confused, and said, with true duplicity, that he meant to act the part according to the manager's views. "No, no! by no means, Harry," said the other, warmly; "you have actually clinched the matter. *But why, dear Harry, would you not communicate before?*" In that question was an epitome of all his managerial troubles. In the shifts and artful tricks of his actors, who assumed that his straightforwardness *must* be a cloak for shifts and ends like their own, he always felt the same friendly inquiry on his lips, "Why not communicate before?"

How the great actor looked as *Kitely*, and how he "dressed" the part, we can know from the fine picture by Reynolds, and from the mezzotint worthy of the picture—where we see him in his full Spanish cloak and white collar of many points, and slashed sleeves; where his expression is surprisingly altered by a short, dark wig, divided down the middle, and "fuzzed out" at the sides. The play was acted with complete success—though it was said that the audience took some time before they could surmount the old-fashioned tone. Yet, while he paid this tribute to the fresh, open air of character and healthy humour, he was hankering after the insufferable stagy models, which were enough to stifle everything that was true or natural. Thus the very night before Ben Jonson's play, *Phædra* and *Hippolytus* were ranting their mythological woes, and declaiming sorrows many thousand years old.

But he atoned for this by presenting Foote's bright and lively comedy of "Taste." Its design was "to satirise the ignorant affectation with which the fashion of the day gave eager welcome to anything with the appearance of age upon it, and turned away scornfully from modern art, however meritorious."* With what wit and exuberant buoyancy he carried out that design may be gathered from reading even a page of this little piece. All the essayists were busy with this popular fancy, which endured for many years, until Goldsmith's Mrs. Croker came home from the auction room, where the deaf Dowager was bidding away against herself. Not the least part of the entertainment was Garrick's prologue.

* Forster, *Foote*, p. 378.

But "Taste," though *Carminé* and *Lady Pentecost* were entertaining to a degree, was but coldly welcomed, and did not run the regular "nine nights." This failure he tried to redeem by yet another of the dreary "classical" pieces—a play by a heavy scholar, Dr. Francis, and constructed on the usual French model. This was called "Eugenia," which, after dragging through its nine nights, was laid to rest.

With the new season came a more important production; and Garrick, always true to his friends, brought out, in February, '52, Edward Moore's pathetic but lugubrious piece of the "Gamester;" with only languid success. It was played but a few nights. The vice of gaming was then the "rage"—its palace was "White's," where fortunes were won and lost. But the town did not relish the unpleasant moral. It is said that this drama marks an era in the stage, and this was the first tragedy that departed from the conventional garb of blank verse; it being assumed, on the authority of a tyrannical French tradition, that it was impossible to suffer or die save in the stately measure of blank verse. It therefore has the same relation to the English stage that Victor Hugo's "Ernani" has to the French—a play over which the terrific battle of the classic and romantic schools was fought. Garrick touched it a good deal, and is said to have added a whole scene in the fourth act.

The month of March brought a dreary play of Dr. Young's, of "Night Thoughts" celebrity. Livy was actually resorted to for the story of this heavy performance, and the audience saw such abstractions (such they were for stage purposes) as "Philip of Macedon," "Perseus and Demetrius," and "Erixe," the Thracian princess, masquerade across the stage. When Miss Bellamy appeared in the green-room, after some little "sulk," the manager said, "Ah! ah! madam, you are come at last! It is unfortunate for us that the doctor insisted that you were to be his heroine." The pettish actress here affected to be indifferent, said that Pritchard would do it far better, and resigned it formally, to the consternation of Dr. Young, who protested against such a step, "*which did not seem to please the manager. Indeed, he appeared to be much mystified at my sang-froid.*" "The Brothers" had only the usual "success of esteem," which seemed to attend on such solemn performances. It is remarkable as one of the many "clergymen's plays" which were given to the stage in a perfect series. The two brothers were well played by Mossop and Garrick. The worthy doctor must have been astonished at a coarse epilogue of Mallet's, which came as a surprise upon

the author, as he sat in Garrick's box to hear his own play. He heard himself alluded to thus strangely—

— “The man must be a widgeon ;
Drury may *propagate* ; but not religion,—”

and this, too, emphasized by Mrs. Clive in her broadest manner. Naturally indignant, he substituted another, which wound up with a true national flourish, and touched the right key in the bosom of the pit—

“Shout, Britons, shout ! auspicious fortune bless !
And cry ‘ Long live—our title to success ! ’ ”

CHAPTER V.

THE BEDFORD.—1752.

AT the Bedford Tavern was to be found a little society of critics, calling themselves the Shakspeare Club, who affected to give laws on all things concerning the stage, and conspicuous among whom was a certain Fitzpatrick, destined to have a considerable share in Garrick's history.* He was an Irish gentleman of a cheerful character, who had been brought up in England under the well-known Dr. Peter Whalley. With a great deal of the combative impetuosity of his countrymen, he was well accomplished, able to unite the pursuits of a West-end man of fashion with the more profitable one of a city merchant, and could even find time to look after dramatic interests at the Bedford. He had travelled ; wrote lively pieces ; was nicknamed the “pale-faced orator ;” and was looked to as the champion of the rights of the audience in any theatrical dispute. His friend Murphy insists particularly on his “elegant manners and accomplishments ;” but the tremendous Churchill etching—which, as Mr. Forster has acutely said, is drawn with such art and mastery as to be above the narrow limitations of a particular individual or country—had not yet been painted. His effeminate face and macaroni airs were recognized everywhere. He could turn an essay pleasantly, and write an agreeable letter. He had travelled, and knew all the actors and actresses. He was fondly regarded by his friends, chiefly Irish,

* The “Bedford Arms” is linked to our own day by the recollections of one Stacey, who was connected with it for more than fifty years. He remembered a shilling Whist Club, to which Goldsmith, Churchill, Hogarth, Fielding, and many more belonged. Stacey described the quarrel between Hogarth and Churchill ; the latter “a stupid-looking man.” See “Smith's London.”

who had come to town to push their fortune, or enjoy town, and who included James Murphy French, Arthur Murphy, Beau Tracey, George Colman, Whalley, together with Paul Hiffernan, Goldsmith's "Hiff," afterwards to have the distinction of frightening Foote, and whom the frequenters of the Bedford were warned against as a spy. To such a coterie—
—young, vivacious, and needy—Garrick and his theatre were naturally an object of interest.

The new actor, Mossop, had been received with welcome by his countrymen; their praises stimulated him, and it was their chorus of compliment, led by Mr. Thady Fitzpatrick, that first sowed the seeds of jealousy. Very soon the actor, though he was gaining ground steadily with the public, began to have the usual suspicions and jealousies. Garrick had some object in keeping him such parts, though some of them were Garrick's own "battle-horses;" and he now began to demand "lovers'" parts, like Barry's, at the other house. How unsuited would have been his rude, unmusical voice, his stiff, uncouth gestures, ruled by "military plan," even a nineteenth century reader can understand. But Fitzpatrick was at his ear, and finding him in this temper, artfully worked upon and inflamed his grievances. Thus encouraged, Mossop sullenly persisted in his demands. Garrick, ever gentle and moderate, calmly reasoned with him. He even showed him the slender receipts of the theatre on nights when the tragedian was allowed his whim, and played in some part unsuited to him. Such moderation was quite thrown away. His grievances only became more inflamed; and, worked on by his friends, he was, after the usual quarrel, to leave the theatre abruptly. Later, almost as a matter of course, Garrick was to forgive and forget this treatment, and receive him back on precisely his old footing. Another member of this party was the notorious Dr. Hill, or Sir John Hill, as he called himself, who was seen driving about in his chariot, and became later one of the most notorious "quack doctors" of his time. He was certainly a remarkable character, uniting prodigious powers of "hack-work"—a love of science that made him steal plants from the gardens he visited—with the meanest nature, and a cowardice that seemed a disease. He stands apart in the curious line of characters of the past century. His "Vegetable Kingdom," in twenty-six great volumes, is an astounding monument of industry, and a respectable contribution to botanical knowledge. He wrote novels, natural history, supplements to dictionaries (true hack-work), essays on gems and on medicine. Later he became the Holloway of his day; and in many an old newspaper the eye

will often meet with "Hill's Tincture of Valerian," "Essence of Waterdock," "Balsam of Honey," or "Elixir of Bardana," nostrums by which he made a fair subsistence. The extraordinary feature in his nature was his scurrilous courage—on paper—and his no less abject pusillanimity when called to account for his outrages. He had a libellous periodical, called "The Inspector," which he wrote entirely himself, and which was said to have brought him in, in a single year, no less a sum than fifteen hundred pounds. In this organ he assumed the airs of a public critic, could air his own opinions and his own wrongs and animosities with an amusing vanity. For an attack on a Mr. Brown he was publicly chastised in Ranelagh Gardens. He was exposed a hundred times, yet could not be put down. He tried to get into the Royal Society, and his qualifications were certainly equal to those of some of its members; and when he was rejected, held up two old patrons who had opposed his admission in the most outrageous manner. He would invite all the ambassadors to dinner; for his insufferable effrontery would seem at last to have made way for him. He was seen at all the coffee-houses, at masquerades and promenades, invariably in the front row at the theatres, exciting attention by his splendid dress and singular behaviour. When there was loud applause for the King, the doctor was seen to rise, and bow gravely to his Majesty. As with his position, so it was with his title, which no one disputed, and "Sir John" was he called always, to his death. He had tried his hand at all things—had been one of Macklin's curious company collected at the Haymarket, and had played *Ludovico* with Foote. Every one could contribute some incident to his degrading biography, and he was ready to do battle with all—in print—on the same terms. He was engaged in such a controversy with "Kit Smart," the chief of hack poets, who had actually written a whole canto on the doctor—a "Hilliad" in which occurred the extraordinary line—

"Th' insolvent tenant of incumbered space,"—

Such was an ally of Fitzpatrick and his coterie, and such was a fair specimen of the unscrupulous enemies who were round Garrick. The origin of his enmity to Garrick we do not know very clearly. Murphy says it was owing to reasons "best known to himself," which does not explain much; but he certainly vented his spleen in an elaborate paper, in which he very artfully, because temperately and critically, depreciated Garrick and exalted Barry. But perhaps what Garrick would have most resented was the friendly defence of

his short stature.* Yet in Barry's instance, his disproportion to Mrs. Cibber was quite overlooked ; and on the same principle the audience now quite forgot Garrick's short stature, *and he had left off wearing cork soles in consequence.* Garrick showed that he was offended by this exaltation of a rival, for his little petty vanities were worn upon his sleeve, and he always foolishly showed that he was hurt.

Yet more were preparing for the coming fray. A young Irishman—an enthusiastic admirer of Roscius—had actually established a journal for the purpose of sounding the praises of his hero. He had come up to London, according to the usual routine with all needy Scotch and Irish ; was in Alderman Ironside's counting-house in the City—seen often at the Bedford and George's at Temple Bar, and had thus become acquainted with Foote, and many of the leading wits and critics. At the Bedford he had met Hill, and it was a fresh bit of ill-luck for the unhappy "Inspector" that his manner and style of writing should actually have stimulated the youth to try and put him down. In his fifth number he rushed at the doctor, describing him as a man who had taken on himself "to prescribe fashions to the ladies, and wire wigs to the gentlemen ; intrigues to rich, and taste to pretty, fellows," pestering the town with dissertations on fossils, minerals, and insects, "that never existed but in his own imaginations," that then "emboldened by a kind of negative *applause, that of being endured,*" he proceeded to greater lengths. Then came a parody :

"Three great wise men in the same era born,
 Britannia's happy island did adorn ;
Henley in cure of souls displayed his skill,
Rock shone in physic, in both *John Hill* ;
 The course of nature could no further go,
 To make a third, he joined the former two."

This "ingenious young gentleman" conducted his "Gray's Inn Journal" with vivacity, and never lost the opportunity of praising his hero. Such persistent advocacy certainly laid Garrick under an obligation which he never tried to avoid. To Murphy it became eternal—the basis of exactions almost extravagant, and the extenuation of the most outrageous behaviour. Such was the Bedford *coterie*.

During the last two or three seasons, Rich had been seized

* Hogarth showed by a clever pen and ink sketch that Garrick, being elegantly made and in the proper "proportion," was really as tall as a taller but stouter man, such as Quin. He drew the figures side by side with a scale, &c.

with a more extravagant fit than usual of enmity, and gratified his spleen by several strange and unworthy acts. He had tried to injure Garrick by coarse ridicule. He had given a rude burlesque of Garrick's procession in "Henry the Fourth," and made one of his singers travesty a popular song in Garrick's Pantomime. This, however, was perhaps fairly incident to dramatic warfare. But less justifiable was his hiring a professional mimic to take off Garrick's peculiarities. He had lately degraded the boards of Covent Garden by a dancer on "the slack-wire," and in a strange entertainment called "The Fair" had imported a collection of wild animals—bears, monkeys, ostriches, "the Ornuto savage," with other such extravagances. In a new *Féerie*, therefore, when Woodward proposed ridiculing this barbarous show, but not Rich himself, Garrick made no objection. Hill, however, recollecting his old grudge, affected to be very indignant at this freedom; talked of "poor Rich," and went as far as to hint that the bloods and bucks of the Temple should attend in force to sack the theatre, fling the sconces on the stage, and tear up the benches. This was going too far, and there were plenty ready to take such a hint.

One night as Woodward, the Harlequin, was being carried across the stage in a sedan chair, some disapprobation was shown among the audience, and an apple was thrown, which broke the glass of the chair. Woodward at once leaped out, picked up the apple, and seeing a gentleman very excited in one of the side boxes, bowed to him, and said very significantly, "I thank you, sir!" This gentleman proved to be Mr. Fitzpatrick, the merchant and man of fashion. As a matter of course, both parties rushed to take the public into confidence. Dr. Hill, in his "Inspector," gave Fitzpatrick's version, which was, that Woodward came up to the box, and said, insultingly, "I have noticed you, and shall meet you again!" Woodward on this went to a magistrate, and took the unusual course of making an affidavit as to the words he had used, "Sir, I thank you!" Fitzpatrick made a counter-affidavit before another magistrate, and Woodward was corroborated by witnesses who had heard the whole transaction on the stage, and had even been present at the Bedford when Fitzpatrick came in and gave a version of the words, which was exactly Woodward's.

These were but small troubles. The theatre was prospering, even though the bishops had come to the Chamberlain with a memorial to stop all performances during Passion week. This was accorded at the beginning of the year 1753, and from that

time panoramas and lectures on astronomy were privileged to take the place of plays and comedies.

Gradually Drury Lane was gaining its old strength. With the new season that began in September, '53, returned, repentant, the revolted Cibber, to be received by the manager with his unfailing good-humour—a good substitute for the pretty and petulant, but untrained, Bellamy, who had passed over to the other house. Now was Macklin taking his “farewell benefit” on the stage of his enemy, and speaking a prologue written for him by that enemy—perhaps to the surprise of the public—but not to the surprise of those who knew Garrick’s superiority to petty resentment. Macklin’s daughter was also engaged—a kindly provision now that her father was quitting the stage, or pretending to do so.*

Garrick’s usual good fortune brought to his house, and not to Covent Garden, the Mrs. Graham, who afterwards became Mrs. Yates. Even then her great beauty, fine presence, and immature talent made a deep impression; and later, wisely listening to careful instruction, and furnished with opportunities by the illness of rivals, she took her place as one of the grand actresses of the century. She, with Mrs. Cibber, Pritchard, Garrick, and Mossop, made a strong cast for any play, and they first appeared together in Glover’s “Boadicea.”† The piece, however, had the fate of its predecessors—“dragged” on for a few nights, and was then consigned to the shelf. How, after such lessons, the production of a series of plays could be persisted in, considering the cost, trouble, and time necessary, seems incomprehensible. But his next venture helps us a little to the secret. Garrick lived as much in the world as on his stage. He knew wits, politicians, persons of quality, lords and ladies in plenty. The clergyman-dramatist, who had laboured out his leaden five acts on the story of Hippolytus, or Æneas, or Eurydice, seeing Mr. Garrick dining with “my lord,” might readily ask “my lord” to say a word for him to the great manager. From the pressure of private friendship, the importunity of strangers, or the interest of the great, he was driven to produce things which his judgment scarcely approved.

Thus, after the failure of “Creusa”—Mr. Whitehead’s

* He gave out that he was going to open a tavern. Foote said, “He will first break in trade, and then break his word.”

† The “amiable” author insisted on reading his play in the green-room. But his voice was harsh and his elocution bad; and when Mr. Garrick offered to relieve him for an act or two, he rather touchily declined.

adaptation from a Greek poet—he was driven, by this weighty pressure, to bring out another play of the same class. There was a certain Reverend Mr. Crisp—the “Daddy Crisp” of Miss Burney—who was an artist, a *fanatico* in music, a scholar, and general *dilettante*—and who, according to the inevitable course, fancied he was also qualified for the drama. In course of time he produced a laborious five-act play on the subject of *Virginia*. He had fashionable friends, among others Lord Coventry—the “Cov.” of the clubs—one of the wild “set” at Almack’s. This competent judge pronounced it good, and, what was of more importance, got the great Mr. Pitt to read and approve it; for in these times, just as classical scholars and clergymen seemed to be *ex-officio* qualified to write plays, so the judgment of a Minister became of equal importance as a criticism. Garrick knew the value of such approval. He received the piece with the courtesy due to such a recommendation; but on one pretext or another, put it aside for years. In despair, the author thought of a happy resource. The lovely Gunning, now Countess of Coventry, about whom all London was mad, drove to Southampton Street, and sent in for Mr. Garrick. Mr. Crisp’s “*Virginia*” was accepted and brought out. Brought out, too, with all speed; but nothing could galvanize it: not even Garrick’s grand “point,” when *Virginia* was claimed, and he stood in a dull amazement for many moments, showing a speechless struggle going on in his face, then bursting into a slow sobbing exclamation — “THOU TRAITOR!”* Later, as an alternative, came a revival—a protracted bit of French declamation—“*Zara*,” modelled on Voltaire’s “*Zaire*,” which dragged through five long acts. Garrick was “a most venerable and pathetic old man,” says Murphy. We can see him, as he then appeared, with long white woolly hair, and a flowered dressing-gown, standing with Mrs. Yates, whose dress is absolutely gorgeous. Never did actress appear so magnificently clad, glittering with a profusion of laces, tags, a cloud of furbelows, and a monster head-dress that seemed a perfect pyramid of jewels, hair, and decorations.†

* Nor could the new and charming actress, Mrs. Graham, help to give it life. In a few nights it went to the Limbo of blank verse plays—a fate which the author laid to the account of “careless performers,” Garrick’s hostility, and public prejudice. When the play was finally laid on the shelf, he struggled for years to obtain a second hearing. His noble friend, Coventry, with a man of fashion’s wisdom, looked it over again, and advised him to make some change. The author took back his play eagerly, and for months worked on it. But Garrick was firm.

† See the fine print in the British Museum. “Half the battle,” in one of these new declamatory plays, was the actresses’ dress; and in all the

The season of 1754 began with fresh spirit and rivalry. Sheridan had come over from Dublin, and Barry had left Rich, complacently prophesying that ruin would attend on his desertion.* Sheridan came with new plays and new characters, and with his style in certain characters vastly improved. He did, indeed, fall into the common mistake of choosing unsuitable parts, and "rattled the ear where he should have touched the heart." But in *Coriolanus* he was fine; and it must have been amusing to have gone from one theatre to the other, and heard the two stormy actors lustily thundering. He had learned, in *Richard*, not to die in sprawling agonies and gymnastic convulsions—a common weakness with the leading players. Woffington, too, had come back to town, after being fooled and flattered in the Dublin green-room in the most extravagant way. There she heard that Cibber wanted her powers, Pritchard her address and spirit, Clive her humour, Macklin her judgment, Bellamy her tenderness, and all human nature her accomplishments.† One of her freaks was playing *Lothario*. The warm passion of that character was delivered with a "finical delicacy." Her audiences, too, were falling off. She changed the scene, and was received with welcome and admiration in London. Such was the advantage then for players in these two great theatrical communities.

Garrick led off the season with a capital revival. A friendly whisper came from the Court, that the King had been talking over the pleasure he once had in seeing Wilks and Mrs. Oldfield play in an old comedy of Beaumont and Fletcher's; and Garrick, whose eyes always turned fondly to Court, and whose loyalty verged on obsequiousness, had it put in rehearsal at once. This was "The Chances," which Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, had altered and adapted, and which Garrick himself now carefully retouched and pruned down. The Drury Lane pit had a prospect of seeing something with true life and motion, and character; and to men like Ralph, who objected that new plays were not brought out, might have been retorted that gay comedies, so old, and of such a pattern, were newer and more welcome than the poor

agreements which were made with actresses, this question of allowance for so many dresses was always fiercely pressed and debated. This, indeed, was one of the redeeming points in the "Tragedy Queen" parts—they gave a fine opening for magnificence.

* One of his enemies in Dublin thus described him:—"His *Romeo* is horrible among the most horrible; and as he wants ease and life, he has judiciously determined to play *Celadon* in 'The Comical Lover.' It would require the pen of a Scarron to describe his appearance."—*Digges*.

† Digges, in Jesse Foote's "Life of Murphy."

stuff of the Crisps and Franklins he was bringing forward. Garrick was delightful in *Don Juan*. Mrs. Cibber, however, was scarcely at home in the gay *Constantia*, and her solemn and infinitely sweet accents could not lend themselves to the vivacity of a gay coquette. How unsuited she was may be conceived when we know that later it was taken up and "made" by the lively Abington.

But here was another clergyman, Dr. Brown, in the green-room, with a tragedy of the same wearisome old pattern, full of *Zelims*, *Ottomans*, *Achmets*, and *Barbarossas*, of bombastic Easterns, and turgid declamation. Garrick, however, put movement into this play, by suggesting to the author various rather hackneyed stage devices.* Mossop had here a splendid opening for tearing of a part to tatters in the barbarian *Barbarossa*, and with stentorian lungs roared tyranny, and defiance, and cruelty, according to the popular ideal of Eastern despots. It was indeed the *reductio ad absurdum* of the style; but it had success from its very extravagance.

A bell was heard to toll, about which there was a little history. Garrick had purchased it specially, at an enormous expense, to toll during his "Romeo" procession, in opposition to Rich's. It however failed in this respect, and then did most effective duty in tolling for the execution of *Pierre*, in "Venice Preserved." †

* *Barbarossa* is the most "swearing" of stage heroes. His language was at times awful. His favourite oath is "By hell!" "Curse the traitors!" "Perdition on thy falsehood!" "Accurst art thou," "Curse their womanish hearts," are some of his mildest expressions.

After scenes of ranting, a discovery which has often since furnished food for laughter and burlesque, is thus made:—

"Othman.— Besides, he wears
A mark indelible, a *beauteous* scar,
Made on his forehead by a furious pard,
Which, rushing on his mother, Selim slew.

Achmet.—A scar!

Othman.—Ay, on his forehead.

Achmet (*lifting his turban*).—What, like this?

Othman (*kneels*).—Whom do I see?

Am I awake! my prince!

My honour'd, honour'd king!"

We may compare with this, the modern:—

"Cox.—Tell me, ah! in mercy tell me, have you such a thing as a strawberry mark on your left arm?

"Box.—No!

"Cox.—Then it is he! my long-lost brother."

The same extraordinary token of recognition was introduced in "Zara," where a "cross" on a daughter's arm is the means of restoring her to her parents.

† It seems more than probable that, like another famous manager of

easily imagine I read the reformed 'Winter's Tale' with great pleasure. You have greatly improved a fine prologue." After this, it is hard to say a word against Garrick.

A detailed setting-out of the annals of a theatre becomes about as monotonous as reading a *catalogue raisonné*; a theatrical history will take the shape of an abstract of so many playbills. This seems almost unavoidable; for looking over the long line of theatrical biographies, we find that each unavoidably falls into a series of play succeeding play, theatre succeeding theatre, and engagement following engagement. The story of a manager's life is specially open to this objection. But we shall only delay very little longer, and anticipate some of these Shakspearean revivals.

For the next season of 1755-6 he prepared "The Winter's Tale," altered with freedom.* Yet the alteration was not unskilfully done. There was a charming song by Mrs. Cibber, in the true pastoral key:—

"Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear;
In your holiday suits with your lasses appear!
The happiest folk are acquitten and free,
And who are so guileless and happy as we!"†

Garrick himself played *Leontes*, and with masterly effect in the statue scene. It was said, too, that had he retained the original version of the play, he would have doubled the attraction of his own part; which shows the self-denial which regulated his theatrical plans, and the due subordination of himself to the general effect of the stage. To him, also, we owe the capital Shakspearean farce of "Katharine and Petruchio," which now keeps the stage, and probably will always

* Garrick had the temerity, in his prologue, to boast that it was his

"Joy—my only plan
To lose no drop of that immortal man."

But it was said, happily enough, that he had certainly "lost a whole pailful of him" here.

† A line was repeated with praise to Johnson, as from this song—

"I'd smile with the simple, and feed with the poor."

He was very happy in his ridicule of it:—"Nay, my dear lady, this will never do. Poor David! 'Smile with the simple!' What folly is that. And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise, and feed with the rich." This "sally" was reported to Garrick by the good-natured Boswell, who "wondered to find his sensibility as a writer not a little irritated by it." The actor might well have been, for what he had written was that "content and sweet cheerfulness" were what smiled with the simple, and not "I'd smile." But this is only a slight specimen of the misrepresentation that attended the actor all through his life.

keep it, in that shape. The animosity well known to exist between Woodward and Mrs. Clive gave a life and interest to the piece; it was said that the actor threw her down with a violence more than was warranted by the situation. The fierce, and real, resentment of the actress at this treatment—her rage, which she could hardly control, all fell in excellently with the tone of the piece, and delighted the audience. Then followed “The Tempest,” fashioned into an opera, with Mr. Beard, the popular ballad singer, as *Prospero*. This, as I have mentioned, was no more than fashioning an opera on the subject of the play, just as Halévy used to do in the present century. Still it was thought sacrilege enough for a single season; and there were plenty who cared very little for Shakspeare, ready to raise the cry. Theo. Cibber, whose father had been the grand offender, delivered a lecture at the Hay, in which he affected deep indignation.* When Garrick played *Hamlet* again, an idea occurred to him of getting Woodward to give a serious tone to the character of *Polonius*, instead of the usual buffooning air with which low comedians always invested it. The experiment failed; the audience could not understand. After this, who could blame Garrick for sometimes leaving the true legitimate path in his choice of entertainments, or for taking freedoms with Shakspeare? Mossop’s wrongs, and the sense that he was “kept down” by jealousy, had made him leave the theatre in disgust. There remained friends and “bottle-holders” who had made use of him merely to annoy the manager, and who inflamed his jealousy solely to that end. Yet Mossop seems to have had no reasonable cause of complaint, as he had acted over thirty nights, and always in fine and important characters, such as *Barbarossa*, *Macbeth*, *Richard*, and *Coriolanus*. Garrick begged of him to stay, but he was not to be soothed, and went away to Ireland. He left behind him an angry and discontented “party”; and very early the manager was to receive a rude check, and discover the fatal truth that a theatrical audience is the most fickle thing in the world, and will turn upon its most cherished favourite at the first moment of ill-humour. With this coming trouble, it is not unreasonable to suppose that his personal enemies were associated.

Then followed “All’s Well that Ends Well,” and “Rule a

* “The ‘Midsummer Night’s Dream’ has been minced and fricasseed into a thing called ‘The Fairies,’ ‘The Winter’s Tale’ mammoaked into a droll, and ‘The Tempest’ castrated into an opera. . . . Yet this sly Prince would insinuate that all this ill-usage of the Bard is owing, forsooth, to his love of him.”

Wife and have a Wife," in which Mrs. Cibber perversely claimed the lively *Estifania*; but had to resign it, after a single night, to the better genius of Mrs. Pritchard. It properly belonged to Clive, but rumour said that "she was kept out of her part" by the jealousy of Woodward and Garrick. As to the latter, we have seen enough of him by this time to know that he could sacrifice everything to the interest of a play; and the change is sufficiently explained by the ill-judged claim of Cibber, whose whims had to be consulted. That actress, now growing subject to sudden fits of illness, and with some of her charms failing, capriciously used the power given her by her articles, to select gay and youthful parts. Then he revived his little farce of "Lethe," with a new character for himself—*Lord Chalkstone*—and allowed Murphy, who was engaged at the theatre, and already plaguing him, to bring out a new farce for his own benefit.

Having to face this crowd of enemies, always on the watch, it was not long before a serious rebuff came. Fitzpatrick, and the partizans of Mossop, were now to find the opportunity they sought. It was known at the Bedford that he had long been preparing a *spectacle* that should be above all competition. It was hardly wonderful that he should be so attached to pageants and processions, as these were the attractions which, after his own acting, brought most money to the theatre. He clung to them through many shocks; and, after the rough treatment he was now to receive on presenting "The Chinese Festival," we may admire his constancy and perseverance.*

* There are many caricatures ridiculing this weakness; one represents Garrick, with the "book" of one of his shows in his hand, with Messink, the mechanist, beside him, shouting "Processions for ever!" and a crowd of men with hammers, &c. Underneath are the lines:—

"Behold the Muses, Roscius, sue in vain,
Tailors and carpenters usurp their reign!"

In another, Garrick is shown walking over the works of Shakspeare, Rowe, and others.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHINESE FESTIVAL—WOFFINGTON'S RETIREMENT.—
1755-1757.

FOR Garrick the charms of French life and the attractions of the French stage had always a sort of fascination. The exquisite and elegant touch of that nation in all theatrical matters was well appreciated by him, and his eyes were always turning towards Paris for French books, French players, French devices in scenery and decoration, and French artists. His own recent visit, where he had made many friends, had strengthened this *penchant*. In the autumn of 1754—perhaps finding his audiences dulled by their late heavy doses of weary legitimate comedy—he had begun to think of a grand *coup*, which should impart variety and rouse their apathy. A favourite stock-charge against the manager had been, that he conducted his theatre too penuriously in the matter of decorations and dresses, and relied on the cheap, unadorned attractions of his own declamation. Such speeches were not slow in reaching his ears, and he was now to give them a triumphant refutation.

There was in Paris a certain Jean George Noverre, a Swiss dancer, of some celebrity, but better known at the little theatres of the small Courts of Europe than he was at Paris. He enjoyed a high reputation as a *maître de ballet*, and in the more feminine *rôle* of “male dancer”; and Garrick had heard from his French friends of his abilities. He accordingly opened negotiations with him, through a M. Silvain. His first offers were declined—Noverre demanding the modest sum of 350 guineas, with a free benefit, subject to no deductions. He obtained his terms, with the exception of the “no deductions” from the benefit night, which he consented to give up, as it was not the custom in England. A “*jolie danseuse*,” his sister, was also engaged on his own terms.

At last all was arranged, and Garrick having conceded everything, was told, in a tumult of grateful rapture, “that his style was delicious; that he was a divine creature;” and the male dancer, with his “decorations” and his *figurantes*, started for England. It will be guessed what a costly venture this was, and what a serious outlay had been incurred; the result was to be a truly splendid *spectacle*, which could not fail to be successful and profitable.

But there were dangers approaching, which a skilful manager—knowing the childish unreasonableness of the general public, whose servant he must be—might have foreseen. From the beginning of the year, the relations between England and France had been very critical. In the month of November, 1755, when Noverre and his grand *spectacle*, “The Chinese Festival,” was ready, the countries were actually on the eve of a war. The low prejudices of the mob were aroused against everything French, and the enemies of the manager of Drury Lane were not slow to raise the cry that there was a gang of “frog-eating” Frenchmen and French women brought over to take the bread out of the mouths of honest Englishmen.

Some days before the piece was brought out, the managers became conscious of the danger, but it was then too late. All the expense had been incurred. A temperate appeal—evidently inspired by Garrick—appeared in the papers. It stated that the contract had been signed more than a year ago, and before the disturbed relations between the countries could have been thought of. As to their being French dancers, there were no more than were usually at any of the theatres. Mr. Noverre and his sisters were Swiss, and what was more, OF A PROTESTANT FAMILY. (It is humiliating to think that the history of intolerance must be pursued, even behind the scenes.) His wife and her sisters were Germans. Of the whole corps—amounting to sixty—forty were English. This was a fair and convincing appeal; but argument with a mob is hopeless.

The night arrived—the 8th of November—suspiciously near to the great Guy Fawkes anniversary. With all these exertions, the decorations were not quite ready. Noverre, who had written a scientific work on Dancing, had exhausted himself in splendid devices—exhibiting all the popular, and perhaps inaccurate, notions of Chinese dress, music, dancing, and habits. Not content with his appeal, Garrick had, as he fancied, by a master-stroke, secured the attendance of the old King, respect for whom, he thought, would restrain the audience.

The opening piece passed off without interruption; but as soon as the curtain rose upon the “Chinese Festival,” a storm of fury broke out; all was noise, storm, and confusion in a moment. It would be neither seen nor listened to. Mr. Lacy asked what the cause of the uproar was, and went away, laughing heartily. The Babel was almost terrific; the curtain had to be let down. The question then was, what was to be done? Lacy, always prudent and discreet, was for yielding and withdrawing the piece; but Garrick, with more courage—or, as his

detractors would have said, with a careful eye to all the money he had laid out—was determined on going on. An interval of some days was allowed to elapse, and Garrick thought that by playing one of his best parts he might disarm the mob. But each night things only grew worse. It was noticed that there was an aristocratic, or French party, in the boxes—noblemen, who got all their gorgeous *bleu de Roi* suits over from the Paris tailors, and who were vehement in applauding the French dancers. On the Friday following, the King was got to come again, through the agency of the Duke of Grafton; and Garrick, who had never yet played before him, was to give one of his best parts.

The tumult went on for several nights more. At last, on the sixth, the lords and gentlemen leaped on to the stage with drawn swords—ladies caught up the enthusiasm, and pointed out delinquents. This only infuriated the mob, who now began to think of venting their fury on the theatre. The benches were torn up, the decorations dragged down, the lustres demolished, and, finally, M. Boquet's costly "machines" were all destroyed. It was proposed to fire the house, but this was happily prevented. From the stage the management had to announce that they yielded, and would play the piece no more; in return for which concession the mob repaired at once to Southampton-street, where they demolished all Garrick's windows, and did other damage. Indeed, he was apprehensive that his life was in danger, and obtained a guard of soldiery from his friends in power. Thus he learned how frail was the tenure of a player's popularity.

It is said that the whole of this riot was deliberately organized. Foote's capital stroke, in one of his farces, was founded in truth, when he described "the patriot gingerbread baker in the Borough, who would not endure three dancers from Switzerland because he hated the French." The loss reached four thousand pounds, and, after all, the piece itself was said to have been the dullest show of pantomime ever put on the stage. But this may be doubted. Garrick himself had excellent taste, and the French stage, at this time, was pre-eminent in "*décors*."

Nothing, however, could have been more spirited, and, at the same time, more temperate, than Garrick's behaviour. About ten days later, when the unlucky dancers had been sent away, a scene more dramatic than anything in the bright comedy, appointed for the night, took place. As Roscius made his *rentrée* in *Archer*, there were angry murmurs of "Pardon!" "Beg pardon!" on which he advanced slowly,

bowing, with infinite respect, and at the same time, infinite firmness. He then explained how he had been treated, wantonly and malignantly—by individuals, both as respected his property and his character. He gratefully acknowledged all the favours that had been heaped on him during his career; but declared that, unless he was that night permitted to perform his duty to the best of his ability—he was above want, and superior to insult—he would never appear on the stage again. As he spoke, all murmurs died away: what he said went home to every heart. For a moment there was a pause, then a shout, prolonged for many moments, made the old rafters ring. In all the records of theatrical difficulties there is nothing to equal this victory. Murphy and Davies, his two biographers, omit all mention of this creditable scene. Yet Murphy was engaged at the theatre, and must have been actually listening, and Mrs. Davies was playing in the first piece.

At the other house, Barry, newly returned from Dublin, was declaiming with a renewed passion and sweetness that caused a fresh *furor*—this, too, with the disadvantage of having lost his tender *Juliet*, Mrs. Cibber. Instead, he played with a lady of slender gifts, but whom he had infatuated with his charms. In that fine bit of old-fashioned exaggeration, the “Rival Queens,” with *Statira* and *Roxana*, superb in their declamation, he was literally enchanting. The piece was mounted with great pomp, and superb dresses. He was the impassioned and melting lover, the furious and phrenzied warrior, by turns; his agony of remorse thrilled all hearts, and his madness was terrible. The tragedy queens, Woffington and Bellamy, had their furious jealousies behind, as well as before, the curtain; and an unseemly squabble arose between the two ladies, which Foote—acting at the same house, and in pieces with them—with his usual personality, chose to make up into a farce, for the entertainment of the town.* Presently Barry was to revive the old comparison between him and Garrick, by appearing in *King Lear*. His fine figure and melodious voice had made him so popular that this was seized on as a representation infinitely superior to Garrick’s; yet there was no competition intended by either of the players—certainly not by Garrick, who, as far as I can discover, played it only four times during the season, and not once after Barry had begun to play. This self-denial was the more praiseworthy, as the best judges admitted that he was superior;

* It was called “The Green-room Squabble.” No tie or sense of decency could restrain this wit.

and, indeed, considering Barry's special gifts in tender-lover parts and heroes, his voice, eyes, figure, and grace—four splendid advantages that would carry all before them—he would scarcely have suited the old, distraught king. He was too stately, and too tall, and in the mad scenes started and took too long and hasty strides. Garrick had all the fruits of study.* But Mr. Taylor, who saw both these famous players in this part, unhesitatingly decides for Garrick; and though his recollection was a little dim, recalled the white handkerchiefs fluttering in every box as Garrick acted; whereas, though he had a sense of Barry's fine and handsome figure, there was a general air of coldness over his reading.

This new season, also, found Mossop back again under his "envious" rival's flag. He had returned from Ireland, where Garrick had taken care to recommend him strongly to the good offices of Lord Hartington. He was, indeed, infinitely above petty resentment. This year, too, showed his surprising tact in discovering useful recruits; and his company being strengthened with a young actress from Richmond Theatre, later to be the vivacious Mrs. Abington, with Miss Pritchard, and Foote, the rivalry between the theatres was carried on with renewed spirit. He was good-natured enough to play his *Romeo* for the young *débutante's Juliet*; and, what was more indulgent still, played his *Benedick* to her untrained *Beatrice*. But though she had many fascinations, a beautiful face, that was seen bathed in tears as her mother led her on, her attraction was not enduring. On the first of November, 1756, he appeared in a new character—one that was to be always popular to the end, and which perhaps he did not think would be the one in which he should make his last bow—*Don Felix* in the gay "Wonder." He refused "Douglas"—one of the few mistakes as to speculation he made in his life, but accepted Foote's amusing "Author." The latter took care that the vic-

* As usual, an epigram or two went off, happily hitting the nice distinction between both. One was by Mr. Berenger:—

"The town has found out different ways
To praise the different Lears;
To Barry they give loud huzzas,
To Garrick—only tears."

Another was quite as happy—

"A king—nay, every inch a king,
Such as Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite a different thing,
He's every inch King Lear."

Theophilus Cibber, still writing against Garrick, sneered at the first of these, and affected to consider it came from Garrick himself.

tim he gibbeted in this piece—a friend and intimate of his own friend Delaval—should be in the boxes to see himself held up to ridicule.

Garrick was now carrying out a curious little whim—training a small dramatic class of children, whom he brought out in a little piece he wrote for them expressly. But though dramatic talent is not to be even fostered by such means, he was repaid by the experiment producing him at least one valuable actress—Miss Pope. At the same time, while his ranks were thus strengthened, those of the other house sustained a serious loss in the abrupt withdrawal of its leading actress; and on one May night, in 1757, a strange and dramatic scene was to take place at the other house. It was long remembered at Covent Garden Theatre how, when she was repeating the passage in *Rosalind's* epilogue, “If I were among you I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me,” she faltered, gave a piercing scream, and tottered to the wing. She was given over, and she lay at the point of death for many days. She lingered on two or three years. We can accept the story of her conversion to Methodism, and of her devoting the rest of her life to piety. Such might have been the case, but the embassy of “Colonel Cæsar of the Guards,” which was not long before her death, is scarcely consistent. The story of her building the almshouses at Teddington is placed to the account of the same change of life.* On her death-bed, however, she sent for Mrs. Bellamy—her old enemy—the “Rival Queen” who had dared to dress against her, and owned to her that she had once got an admirer to show Mr. Fox a letter of Mrs. Bellamy's, in the hope of injuring her with that statesman. This seemed an act of grace. To her the English stage is infinitely indebted, not merely for a legacy of fine and varied acting, but for a previous lesson of duty to herself, to the theatre, and to the public. The testimony of prompters and managers to this loyalty are extraordinary. She often played six nights in the week, and never was known to have those “occasional illnesses which I have seen,” says one who knew her well,† “assumed by capital performers, to the great vexation and loss of the manager, and disappointment of the public.” “She never,” says a Dublin stage-manager, “disappointed one audience in three winters either by real or affected illness; and yet *I have often seen her*

* Mr. J. W. Cole, who investigated this point, discovered that the almshouses were built a century before. A new one was added more than twenty years after her death.

† Hitchcock.

on the stage when she ought to have been in her bed." "To her honour," says another friend, "be it ever remembered, that while thus in the zenith of her glory, courted and caressed by all ranks and degrees, she made no alteration in her behaviour; *she remained the same gay, affable, obliging, good-natured Woffington to every one around her.* Not to the lowest performer in the theatre did she refuse playing for—out of twenty-six benefits she acted in twenty-four!" Two warm and graphic pictures—and a most satisfactory tribute to her merit. She had an equal concern for the dignity of the drama in her selection of characters, in which she resembled Garrick.*

She was always ready to take an inferior part in a play, when even the leading character was hers by right; and she has been known to resign *Ophelia* to play the *Queen*—to take *Lady Percy* instead of *Lady Anne*—and carry out the same principle in many other pieces, to suit the interest of the play, or convenience of the manager. This principle obtains on the French stage, where the interest of the piece appears to be considered the first object; but it may seem old-fashioned to the English players of our time.

Thus the old romance had ended, and that short career—not twenty years in length—was stopped. But decay had already set in—the old charms had already begun to lose their spell—the fine face had been worn by sudden and mysterious strokes of sickness—the voice was growing more shrill—and her admirers had fallen away. These were warnings that a life of racket and dissipation could not go on.

Garrick must have heard of this tragic finale to his old love's career with regret;† and we know that when the sick and broken creature was lingering on at Teddington, for a couple of years more, he showed his old regard by an act of true kindness. Over her grave in Teddington churchyard

* Her *répertoire* included such varied characters as *Ophelia*, *Lady Brute*, *Rosalind*, *Helena*, *Mrs. Sullen*, *Lady Betty Modish*, *Cordelia*, *Lady Anne*, *Mrs. Ford*, *Lady Townly*, *Portia*, *Belinda*, *Maria*, *Viola*, *Isabella*, *Jane Shore*, *The Lady* in "*Comus*," *Desdemona*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Estifania*, *Constance*, *Violante*—characters all of the "first force" and most refined class.

† I have discovered among the Dublin Patent Rolls a list of "converts," who made a formal adhesion to the Established Church of the country, and her name is among the number: "filed at Tholsel, January 22, 1756," barely a year before, while she was squabbling with Mrs. Bellamy. This proves the truth of the story, so often told, of her conforming to obtain a legacy from old Owen Swiney. A creature of her life was not likely to adopt or abandon any religion from principle; and she had, in fact, long before given up the faith she had been born in. I find, in Chetwood's little book, a prologue spoken by her in the invasion times of 1745, in the most violent "anti-Popish" strain.

may be now read a conventional inscription. We might almost prefer the simple praise of the warm and humble friend, "she remained the same gay, affable, obliging, good-natured Woffington!"

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE MANAGER.

CHAPTER I.

TATE WILKINSON—THE COUNTRY TOWN THEATRE—THE
MIMICS.—1757-58.

THE new season of 1757-8 had little that was noteworthy in its theatrical management, save that the manager appeared in the new character of *Biron*, with great success—in a poor piece of Home's, called "Agis"; and also in a lively and humorous farce of Murphy's, "The Upholsterer," which, with a little alteration, would, even now, bear revival. Some of those old farces are more properly comediettas, and their humour was the humour of character, not of impossible situation and grotesque mannerism. Shirley's "Gamesters" and "Henry IV." furnished the manager with the new characters of *Wilding* and the *King*.

At the end of the season he lost Woodward—an admirable comedian—but the loss was in some sense lessened by the addition to his troop of the graceful and gentlemanly O'Brien. Woodward's desertion was attended with a display of greed quite characteristic. He was well worked, but he had the largest salary ever given to a comic player, with an *extra* benefit for his Harlequin labours. He was not content, and wished to tie the managers down to the strange agreement, that they should in future give him as much as they should ever give to any performer. Garrick could not agree to this; and Woodward went away to Dublin, to lose all his savings in a most disastrous speculation, to return penniless, and, with true meanness, try and ingratiate himself with a London audience by abuse of the people whom he had left. To them he had the hardihood to return later, but was hooted from the boards, and not allowed a hearing. The stage, certainly, if it contributes a handsome chapter to the history of human folly and

meanness, can also illustrate the truth that honour and manliness are the best policy in the world.* Garrick in the next season, 1758, took up the character of *Marplot*, in which he hoped to eclipse the recollection of the deserter Woodward. But his fine face was thought not to be vacant enough. Rather when a character has been long in possession of a performer it becomes identified with *his* face.

Garrick, unhappily destined to see more of the ungracious side of human nature than any other person, was now to encounter Dr. Hill in the new and strange shape of a farce writer—a piece called “The Rout,” which was put into his hands to be played for an hospital.† He was perhaps afraid that it would not be received well by Garrick; or the public if he gave his real name, and it was announced as being from the pen of “a person of quality.” Everything about this queer adventurer was to be in character. In a few days he threw off his disguise, and demanded a benefit. Garrick would have readily gratified him, but when the audience discovered the author they would not endure his play. Garrick paid dearly for his weakness, and found this gad-fly stinging him in all the newspapers, attacking him with verses and doggerel. He held up Garrick’s pronunciation in “A Petition for the Letter I,” which he said was quite neglected by the actor; and who, like Kemble later, was turning “virtue” and “fiercely,” into “vurtue,” and “fersely.” There must have been some truth in this charge, as Garrick was nettled into a sort of retort, which had some wit, or, at least, smartness; and in which he hoped “that *I* might be never taken for *U*.”‡

During the season the audience were entertained with a fine *spectacle*, and their favourite as *Antony*—in Shakspeare’s play—but here again he failed, wanting height and dignity for the part. Another new piece was the quarrelsome Murphy’s “Orphan of China,” which at last came before the public,

* Foote, though taking Garrick’s pay, seems to have had some share in stirring up Woodward to this “strike.” In the half-bantering way, with one of those “good things” in which he tried to mask his ill-nature, he told him he was made a “common hackney of,” and in consequence of the ground gone over in his Harlequin feat, &c., was entitled to be paid by either time or distance.

† At this time we find the Duke of Devonshire making him a loan of £500, and offering him as much more in generous, cordial terms.

‡ More bitter was this thrust at the doctor’s quack medicines:—

“Thou essence of dock, valerian, and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of this age;
The worst we can wish thee for all thy damn’d crimes,
Is to take thy own physic, and read thy own rhyme.”

after many secret vicissitudes, to be related presently. By this time he had "made money," and was ready to advance a substantial sum to his friend Lord Hartington, then Irish secretary, to pay off a mortgage. That nobleman continued very friendly to him, though at Burlington House the strange caprices of "My Lady," and the curious confusion that seemed to reign in her household, made harmony not a little difficult. Lately there had been a quarrel, now everything was happily made up.

At Southampton Street, with his charming wife, whose advice in all matters, even in points concerning his theatre, was becoming invaluable and necessary to him, he found comfort and relaxation. Once inside that house he seemed to lay down all anxieties.

On one morning a letter was brought in at Southampton Street, introducing a young man who wished to go on the stage. Garrick received him kindly, listened to his declamation, which was poor enough, and comforted the aspirant by telling him that his shyness was a very good sign of success. This young fellow had hung about the green-room at Covent Garden, and for all this shyness, was a pert, forward, impudent *gamin*, whose precocious talents of mimicry had been overpraised by friends. He offered to "take off" some of the well-known actors to show the manager his gifts. "Nay, now," said Mr. Garrick, in his peculiar mixture of hesitation and repetition, which made his talk a favourite subject of imitation, "Nay, now, sir, you must take care of this, for I used to call myself the first at this business—" But the young fellow knew the manager's weak place. He began, leading off with Foote. The likeness amused the manager immensely, and the performance was repeated. "Hey, now! now—what—all," went on

Really witty was a second attack that appeared in a few days:—

"Their wish must be in form reversed,
To suit the doctor's crimes;
For if he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhymes."*

* I find among Garrick's papers the first draft of one of these epigrams, which is very poor indeed—

"Your own receipe take, try the force of its juice,
And by that we shall judge of its merit and use."

Garrick had a final cast in a very happy shaft which transfixed the quack doctor, and silenced him—

"For farces and physic his equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic: his physic a farce is."

For its point, brevity, and Hudibrastic turn, its severity, and, at the same time, comic aim, this epigram deserves a very high place.

Mr. Garrick. "How—really this—this—is—why, well, well, well, do call on me on Monday, and you may depend on my doing all I can for you." This broken style of speech was Mr. Garrick's characteristic when addressing his inferiors, and was, in fact, his *managerial* manner, and may have been found very useful in helping him to a sort of vague generality, without committing him to any positive declaration. It was not a bad auxiliary for one who was asked for so much, and had to refuse so much.

On the Monday the youth came again, and was welcomed warmly. He was told that inquiries had been made about his widowed mother, and that he was to be put on the books at thirty shillings a week—a fortune indeed. The youth's name was Tate Wilkinson, who has left behind a very curious history of himself and other players, which is a mass of truth, falsehood, and blunders; a mass, too, of meanness, vanity, and egotism.

This indulgence to young Wilkinson, as well as all Garrick's subsequent kindness, was not, as he insinuates it was, from delight at Mr. Foote being caricatured, but may be much more naturally explained. Wilkinson's father had been rector of the Savoy chapel, where he had been in the habit of performing marriages, in defiance of a severe marriage law recently passed. Vernon, an actor of Garrick's company, had been married in this fashion to a Miss Poitier, and the manager, always anxious that order and decency should characterise everything belonging to his theatre, sent for the culprits. He was assured they were married, the certificate was produced, and then it was discovered it had been performed in this illegal way, by one Grierson, the deputy of Wilkinson. George Garrick had married the daughter of Mr. Carrington, a King's messenger at Somerset House, and at his instigation the law was put in force, the unfortunate clergyman tried, and sentenced to transportation. He died on shipboard from the shock and disgrace, and there can be little doubt that Garrick was anxious to do all he could for the son of the man on whom he had so indirectly brought such misfortunes.

"I'm on the wing, young gentleman," went on Mr. Garrick, "and have to be at Hampton to dinner, so my time is short;" and then begged of him to repeat his imitations. When he got to Barry and Woffington in "Macbeth," Mr. Garrick was highly amused, and laughed heartily; but when Wilkinson stopped, a concealed laugh was heard, and a green double door opening, revealed the charming Mrs. Garrick, who had been placed there by her husband to listen—"a most elegant lady," she seemed

to him—who apologised with true foreign grace, owning that when he came to Woffington she could not restrain herself. Here, perhaps, was the true woman's triumph over a rival. There was a tempting vision of a little breakfast parlour beyond, whence they had both come in.*

Wilkinson's behaviour to his kind patron was of a piece all through. A small part had been sent to him in "*Coriolanus*," and he actually thought he had annoyed the manager by taking it, but he had determined to make it a means of exhibiting his own detestable out-of-place mimicry of Barry. No doubt he could not keep this design to himself; for at rehearsal, as soon as the manager's eyes fell upon him, he broke out into his usual odd interjections—"Why hey, now—what hey, a—I think now that you—why—*why*, Cross—how now—here you—you have sent this part to this lad; I must not trust him with this *Volscius*. You know I must have some steady person to depend on—Packer, now, hey, Packer—for if Wilkinson does it, he will be at some of his d——d tricks, or be taking off, or some d——d this or other. *Do*, Cross, take the part from him, and we will get him something else." The company, always obsequious to a manager, and always enjoying each other's mortifications, laughed and smiled; and Mr. Garrick turned to them, laughing too. "Did you ever see now such an *exotic*? Why, he would have destroyed my whole play, and be d——d to him."

The manager passed over much petulance, and even insolence, for the youth was scarcely nineteen. He good-naturedly allowed him to go on strolling tours; and to one of these we owe a charming little picture, which, as it shows Garrick in a very engaging and pleasant view, I shall be pardoned for dwelling on.

It was the day of strolling companies. England was divided in theatrical "circuits," which the country managers went regularly, like the gentlemen of the law. Engaged on one of these, Wilkinson had found his way down to Portsmouth. His picture of the place is very graphic, full of drumming and drilling, with the fleet lying out in the roads, and "the gallant Rodney" on shore. It was all drawbridges and lines, and military gates and posts, where the visitor was stopped and questioned. Officers of the navy and army filled the streets. The little theatre of the place was sure to have support from such a constituency.

One night, when he was playing *Hamlet*, and *Moody Grave-*

* I often pass the house in Southampton Street, and can see the handsomely carved doorway, and panels of the room in which this lively incident occurred.

digger, the manager plucked him by the sleeve, and whispered hurriedly, "Take care, for Mr. Garrick is in the pit!" We may conceive the sensation behind the scenes; every one thinking that the eye of "the London Manager" was on him or her. Next morning came a message from the Fountain Tavern, with Mr. Garrick's compliments to Mr. Wilkinson—would he come and breakfast with him? Surprised and overjoyed, the actor hurried away, and was greeted heartily at the Fountain Tavern by his old manager. Nothing could have been more charming, or even engaging, than Garrick's behaviour. He was out, he told the other, on a little holiday, staying with a Dr. Garney, out at Wickham, some eight miles off—an old friend to whom this visit had been promised for years. Mrs. Garrick was there also; and Mr. Garrick said he had been charged by her and the doctor to make Mr. Wilkinson fix his own day, and come out to them. "A visit," added Mr. Garrick, kindly, "which we shall all return." After breakfast they went out to see the town, Mr. Garrick actually leaning on Mr. Wilkinson's arm—"an honour I dreamed not of." They walked on the ramparts, saw the dockyards, and all the time Mr. Garrick was asking about his young friend's prospects, and how he was doing, and congratulated him on being such a favourite. Indeed, it needs not Wilkinson to tell us that, "Whenever Mr. Garrick chose to throw off dignity and acting, and was not surrounded by business to perplex him, he had it in his power to render himself a most pleasing, improving, and delightful companion." He was in such good spirits that at lunch-time he had a bottle of hock made into a cool tankard "for luck."

On the appointed day, Wilkinson drove out in a post-chaise to Dr. Garney, dressed in gold lace, like a gentleman. He was received by Garrick, as he says, "as his son." The doctor and his wife were "good" people, and made him welcome. So, also, did Mrs. Garrick. "She was, in truth, a most elegant woman; grace was in her step." Garrick showed him the place, which was charming—"a little paradise"—with exquisite views, gardens, conservatories, and a lofty observatory built by the doctor himself. He "ran and skipped like a lad of twenty." He delighted Wilkinson by complimenting him on his dress, merely objecting to the buckles, which were large for the *mode*, and rather too like a sailor's. The actor's heart was rejoiced at being treated "like a man of fashion" at dinner. Garrick spoke of the benefit night, and, turning to the doctor and his lady, said that he would take it as an obligation to himself if they would give their patronage to his friend, Mr.

Wilkinson. At ten o'clock, after a pleasant game on the bowling-green, Mr. Garrick saw him out to his chaise, gave him some parts to study, and said he hoped there would be no impropriety in fixing a bespeak for Friday; "and we desire, Wilkinson, you will fix on a favourite character, and do your best for the credit of both; and, d——n it, Tate, Mrs. Garrick expects you will have a dish of tea ready after her jaunt, by way of relaxation" (this was an allusion to a Monologue); "and if you disappoint us, Doctor and Mrs. Garney and all the party will be very angry, so take care." Thus ended a very happy day for the young actor.

We may conceive the sensation Wilkinson's news produced in the company. But he was not to have the lion's share, as he had fondly hoped. There was a sort of *émeute*, each actor being eager to have his favourite and most conspicuous part, so as to catch the eye of the London manager. Mr. White, the *jeune premier*, very dirty and unshaven about his face, and fond of morning gin, asked, with bitter contempt, "Who is Mr. Ga-ick? Mr. Ga-ick has no command over the Portsmouth company. I think Mr. Ga-ick cannot be displeased with my *Macheath*, though I want no favour from Mr. Ga-ick." All combined against Wilkinson's monopoly, and the "Beggars' Opera" was fixed on, as giving a fair chance to all. Wilkinson might indeed have his Monologue, and a short leading part, as it was for his benefit.

All the genteel people of the neighbourhood, hearing of the "bespeak," and that Mr. and Mrs. Garrick were coming in, crowded to the little box-office; and when Friday night came round there was really a crammed house. The "Beggars' Opera" began, but the great party had not come. The first act went by, the second began; and then actors and audience began to grow dissatisfied, thinking they had been brought there under a pretence. In particular, Mr. White was scornful and angry, some of the best bits of his *Macheath* having been played through. But towards the end of the act the party from Wickham entered, and took their places—the eyes of the whole house on them. It was noticed that Mr. and Mrs. Garrick and party paid the closest attention, and applauded heartily. We may be sure that night was long remembered at the Portsmouth little theatre; and it seems a fresh picture, and its primitiveness and rustic character, coming after the London worldliness, must have been enjoyed by Garrick himself.

After the play, there was supper at the Rainbow Tavern, at which various local persons of distinction came in, and paid

their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. Before them all, Mrs. Garrick delicately and kindly thanked Wilkinson for his performance. At some time past midnight she retired, having to sleep at the house of one of Dr. Garney's friends, these good people "not hearing" of her staying at a tavern. Mr. Garrick, who, says Wilkinson, "never failed in attention to his lady," would not suffer her to go with the servant, and wrapping himself up in a handsome sea-captain's cloak which belonged to Mr. Wilkinson, attended her up the street. When he returned he said he was quite pleased with his walk, as it had made him acquainted with Mr. Wilkinson's snug *roquelaure*, which he thought would be exactly the sort of thing for him during the winter months between Southampton Street and the theatre, and save him many a sedan-chair journey. He therefore commissioned Tate to get him one in Portsmouth, and bring it up to London. It was a very pleasant night. They sat till past three. Great consideration and homage was paid to the illustrious guest, who never appeared in so pleasant a light. The whole of this scene does, indeed, exhibit him to the greatest advantage—the guest of the good, honest Garneys, his old friends — free, unrestrained, not "stuck up," and full of an engaging *bonhomie*. Such treatment, at least, should have laid the young actor under fast obligation.

This season also saw the entry of another good actor upon Garrick's boards. Foote now found it his interest to ask for an engagement, which was as cheerfully accorded as it was asked; and in one of his brisk, lively lampoons, "The Author," "took off," with extraordinary success, an unfortunate Welsh gentleman, Mr. Apreece. This victim had at last found out that the whole town were laughing at him, and now applied for redress to the author and actor, with whom it being, as Davies says, a question of money, there was to be no room for humanity. He then came to Garrick, and though he mixed his complaints with some bluster, was received with good-nature, good sense, true sympathy, and perhaps a little pleasant humour, and was sent away comforted, with a useful piece of advice.* That advice he followed, and with the best results. Garrick told him that he was merely a sharer in the venture, that Foote and Lacy had a voice in the matter, and bade him, therefore, apply to the Duke of Devonshire, the Chamberlain. He did so, and succeeded.

* Apreece even talked of challenging Foote, which only provoked a laugh from Garrick. "My dear sir," he said, "he would shoot you through the guts before you had time to suck two oysters off your wrist."

The unhappy gentleman and his lady, indeed, could not walk the streets without being publicly addressed as "Here's Dicky!" or "Here's Becky!" On the very day of a benefit, when Wilkinson and Foote were on the Drury Lane stage, busy rehearsing "Mrs. O'Shocknesy," a new personality, arrived the Lord Chamberlain's order peremptorily forbidding the piece. It was too late to appeal, and nothing could be done. To the small mimic it was only the deprivation of a short burst of buffoonery; but the greater one was quite overcome. He stood there, shocked, pale, and dejected at being thus restrained from exhibiting his victim. Even Mrs. Clive, who had been jeering him on the idea of his playing *Shylock*, almost sobbed over the blow that had overtaken "her dear Foote," and poured out execrations on the tyrant Chamberlain. But there was no remedy, and another piece was substituted.

With Tate Wilkinson's aid, we have an excellent picture of Drury Lane at a morning rehearsal. We can see the actors all gathered in a group in the cold *demi-jour* of the stage, and laughing heartily at the rough and droll Mr. Foote, who is "rattling" away, saying the best—that is, the most personal—things that come into his head. He might be even criticizing the manager, whose acting he always affected to pooh-pooh. "Yes, the hound had a something clever, but no part of his could be put beside old Cibber's *Sir John Brute* or *Lord Foppington*." From Foote came half the stories about Garrick's "stinginess," which he did not scruple to tell before Garrick himself. At the end of a rehearsal he suddenly looks at his watch—"Bless me! how we have been laughing away our time, it is past three o'clock. Have you and Mrs. Garrick enough for a third without infringing on your servants, for I know they are on board wages. Besides, the kitchen fire may be out, if *this be one of your cold meat days*, or one of Mrs. Garrick's fast days." This was considered rare wit, and made the actors laugh; and Mr. Garrick, always sensitive and even timid before such attacks, could only laugh himself, a little ruefully. He still would come up with a smile and a manager's complacency to join, as Wilkinson says, with an easy *affected* affability and equality, which is quite intelligible, and would enjoy and approve with the rest. Foote's quick wit and penetration soon told him that Garrick shrank from his strokes as from an east wind. He worked on these fears, and knew that Garrick would be miserable if he was included in the list of Dodds, Melcombes, Faulkeners, Apreeces, Langfords, whom he had taken off. "I know his mean soul so perfectly," Foote would say to his pupil, "that if I tell him

with a grave face I have his figure made and dressed up in my closet, he will do anything for me." With all this, Garrick's enemy owns that he often lent large sums of money to Foote when he was in sore straits—services which the latter, in his rough off-hand way, always imputed to the "dirty little hound's" fears of him.

Foote's new plan was to give an entertainment, "The Diversions of the Morning," which had had enormous success in Dublin, and the point of which lay in absurd imitations of the various actors at the other house. This part of the show was Wilkinson's, who appeared as Foote's pupil; but as Foote was the leading spirit of the whole, I have no doubt that, to Garrick, these imitations were glossed over, or kept in the background. Wilkinson's mimicry of Woffington's shrill voice had made the Dublin audience scream with laughter, and it was hoped, would have the same effect here.

The now broken actress heard of this scheme of Foote and his pupil. She knew how successfully her tones had been taken off for the Irish galleries. The famous Toast had long been "protected," to use the gentle phrase of the day, by a "Colonel Cæsar, of the Guards," and this officer now came to wait on Mr. Garrick, to protest against any mimicry, adding he should be obliged to hold Mr. Garrick responsible as a gentleman and a man of honour. It must not be fancied that there was any chivalry in this championship. She had promised to leave him all her fortune—a promise that was not kept—and the colonel was keeping jealous watch lest she changed her disposition. But there was no need so to appeal to Garrick. Garrick at once sent for Foote, told him plainly his honour was engaged, and that there must be no approach to "taking off" Mrs. Woffington, an interdict received ruefully enough. The performance went off with great success. Barry, Sheridan, and the obscurer Sparks, who belonged to the other house, were all "taken off," instead, to the great satisfaction of the audience. The whole was new. Foote's admirable versatility would carry anything through, and it was announced for the next night.

Next morning came news that the actors at the other theatre were furious; that Sparks had taken to his bed from vexation and mortification. Foote burst out with his rough "wit," that it must be a d——d lie, "for he had met Mrs. Sparks with two pounds of mutton chops on a skewer for her husband's dinner," a stroke that produced a roar. But in a few days the unhappy Sparks came himself, to beg humbly of the manager that he would take pity on him, and not allow his

reputation to be destroyed by this ridicule, and that he was indeed miserable. "Why now, hey, Sparks," was the reply, "why now, hey—this is so strange now, hey—a—why Wilkinson, and be d——d to him, they tell me he takes me, and he takes Foote off, so you see you are in very good company."

Garrick went down to his theatre at noon, walked up and down with great state, and then sent for the smaller mimic. He came, full of pride and glee, thinking of compliments and rewards; but the manager addressed him sternly:—"Now—hey—now why will you take such liberties with gentlemen? You never consulted me, or told me you were going to *take off* people, as you call it. Hey—why now—I never take such liberties myself. Indeed I once did it, but I gave up such impudence. You and Foote think you are the managers of this theatre. But to convince you to the contrary—and be d——d to you*—I here order you, before them gentlemen, to give up the practice; and if you dare to disobey my orders, I will fine you in the full penalty of your article." The actors standing around enjoyed this rebuke; for they disliked the companion whose trade flourished by ridiculing their order. He stood there filled with mortification. Mrs. Clive swept by him and said, in her most flippant waiting-maid manner—"Fie, young man, fie! *She* indeed took off actors, but it was only squalling Italian devils like the Mingotti, who came over to take the bread out of our mouths." Mossop then stalked up to him—the true tragedian—"erect with military plan"—"his gills all swelling; eyes disdainful, and hand upon his sword, and breathing hard. 'Mr. Wilkinson! (phew!) sir-r. Mr. Wilkinson, sir, I say—how dare you (phew!) make free in a public theatre, or even in a private party, with your superiors? If you were to take such a liberty with me, *sir*, I would draw my sword, *sir*, and run you through the body. *You should not live, sir!*'"[†] He then swept away magnificently. This is indeed an amusing scene. When he was gone Garrick could not restrain his laughter, in the midst of which Foote entered quickly, humming a French song. "Hallo," he called out, "all got together, as if the last act on!" He was all in a bustle; wanted to fix plays with the manager, from whose house he had just come. But Garrick put on an air of "much serious consequence," and told

* This was a playful use of the expression, to which Mr. Garrick was very partial.

† Wilkinson was a very excellent mimic, and had a very good memory; so these portraits of Mossop's and Garrick's manner may be taken as perfectly faithful. They are exceedingly good and graphic.

him how things stood, and that there must be no more "taking off" of actors. Foote said nothing, and accepted this command. "If, indeed, now," said Mr. Garrick, "if Wilkinson could have taken me off—as Mrs. Garrick says—as to that, now, I should have liked it vastly, *and so would Mrs. Garrick—*"

He had often said jokingly to the mimic, "Hey, now, what would you make of me?" To which the other would obsequiously reply that he never could form any likeness whatever, for his manner and tones were so natural, and his voice "so melodious, that any imitation was impossible." This sort of flattery was the ordinary food served up to the manager by his company; and, indeed, he could not think it flattery, for it was only what he read in the papers every day, and what he heard from every mouth.

On the same night, when the audience found they were to be deprived of their "imitations," a sort of confusion arose, with loud cries and shouting. Mr. Garrick had the "lights lowered" to show that the play was over, and very indignantly accused Wilkinson of having employed persons to get up this riot. It indeed looked suspicious. Foote had to go out and pacify them. He explained the matter, and the reason of the omission, which was to avoid giving pain to certain performers—an explanation that was received with open marks of contempt. He then added, with a malice and love of mischief quite in keeping with what we know of his character, that *he believed* Mr. Wilkinson was at full liberty to exercise his talents on Mr. Garrick's peculiarities—and certainly on *his* (Mr. Foote's)—if that could give them any entertainment. This was a true specimen of his humour, and he no doubt often chuckled over it, and told it as a "good thing." The audience were not slow to take the hint. The cry was for Wilkinson, who was in the green-room. The unsuspecting Garrick pushed him on. "Hey, why, now," he said, "as they insist, I do not see that I am to run the risk of a riot in my theatre to please Sparks and the rest of them. Why, if they are not satisfied with your taking off Mr. Foote as a dish, why it is a pity you could not give me. But that, you say, is not possible with success; so, why, now, make haste, and so as you have begun your d——d 'taking off,' why, go on with it, and do not in future plague me with your tricks." The exotic was pushed on, began his performance, gave Foote, and was for retiring, when the house demanded more; and then, quite overset by this encouragement, he proceeded to give Mr. Garrick in three specimens: from *Lear*, where he raged; from *Biron*, where he was pathetic;

and from *Hamlet*, where he was distraught. This was an unworthy trick, for it was turning the manager into ridicule in his own theatre, and before his own audience. After this, the young fellow complained bitterly that he received no bonus from either Garrick or Mr. Foote for all his labours.*

As might be expected, a quarrel broke out between the smaller and the greater mimics. In Dublin they used to meet in Trinity College gardens, surrounded by friends and admirers, and snort defiance as they passed. His pupil, on his return, repaired to Mr. Garrick, and made a demand for salary for the week or two he had been in London. Mr. Garrick was rather angry at the boldness of this request, after all his indulgence. Wilkinson then took another tone, and "boldly told him" he would make him accountable for the loss of salary and benefit, which he would charge at £200, to say nothing of the breach of article, and they would see what a Court of Justice would say to the matter! On this Garrick foolishly gave way. In truth, they all knew his weak places, and how to work upon them; and this Wilkinson, one of those who tried him most sorely, said, "There was no one like Murphy for calm and leisurely harassing of the manager. That gentleman," he added, forcibly, "*could tease his soul and gall his gizzard whenever he pleased, or judged himself wronged.*"

* Here was a specimen of the class of stories that circulated in the green-rooms about Mr. Garrick's meanness and "stinginess." A bottle of wine was brought out in the middle of the day at Southampton Street. After the *second* glass Mr. Wilkinson was asked if he would have more, while at the same moment the cork was carefully replaced in the bottle. Yet, when the retailer of this story was a short time after setting out for Dublin by the coach at midnight, he was to experience the good-nature of his patron. He found that he had packed up all his money with his clothes, and with this rather lame excuse posted off to Southampton Street. He found Mr. Garrick in his night-cap, who received him good-naturedly. The youth's modest request was that the manager would lend him fifteen guineas, to save him the trouble of unpacking his trunk. Mr. Garrick said he was heartily welcome, and made it twenty. Wilkinson says, "I do believe I was here welcome to the sum in the humour he then was, even had he never received it again. . . . And I dare aver, with sincerity, he at times did generous actions."

CHAPTER II.

ARTHUR MURPHY.—1759.

THE speech quoted at the end of the last chapter may fairly usher in Mr. Arthur Murphy, that clever, epicurean, versatile, Irish “man of parts”—and adventurer, as he might, in its more honourable sense, be styled. With no other capital than good-humoured manners, ready wit and speech, a certain quickness and “handiness” in doing what they undertook, and often a brilliancy that made them welcome as “good company,” many clever Irishmen came to London to seek their fortune. Their position was doubtful—they were alone in a strange land, and their success was resented by those to whom they were superior in ability, but inferior in station. This often produced a sensitiveness, and a constant suspicion as of something *meant* as an offence, which in part explains the singular behaviour of Arthur Murphy, who was, perhaps, the best illustration of the class.

A kind of “Bohemian,” he was to be a player, a barrister, and a hack writer for the booksellers; to live freely, and not very decorously; to jumble together circuit and the green-room, the bar and the stage; to write “opinions” and successful plays. Almost within a few weeks he had appeared on the stage at Drury Lane, and on the no less dramatic boards of Westminster Hall. Yet with this curious unsteadiness he ended respectably, and was offered legal office three times. His sudden fits of anger, and repentance as sudden; his “ending their friendship,” and renewing it again; his sulks, petulance, and self-humiliation, make up a strange spectacle. He harassed Garrick almost to the day of his death, yet had praised him lavishly in his “Gray’s Inn Journal.” For every service rendered to Garrick during his lifetime a very handsome reward seemed to be expected; and, it must be said, no man ever lay a shorter time under an obligation. When the journal stopped, and the Irish youth was in debt, he set himself to write a farce, which Mr. Garrick at once agreed to perform. Prior engagements, however, made him fix the beginning of the new season for bringing it out. The cause of offence is almost amusing, on account of the far-fetched sensitiveness it betrays. It hurt his vanity, Murphy said, that any one should know he had given the manager a piece which he did not think proper to produce.

As an actor he showed his sensitiveness quite as much as when an author. He was treated, he thought, with "indignity." But it was when he set himself to write a tragedy—or rather, to adapt a play of Voltaire's from the French—that his extraordinary disposition showed itself. It is curious to think that this poor performance should have let loose a tide of the stormiest and meanest passions of fury, envy, suspicion, hatred, scurrility.

In his "Life," Murphy affects to give a calm, cool account of the quarrel attending this "Orphan of China;" but, it must be said, not an ingenuous one. In 1756, and not two years later, when Murphy makes the transaction begin, Murphy had three acts of his play ready. A meeting was appointed at Berenger's, Garrick's friend, and it was there read. Murphy thought Mr. Garrick wished "to crush his labours in the bud." He burst into a fury, and poured out all that he had on his mind, with great heat and violence. A friend showed him there was no ground for such absurd suspicions, and got him to write an apologetic letter, owning the mistake, acknowledging he was "quick to err," proud of Mr. Garrick's acquaintance, and hoping that he would act the "Orphan" at his own time and pleasure. In the interval, the angry author had demanded back his play, and offered it to the other theatre, where it does not seem to have been welcomed heartily. Garrick, in his answer, said that this step was an utter bar to his receiving back a play that had been thus withdrawn from him.

Stung to fury by this rejection, Murphy sat down, and, only a few hours after the first penitent letter had arrived, Garrick was amazed at receiving another couched in such offensive and outrageous terms that the writer wrote to withdraw it, and long after made it a condition of reconciliation that it should be given up. In this he threatened revenge and attacks in the papers. Garrick, wounded, wrote back that the friendship so warmly desired, and which he so freely gave, he now as willingly took back, with an assurance that it should never incommode him again.

Time passed away. Once, when Garrick was dining at Holland House, Walpole and Fox repeated lines out of the play, to Garrick's utter surprise. He at last said—"I perceive you have been reading what I have been reading?" "Yes," said the other, "and we have been admiring what we are sure you admire." An opinion from such a quarter was enough to throw Garrick into one of his weak fits of indecision. Perhaps he had made a mistake. A few days later he wrote to

beg that the play might be sent to him for re-consideration, saying that "in his hurry he might have passed an erroneous judgment." The result was that in a week's time he sent it back, with a very polite note, to the effect that he was prepared to act it early in the following year.

Murphy's family was in great straits. His brother was going out to Jamaica. His mother was a charge on him; thus, so far as his struggles went, he was entitled to some sympathy. On this renewal of intercourse he had a farce by him, "The Upholsterer," which he began to press upon Garrick, but who was afraid to touch it from its political tone. He soon, however, found out the meaning of this eagerness—the outfit of the brother, &c.; and this "stingy" man, who, for his thrift and nearness was the butt of a hundred jesters, from Foote downwards, sent a private offer, and "such an offer" as covered Murphy "with confusion." Garrick sent him a supply of money; more, too, should be forthcoming when wanted. "All I desire in return is that you will not make any speeches on the occasion. *Your letter has said too much*, and all I shall say is that I am happy it is in my power to convince you *how much* I am yours.—D. G." These were coals of fire. Garrick's kindness brought out the raptures, which pecuniary gratitude, the most obstreperous of all *effusions* of the heart, could prompt. "You are determined to overwhelm me with civility and friendship. . . . Mr. Garrick's head and heart would be of use to any man in England, and to me the offer is an honour."

He should have recollected these transports only a few weeks later, when, in exultation at the success of his farce, he began again to press his "Orphan" on the manager. In nothing is a manager so helpless as in the matter of date and time for his production of plays. He now affected to believe that there had been an engagement to bring out his play *at once*, and on discovering that this could not be done, all his professed gratitude disappeared. He burst into an aggrieved letter. He was sorry Mr. Garrick did not think proper to explain himself. He looked on the question as "highly unlucky, nice, delicate, and only likely if agitated any more to furnish matter to the talking world;" (one of Murphy's favourite threats to his patron was to publish all their letters, and see what the "talking world" would say then). He wished to put an end to "wrangling," and "to pursue his studies in peace;" and with this view proposed that the piece should stand third after two other new ones, and be produced next season or the season after, in its turn. In October, 1758,

Garrick sent for it once more, understanding that it was at last completed. Even then, though writing with obsequiousness, Murphy adds a postscript almost offensive — “that whatever was to be said, *he hoped* it would not reach him through the channel of a *little, mean, paltry Irish tale-bearer*.”

The result was that, after a fortnight's consideration, the manager returned it—not with “a peremptory declaration” that it was inadmissible, as Murphy says, but with an offer to see him and explain what he found fault with, or take the trouble of writing it down. Murphy wrote back to demand reasons in writing, saying, sneeringly, that a personal interview only led to “conversation wit,” and it would be highly desirable to know Mr. Garrick's opinion, as Murphy's own opinion was backed by persons whose understandings *are* not thought inconsiderable. The reasons were sent; and then he took a new tone, and told Garrick plainly, that being in possession of his promise, “he would not be trampled on by any man whatever.” He obtained a meeting at Vaillant's, which his suspicious soul imagined was the result of successful intimidation. A very angry discussion ensued; but, as usual, Garrick gave way, and himself proposed to refer the matter to Murphy's own friend, Whitehead. He concluded—“As I have really no time, health, or inclination to continue these illiberal wranglings, I hope you will excuse me if I am silent henceforth.” He might well allude to “an unkind return for the best wishes and the best offices in my power.” Murphy again retorts, threatens “publication;” argues about the criticisms on his play, adding a sneer about “you who *rung a bell among the Turks*” (alluding to the blunder in “Barbarossa”), and concludes with—“Whenever you are called upon, I am sorry Mr. Murphy cannot appear in your defence; truth and his own feelings for very indelicate treatment, have, I am afraid, retained him on the other side.”

Whitehead's decision soon arrived from Bath. He had professed merely to say whether he himself approved of it; now he went further, and declared he thought the public would also approve. But he proposed many alterations. Garrick at once loyally gave way, and took up the piece with ardour. But he wished the play to be put off for a month, saying if it were not, he could not do the leading character. This was a fresh grievance. “You had an opportunity, by acting genteelly on this occasion, of making me blush for some things that have happened; *but revenge perhaps is more agreeable*.” The part was then given to Mossop. Garrick then offered, with unruffled temper, if there was a delay of, say a

fortnight, to undertake the part still; and this arrangement was grudgingly accepted.

On the 25th of February, 1759, the long battled-for "Orphan of China" was brought out with all splendour. Boquet's scenery for the unlucky "Chinese Festival" could now be utilized without offence; and to add to these attractions, Garrick surpassed himself. Mrs. Yates was magnificent. From that night her reputation was made. Fitzherbert had made up a special dinner party for the author, on the day of performance, at the Rose Tavern, close to the theatre. It included Hogarth, Foote, Delaval, and some more. The author's heart was in his mouth; and during dinner a letter was brought in from Mrs. Cibber, lamenting that she was not to play, but saying she would put up her prayers for his success. "Catholics," said the lively Foote, whom neither friend nor occasion could restrain, "always pray for *the dead*." But when success was assured, and the house ringing with applause, the same great jester came running to congratulate.

Looking back on the whole of this odd controversy, we must own that Garrick was right—right in the logic as well as in the calmness and moderation of his conduct. It furnishes an illustration of his curious character. He showed an indecision and want of firmness—more developed, when he discovered that the other was magnifying the matter into a serious business. From his good-natured deference to every one's advice, and his morbid uneasiness at what he heard, he often in small matters found his judgment change with the hour. This was one of his infirmities. But it must be recollected that many a noble nature would have considered the game scarcely worth the candle, and would have preferred the luxury of punishing so annoying an adversary to any profit. This was but one little episode, though Murphy had the effrontery to write in his "Life" that it was their first and last quarrel. For years after, almost to the end of his days, Garrick had to endure a whole purgatory of insults, resentments, and angry bursts—always met by the same gentle treatment, by remonstrance, explanation, good-nature, and concession. And yet this man, the object of this kindness, could say, after his patron's death, "Off the stage, sir, he was a wretched, sneaking fellow."*

* Mr. Rogers used to relate the dialogue with great humour. "Mr. Murphy, sir, you knew Mr. Garrick?" "Yes, sir, I did; and no man better." "Well, sir, what did you think of his acting?" After a pause—"Well, sir, *off* the stage, he was a mean, sneaking little fellow. But *on* the stage"—throwing up his eyes and hands—"Oh, my great God!" This was the invariable formula; nothing less general could be obtained from him.

CHAPTER III.

THE PLAYWRIGHTS.—1759.

BUT Murphy represented only one of a whole class. There was a race of needy but clever adventurers who looked towards Garrick as their prey, and followed the same tactics to obtain his aid and patronage. London swarmed with lively but unscrupulous men, who were living, as the phrase went, upon their wits. Among this class the weak points of the manager were notorious. The favourite tactics were first cajolery and flattery, and when these failed, hectoring and terrorism. The accepting a play was but feeding the appetite. It was ground for a fresh claim. The rejecting a play was the unpardonable sin. Did a man write a poem, or a history, or compile a voyage, and take it to a bookseller, that potentate's decision, given bluntly, was accepted without a word. But with a manager it was a different thing, and with a Garrick more different than with any one else. He was, besides, himself sensitive, timorous, and, above all, shrank from giving pain, and we may believe had a rather foolish complacency in his own gifts of diplomacy, and his power of writing "a good letter."

If ever there was one of his clients who should have been bound to him, it was Mr. Ralph. This man, whom Pope had found a corner for in the "Dunciad," giving him two wonderful lines—

"Silence ! ye wolves, while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
Making night hideous—answer him, ye owls !"

had a favourite play called the "Astrologer," which he had offered to many managers, and at last induced Garrick to bring out, at Drury Lane, in 1744. It was a complete failure—such a failure that the audience had to be dismissed. Garrick, who had a sort of regard for him, later actually went to Mr. Pelham, and obtained a pension for him of £200 a year.* This was enough, and it was observed that he at once seemed to take a dislike to his friend. Davies believes it was from another play being declined. Later this grudge was worked up into open hostility, and a bitter and well-known pamphlet, which shall be noticed later, full of attacks on Garrick and his

* Garrick himself told how the Minister received his request. He had made it a rule, he said, never to purchase or reward political writing ; "but as Mr. Ralph is your friend, I shall do it with pleasure."

management, was the very triumph of ingratitude. On this even Garrick's forbearance gave way, and he renounced his acquaintance. The hope of keeping every one "in good humour" is the most futile and delusive of human weaknesses; and from any one in office a decisive answer causes far less hostility than a refusal given after excuses and postponements—meant to be soft cushions to break the fall.

One of the most curious features in these little histories is that men, otherwise respectable, who enjoy with posterity a reputation for decency and honour, should in this relation with him become changed, and descend to the meanest display of spite or intimidation. Garrick had read in "*Roderick Random*" a bitter and rancorous sketch of himself and his friend Lyttleton. He had seen his own portrait under the name of *Marmozet*—an awkward association, and welcome to those who were fond of talking of "Little Davy," and the "little hound." Yet, as he read this offensive picture, he must have only dimly recalled a raw Scotch youth who had plagued him years before with a Scotch tragedy called "*The Regicide*," and who had pursued him from town to country, had struggled to reach him through patronising lords—in short, by the circuitous agency by which literary labour had then to be advanced. The author "had been in company with a gentlewoman who, having heard of my tragedy, told me she was acquainted with the wife of a gentleman, who was very well known to a lady, who had great interest with a person who was intimate with Earl Sheerwit." Thus he would seem at last to have wrung a sort of conditional approbation and half-promise from Garrick. If we may accept the whole of *Mr. Marmozet's* behaviour as a literal portrait, which represents that actor as praising the piece to the author's face, suggesting alterations, promising to consider it next season, and finally pronouncing it unfit for the stage—for such was very much Garrick's way—it really amounts to no more than the good-natured excuses with which a considerate and over-delicate man deals with a troublesome and persevering claimant. Garrick was not a manager at the time, merely an actor: the piece itself was wretched, as the author was to discover when he appealed to the public. Yet the conventional promise, excuses, &c., which every new play-writer must expect, scarcely deserved such personality as the following:—

"It is not for the qualities of his heart that this little parasite is invited to the tables of dukes and lords, who hire extraordinary cooks for his entertainment: his avarice they see not, his ingratitude they feel not, his hypocrisy accommodates itself to their humours, and is of consequence pleasing:

but he is chiefly courted for his buffoonery, and will be admitted into the choicest parties for his talent of mimicking Punch and his wife Joan."* Not content with this attack, he had followed it up with another, in which he made *Peregrine Pickle* criticize the great actor and Quin, in the most contemptuous terms.

Some years passed by, and on the execution of Byng, a nautical ardour had seized on the British public. Smollett, to suit the present humour, wrote a piece in the "Rule Britannia" vein, where the changes were rung to the tune of "British Tars" and "British Oak," and had the effrontery to submit it to Garrick. But faithful to his prudent principle, which made resentment subordinate to interest—for Smollett was at this time connected with "The Critical Review," an organ of much personality—or, perhaps, making due allowance for the heat of youth, he received the piece, which was indifferent enough, and behaved with extraordinary generosity and conciliation to its author. He even suspended the regular rules of the theatre in his favour, gave him the fourth night for his benefit instead of the ninth—a most important change as regards the "run" of a piece; played *Lusignan* for his benefit; and wrote him a warm letter about a mistake which had been made in the charges of the theatre. This, he said, "had given him much uneasiness;" but though it was very reasonable to charge the full expense, he could not agree that Dr. Smollett should make the first precedent. He therefore returned him the difference.†

Gossips indeed reported that Smollett had gone about speaking disrespectfully of the manager, who had himself come obsequiously soliciting this piece. The author wrote in fear, lest such stories should have been carried to Garrick. He repudiated them warmly, and added this remarkable acknowledgment:—"Perhaps the same insidious efforts had been made to influence former animosities, which on my part are forgotten and self-condemned."‡ Not long after, when "The History of England" appeared, Garrick found there an *amende*, in the shape of a handsome and critical compliment. Reviewing the social progress of England, Smollett wrote:—"The exhibitions of the stage were improved to the most exquisite entertain-

* "Roderick Random," chap. 63.

† The night's expenses of the theatre, "before drawing up the curtain," were about ninety pounds. It used to be forty-five. On a benefit night the charge to the author of an original piece was sixty guineas; to an adaptor eighty guineas.

‡ Life of Smollett, prefixed to his works.

ment by the talents and management of Garrick, who greatly surpassed all his predecessors of this, and perhaps every other nation, in his genius for acting, in the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of attitude, and the whole pathos of expression."

The success of "Douglas," the Scotch play, which had a "run" at Covent Garden, seemed to have been welcomed by a party—not for the author's sake—but because it was believed that Mr. Garrick, who had declined it, was infinitely mortified. Here, as in the case of Dodsley's "Cleone," and Murphy's "Orphan of China," which was almost forced upon him, they saw proof of his incompetent judgment; or, as it was insinuated, of the mean motives which made him actually postpone his interest to the indulgence of petty spite. It will hardly be credited that this was gravely sent abroad; the authors themselves and their friends believing that the worst motive was at the bottom of this indifference to their talents; and chuckling over the public reversal "of Mr. Garrick's judgment." It was the common accusation made by Ralph in the pamphlet, "The Case of Authors by Profession," that he would not produce new plays. When we consider the quality of the drama written by the man who put forward this charge—and which is ludicrous from its turgid bombast—the accusation loses all its force. The list of new plays brought forward by Garrick during his thirty years of management, is surprisingly long. There was almost foundation for its being said that he produced too many pieces. With far more respect must be received Goldsmith's complaints to the same effect; and when we think of the brilliant line of comedies we would have had to relish now—instead of merely two; that had Garrick but have encouraged *him*, and accepted pieces like the "Good-Natured Man," instead of the bales of "Virginias," "Boadiceas," and such stuff, he would have laid playgoers under eternal obligations.*

The play of "Douglas," written at Edinburgh, with an ostentatious parade, read and criticized by the local juntas, was taken up to London with great solemnity by a party of virtuosi, with a view of restoring the British drama, and submitted to Mr. Garrick. He discovered what seemed to him serious objections, both in the simplicity of the plot and its treatment, which were sufficient reasons for not accepting it.

Such is the reason given by Davies; and Carlyle, Home's most

* Forster's Goldsmith.

intimate friend, who had transcribed the play, and knew its history, says that Garrick had rejected it as "totally unfit for the stage." He speaks also of his "want of truth and judgment." But it must be borne in mind that the "Douglas" we read now was not the "Douglas" offered to Garrick. *That* was full of long and solemn prayers, delivered on the stage, and of strange oaths and extravagances. It was largely altered after Garrick had rejected it; yet more largely altered the day after representation, and again more altered, after about a week's performance. Garrick, therefore, in all probability, read a crude, long-winded, declamatory production. Dr. Johnson also endorsed Garrick's verdict, and noisily insisted there were not ten good lines in the whole, and these ten he would allow to be picked out separately.* When a weak speech was quoted to him about sincerity and its inflexibility, this wonderful man, prepared at all points, demolished it by a noble passage from Juvenal on the same subject: "and after this," he roared, "comes Johnny Home, with his *earth gaping* and destruction crying!"

The play was taken back to its native town, brought out at Edinburgh with rapture, and pronounced to be the finest thing since Shakspeare. It later found its way to London, was produced at Covent Garden, and had much success. Murphy says it was as "though the manager had brought down a judgment on himself," that he was constrained to accept very inferior plays from the same author. But even now it remains more a poem than a play.† And there was this final reason—which was at the time noised about to his discredit—that the leading male part would have been quite overpowered by Mrs. Pritchard or Mrs. Cibber in the female character. But the real difficulty was, who was to play *Norral*, for which he was a little old, and he had no one else of sufficient power to put in the part.

Home had no reason to complain of the manager's later behaviour.‡ When the new tragedy, "Agis," was ready, he at

* Mr. Forster has shown that Goldsmith, had he been present, could have quoted five lines at least, which are certainly "good" ones.

† Davies says that great interest was made for "Douglas" at Leicester House "by some great persons." The writer of the article in the *Quarterly Review*, before alluded to, supplies an unpublished letter of Garrick's to Lord Bute, which proves triumphantly that Garrick had resisted the pressure of so great a personage as Lord Bute. To this nobleman's instances he replied in a very firm letter, going through the play, and stating his objection in a very decided fashion. Nothing can be more independent or manly than the tone of this letter.

‡ Carlyle makes the curious statement that Garrick had even promised

once adopted it. The play was successful, being carried through by a clique and a party; but it was a miserable production. Who shall blame Garrick for endorsing such stuff, when Walpole and other *soi-disant* critics were in raptures over it? Garrick, no doubt, saw its defects as well as he had done those of "Douglas;" but was too shrewd and prudent a director to risk giving offence to the powerful clique who were then ruling the kingdom.

There was a clever *dilettante* bookseller, Dudsley, who had been a footman, and had written verses, "The Toy Shop" and other trifles, and who had come to him with a play—"Cleone," the immortality to which even the meanest scribbler then looked forward. It had been read over, and corrected by Dr. Johnson—whose most obsequious admirer its author was—and had been submitted to Garrick, who fell into one of the fits of indecision so common with him. He at first approved and accepted, then declined—then sent for it again, and once more declined. It was again said that the part allotted to him was not sufficiently important, and was overshadowed by the heroine's. The manager, though friendly to the bookseller, declared it "a cruel, bloody, and unnatural play;" and after the cries of "murder" from the pit, when he brought on Johnson's "bloody" catastrophe to "Irene," it was no wonder he took fright. Johnson himself, when the piece was read to him, said humorously, "Come, let us go into the slaughter-house again. But I am afraid there is more blood than brains."* It is a most "bloody" play, and would have been now considered highly "dangerous" by a manager. The disappointed bookseller then took it to the other theatre. Rich accepted it. The author could secure a long train of patrons, noble and simple. Lord Lyttleton and Dr. Johnson attended the rehearsals; and it had great success. But the bookseller and his friends insisted that Garrick had pur-

to be the reverend dramatist's second in a quarrel. "Agis," the play of Home's, he accepted, which had been declined by Garrick many years before—the author, in his disgust, going to Westminster Abbey to write on Shakspeare's monument, "I hoped, like thee, to shake the British stage!" Garrick was really attached to Home. "My dear friend," he wrote to him on his success, "joy, joy, joy, to you; my anxiety yesterday gave me a touch of the gravel, but our success has cured it. I am very happy, because I think you are. Mrs. Garrick has cried over it."—*Mackenzie's Life of Home.*

* He later added a compliment too absurd to be serious: "Sir, if Otway had written this, no other of his pieces would have been remembered." Which can only be received with gravity, on the interpretation given to another famous compliment—of the piece being still read when Homer and Virgil were forgotten.

posely fixed on the night of the new piece for a revival of one of his own great characters—*Marplot*, in the “*Busybody*.” On the following morning Garrick wrote a warm letter of congratulation. He was much concerned to hear such a thing repeated; for he was certain no injury had been done to the new play. Still, if Dodsley would say what *he* wished to be done to make up for any injury, Mr. Garrick would comply at once, provided it did not *absolutely* sacrifice his own interests. This meant that he would stop the run of the new piece. It brought out a fiery answer. After what had passed he would ask no favour. Garrick had done all he could to destroy his play. He renounced his friendship, &c. Garrick wrote him a reply, half good-humoured, half contemptuous, which ran thus:—

“MASTER ROBERT DODSLEY—When I first read your peevish answer to my well-meant proposal to you, I was much disturbed at it; but when I considered that some minds cannot bear the smallest portion of success, I most sincerely pitied you; and when I found in the same letter, that you were graciously pleased to dismiss me from your acquaintance, I could not but confess so apparent an obligation, and am, with due acknowledgment, Master Robert Dodsley,” &c.

But every one was not on the side of the bookseller. Warburton wrote Garrick one of his most characteristic letters. Dodsley was “a most wretched fellow,” no man ever met “worse return than you have done for your endeavours to serve him.” He denied what Garrick had owned, that the scholars and men of worth “applauded his trumpery—for a learned blockhead is a blockhead still.” The character of Warburton, indeed, comes out in his correspondence with Garrick with the clearness of a photograph—overbearing, despotic, turbulent, but to his friend always tolerant.

Of a different class to that of the bookseller was a dangerous fellow called Hiffernan, whom Garrick’s imprudence—or prudence, as he would have called it—made him try and conciliate. A guinea from the manager, charitably given as a subscription to some book, laid the foundation for claims; and first presenting a piece called “*The Wishes of a Free People*,” which was declined, and a farce, which was accepted and damned, he grew so insolent that Lacy threatened to cudgel him. Garrick, however, was always indulgent, and often helped him in his necessities, which at times amounted to absolute want. He met with the usual return. Not long after his arrival from abroad, this wretch wrote “a most bloody libel” both on Garrick and Mrs. Garrick—too shocking

to be described ; and was preparing to publish it, when a friend of Garrick's happened, by a mere accident, to hear of it. It was wisely suggested that a few guineas would have more effect than any measure of severity ; and as Mrs. Garrick was concerned, this was thought the best course. No doubt this extortion was at the bottom of the whole proceeding.

Garrick had already been charitably exerting himself to better the wretched man's condition, having spoken of him to his friend Hamilton, and meeting him not long before in Long Acre, had humanely listened to the story of his complaints and grievances. He had long forgotten the malignant libel with which he had been threatened. Very soon the unfortunate wretch died in abject want, and was found dead in a miserable garret, the place of which he had kept carefully secret from his acquaintances.

Before Garrick was abroad, he used to meet a Mr. Graham, one of the Eton masters, at Hampton, who was teaching his nephews. He rode with him at times, and found him an agreeable companion. During the rides the Eton master talked of a classical piece on the subject of "The Duke of Milan," in which there was a duke, a *Julio*, and others of the usual lay figures—Italian, perhaps, only in name. He was good-naturedly encouraged by Mr. Garrick, who read a scrap or so, gave him hints, and promised—the only promise a manager can ever make—if the whole turned out a good play, to give it a chance at his theatre. Mr. Garrick went on his foreign tour, and in the interval the Eton master laboured away at his "Duke," finished it, and sent it in for judgment. The manager read it over twice, but was obliged to decline it, and appointed a meeting at the vicar's, to explain his reasons more fully.

The Eton master was furious. It provokes a smile to find that his "peculiar hardships" were in "*the advice, encouragement, and praises*" he had received. "How astonishingly inconsistent is your present judgment with the expectation you were pleased to form of me." The only thing he will agree to is to refer it to those good judges who differ from Mr. Garrick. "I could refer you to one whom you do not think a flatterer, who has said to me that the language is eminently dramatic. *I would willingly risk the whole on his saying it behind my back.*" In this instance the Eton master failed. Mr. Garrick coolly refuted the argument, concluding with, "Whatever you may clearly *prove*, or whatever you may think of my justice and humanity, I shall entertain a good opinion of them. If you can only think well of them by my acting the tragedy, I must

be unhappy enough to lie under your censure, though not to deserve it."

Mrs. Griffith was the most industrious and persevering of the class; and having been tolerably successful with an adaptation from the French, "The School for Rakes," plied him steadily with proposals, plans, "first acts" of a new piece, that would carry all before it. When such were deemed inadmissible, she, too, would defend her work. At one time she was all beseeching and pious entreaty, her miserable circumstances, &c.; at another she was full of flatteries and admiration. But when a negative came, the tone all changed. More difficult was it to deal with a piece that came to him under the patronage of his friend, Sir Joshua. It is a little test of the affectionate regard borne to the amiable painter that Johnson should have made an exception in his friend's favour, and read the piece *quite through*. For others he merely looked over plays, just as we know how he looked over a book. The play was by Reynolds's nephew. It had been sent in at an unlucky moment, Garrick being *pledged* to no less than *seven* five-act pieces, to be got out within two years. So he candidly told Sir Joshua he could give no hope until after that time—that is, supposing he approved of the play.* This excuse of the seven plays having precedence was thought disingenuous, and a mere pretext, as within the month he accepted one from Jephson. But a manager is not to be bound down to every light expression he makes use of, but, as in other professions, must be guided as circumstances arise.

The history of "Dido" is a yet more excellent specimen. It was sent back as unsuitable. The author at once appealed. It was submitted "to eleven gentlemen of acknowledged discernment in literature." "And what was their judgment of the piece?" the author asks. "Why, truly, so diametri-

* Sir Joshua seemed to be not a little annoyed at this way of receiving his relation's performance, which he was almost sure would be taken. He wrote to have it returned at once without a reading, as the author "would undoubtedly understand the answer to be an absolute refusal to take it at any rate." Garrick was hurt in his turn at this view. So far from refusing plays, the complaint was that he accepted too many. "Did Sir Joshua know him so little as to suppose he would refuse a play 'so recommended?'" When a disappointed author hears that I am so provided, it is natural for him to imagine and to say that *I* do not care to receive his performance; but that my acquaintance, Sir Joshua Reynolds, should think that I would say the thing that is *not*, to clear myself from a performance recommended by him, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Burke, *is not a little displeasing to me.*" To clear himself from so disagreeable a suspicion, he offered to show his plays, and tell the names of the authors in confidence. Sir Joshua wrote back warmly and generously—more than satisfied.

cally opposite to yours, that I should incur the censure of vanity by committing to paper even one-half the praises they have bestowed on the piece." To which opinion, then, was he to incline? "Is it not possible for *even* Mr. Garrick to be deceived in his judgment?" He then proposed submitting it to a junto of judges, or to go before Mr. Whitehead, the universal playwright's referee, and who indeed seemed to decide with them always. Garrick was naturally a little angry, and wrote in reply; but the author was not to be put down, and rejoined, with a cool and measured impertinence. As he now saw there was no chance for his piece, he might at least have the satisfaction of working on Garrick's sensitiveness: "Am I the first person that hath dared to suspect your sincerity in theatrical concerns? I am afraid not." Mr. Reed, the ropemaker, for such was the author, then threw off all restraint, threatened to file a bill in Chancery, to publish his case, and went about everywhere abusing and slandering Garrick. Later he had the inconceivable meanness to come truckling to him with a new comedy in his hand. He was so anxious to return to his old master, "to fight his dramatic battles under the banner of *David, King of Drury, a man after the public's own heart.*" The King of Drury was "the ablest manager that ever presided over a theatre," &c. It was now in his power "to secure my friendship, if you think the friendship of one who prides himself on the character of an honest man worthy your regard."

From the Rev. Mr. Hawkins came an "Alfred," but it travelled back to him. The blackest motives were at work. "Remember I formerly gave you offence in the business of 'Henry and Rosamond;' and of all animals I believe a manager is allowed to be the sorest." Some years afterwards another piece, "The Siege of Aleppo," was rejected, because "it was wrong in its first concoction." And yet, like so many other plays, it was honoured with the approbation of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Smart, Justice Blackstone, and Mr. Warton, who, "without flattery" (those were his words) "pronounced the performance admirable." Quin, too, expressed his satisfaction, and told "my late right honourable friend, Sir Thomas Philips," that he would have liked to have played one of the characters. "But the world will shortly judge of all these things" (the usual threat of publication). "After all, sir, I do not desire to come to an open rupture with you; I wish not to exasperate, but to convince; and I tender you once more my friendship and my play."

More characteristic still was the behaviour of Mr. Shirley,

the Lisbon merchant, whose "Black Prince," a poor piece, had, "by the friendship of Mr. Garrick, been carried through." He later sent over another heavy performance, "Electra," which the manager agreed to accept, but could only bring out during the summer months. This was considered so much "contempt." The angry author came to England, having narrowly escaped destruction in the famous earthquake, and at once began a series of bitter attacks on the man who had so obliged and so injured him. The usual ungenerous topics were reproduced, the changes were rung on the stock charges of vanity, meanness, and avarice. Was not Mr. Varney, the boxkeeper, sent round to the houses of great ladies to let them know the nights Mr. Garrick was going to play? Who was it salaried clergymen to fill the newspapers with puffs and eulogiums of "the incomparable Roscius"? Who was it kept down, from a mean jealousy, the other performers? This and much more was given in a special pamphlet, called "The Prophecy of Hecate;" but the strain was diligently kept up in the newspapers by the same "hand." Garrick, much hurt, resented this behaviour deeply; and, apparently to the surprise of the public, and of his biographer, "declared that nothing on earth should get him to act Mr. Shirley's play." But "Mr. Garrick," adds Davies, "however irascible, was far from being implacable. Before he left the stage, amidst other sacrifices to good-humour and good-nature, he put an end to the quarrel between himself and Mr. Shirley;" and as an earnest of his good-will, or as a sort of reparation to the aggressor, persuaded Sheridan to accept the "Roman Sacrifice," another performance of this gentleman's.

Now Mr. Mackenzie, the author of "The Man of Feeling," arrives from Scotland, introduced by a letter from the excellent Dr. Robertson. Garrick has had experience of Mackenzie before, having had to wade through a MS. "Prince of Tunis." The Man of Feeling sees *now* how unfit that piece was for the stage; but "*he has begun to work on another subject, and will be glad to submit the sketch,*" &c. Another dramatic figure in this group of friends was that of Dr. Brown, whose ranting "Barbarossa" became one of the stock pieces for lusty tragedians, and whose flat "Estimate" was one of the most successful books of the day. Overset by the success of his book, the doctor projected a scheme for exhausting the whole round of philosophy, beginning with "The Rise, Union, Progress, Perfection, and Corruption of Poetry and Music." No wonder, he said, he felt that he had got into a vast field, and was for a while bewildered. But he soon had really good grounds for such

elation, when he received a proposal from the Empress to come to St. Petersburg, study the empire and character of the people, and construct a constitution.* Bnt he fell into bad health, which ended the expedition. From the disappointment he destroyed himself.

To Dr. Hawkesworth Garrick had given many little theatrical "jobs;" now the altering of a play, now the writing of a piece. When the story of Captain Cook's expedition was to be told under official inspiration from papers, &c., furnished by the Admiralty, Garrick did him a most friendly and important service. He went to Lord Sandwich—a quarter where he had already heavily overdrawn his influence—and secured the duty of editor and historian for Hawkesworth. How valuable this appointment was may be conceived from the fact that the lucky "hack" received £6,000 from the booksellers for his labour. But the severe reception it encountered, the suspicion of infidelity set on foot, and, above all, the strange fact of a lax magazine culling from it all the warmest passages to make a new art of love, preyed on his spirits, and drove him also to suicide. The unfortunate man had, of course, quarrelled with his friend; but this friend wrote in the kindest way of him. Garrick lost many friends—Yorke, Arden, Hawkesworth, and others—by self-destruction.

Such are only a few specimens of the strange beings who clustered round Garrick. A complete history of their proceedings would fill a volume.

CHAPTER IV.

HAMPTON AND ITS CIRCLE.—1759.

WE may turn from this curious gallery—from the gay colours of the stage to the quieter tones of the domestic retreats, where was the real life of the actor—where was his enjoyment and his treasure—and where, too, is to be seen the best, brightest, and most genial side of his character. "Garrick the actor" has been too much the conventional idea of him hitherto; and

* On this remarkable compliment, he consulted his friends, and it is amusing to find him debating with Garrick—"As to the point you speak of, it would certainly be dangerous to carry it so far as to think of removing the seat of empire; but to reinstate the city of Moscow, and to make it one of the two seats of arts and science, is, I think, not so dangerous. However, nothing of this kind will I say to any soul living but the Empress herself. . . . She is aiming at great things, but seems to be wandering in the dark."

it cannot be too often insisted on that he was as remarkable in other directions.

A near view of his amiable character, at his desk, or in his garden, is not in the least likely to diminish the respect and regard of those for whom the stage Mr. Garrick was a source of wonder and admiration. It seems certain that if he had remained at his vaults in Durham Yard—if he had taken to the Bar, or any other profession, he would have risen, by his virtues and calm good sense, his moderation, and the certain affection and esteem all his friends would have borne him. The name of Mr. Garrick might have figured just the same in the Boswell gallery of Johnsons, Reynoldses, Goldsmiths, Langtons, and the rest. We shall see him now in a more private view, when it will be found that the great tragedian, who was the talk of the town, was not “puffed up” or upset by his position, but was as humble and affectionate, and domestic, as any *Jean Bourgeois* beyond Temple Bar.

Southampton Street was his little town *pied de terre*. It was bound up with the theatre, with business, and interviews. Angry players and playwrights had come in crowds, and sat in the little parlour, and told their wrongs. But his eyes always turned towards the country—to a delightful corner, within easy distance of town, on the very edge of the Thames.

Very shortly after his marriage he had looked out for a country place, and found what suited him on the edge of the common at Hampton. He had lived there with Mrs. Garrick; and liking the place, purchased, in 1754, from Mr. Humphry Primatt, the well-known villa, which will always be associated with his name. About it were pretty grounds, though separated by the high road from a pleasant sward that ran down to the river's edge; where, within a year, he was building that little bit of affectation, more fitted to Drury Lane than to the little country Villa—the Shakspeare Temple. This absurdity was just a hint of the greater absurdity which was to come later—his Jubilee. Beside the villa was another house, belonging to Mr. Peele, who left directions in his will that an offer of the property should be made to Mr. Garrick, who he knew fancied the place. It was not, however, to come into his hands without some litigation.* He had other pro-

* Sir John Hawkins, who lived close by, at Twickenham, tells a characteristic story about this house. A neighbour also had his eye on the place; and, going to the executors in Garrick's name, actually obtained a conveyance to trustees for his own use. Garrick was greatly concerned on discovering this trick, knowing he would have a disagreeable neighbour; but Sir John showed him a “case in Vernon,” which made out the transaction

perty, a little estate called Hendon Manor, which was worth some sixteen thousand pounds; not content with which, he fancied some five and twenty acres lying near Hampton, for which he made an offer to Lord Pomfret. That nobleman, however, asked a large sum, which Garrick thought was too much, but was willing to leave it to the arbitration of any two intelligent neighbours.

Hampton was a charming place; and it is easy to understand the Garricks' delight in it—in its pleasant gardens, where the good and simple vicar would come and take counsel with Mrs. Garrick, over the planting of some rare laurel cuttings; the grounds and flower-beds, with the distant view of the Shakspeare Temple. Here we can see the host and owner in his own sphere, and in all his natural gaiety, as Miss Hawkins saw him. Sir John Hawkins would drop in, on his road to town, and find the owner and Mrs. Garrick eating figs in the garden. Walpole and his Irish printer, whose fine eyes Garrick would have purchased for Drury Lane at any price, would come over to the Temple with appropriate verses.* Here, too, guests found their way down "to spend the day," and dine, and after dinner wandered in the gardens, and lounged about the grounds. To them was present the figure of their host in his dark blue coat, its button-holes bound with gold edging; the small cocked hat also edged with lace, and the waistcoat free and open. The face and features were never at rest a moment. He would be sitting on the edge of the table, chatting on grave subjects to a doctor of law or music; when the wonderful eyes, darting to this side and that, would note the little boys of his guest scampering gaily round the garden, and he would shoot away in the midst of a sentence, join them, and be a boy himself in a second.† There was one pleasant day when Home, in the

fraudulent. He accordingly filed a bill to set aside the purchase, and on the eve of the hearing sent to Sir John; but when the knight took "the case" down himself to Drury Lane, he found the manager so absorbed in a new procession as to be quite indifferent to everything else. This he gives as a specimen of Garrick's carelessness and forgetfulness. But the legal reader will see that the case must have been in counsel's hands, who would have been quite independent of his client, or Hawkins's assistance. Even lately, Peele's House was the subject of litigation.

* "Quod spiro et placeo,
Si placeo, tuum est."

"That I spirit have and nature,
That sense breathes in any feature,
That I please—if please I do—
Shakspeare! all I owe to you."

† Miss Hawkins. Enemies fancied they discovered a difference in Gold-

flush of his "Douglas" success, took down the brothers Adam, Robertson, Wedderburn, Carlyle, and some others. They brought "golf clubs"—their national game, and showed their host how to play. Mrs. Garrick was there, too, growing a little plump by this time, but gay and pleasant, and speaking English perfectly. It was a little curious that one of the guests—Carlyle—some ten years before, should have been her fellow-passenger in the Harwich packet when she was the dancer, La Violette, dressed up in boy's clothes. A common mind might have officiously reminded the hostess of this old and awkward acquaintance; but Carlyle was a clever and accomplished man, who knew the world, and he said nothing. After dinner the wine was carried out to the Shakespeare Temple. A charming sward ran down to the river, and through a leafy archway it could be seen winding and glistening. Carlyle executed a wonderful stroke with his golf, sending the ball down the grass, through this arch, well into the river—a feat which so delighted Garrick that he begged the golf as a present and record. "Yet," says golf-player, who relates it, "this was all only his little vanity;" thus repeating the unmeaning and parrot-cry which he had picked up in the open thoroughfares of the town.

Here, too, was seen Mr. Beighton, an old clergyman of simple tastes, for whom Garrick was never tired of trying to "do something." He delighted in his books and garden. At his advanced age he had to ride, often across rivers, five or six miles to his duties. He could scarcely afford to keep a curate, on his modest thirty pounds a year; but Garrick often helped to increase his income, until something "turned up." "My dear friend," would say the vicar, standing among his beloved flower-beds, and taking Garrick by the hand, and giving his head his "usual jerk of affection," "could I have fifty pounds for a curate, and fifty pounds to keep up my little garden, I would feel no ambition beyond it." "And thirty pounds more," Mr. Garrick would add, slyly, "to keep Hannah, your housekeeper?" "Pooh," would say the vicar, "you turn everything into ridicule! Come, let me show you the finest *arbor vitæ* in the country." And away he trotted, forgetting all his wants. Garrick used to plead earnestly for this good old man with all his influential friends. He got his old friend, General Fitzwilliams—who was "about" a royal Duke—to promise a chaplaincy. He then introduced him to the

smith's and Garrick's mode of playing with children, the former doing it to amuse the children, the latter to amuse himself.

Duchess of Portland, at Bulstrode. "She is very much his friend," said Mr. Garrick, speaking of this visit; "but—" It was so difficult to find what would suit him. Finally he tried Lady Camden, and her interest with her husband, then Lord Chancellor, who warmly promised to befriend him; not then, but on the first opportunity. "For it would be a mortifying thing for him not to have a living near his present place. We are all quite anxious," said she, "for the good old man. I hope it is no sin to wish an unknown person near Egham to be removed to a better place." The Chancellor sent Garrick word that his recommendation alone would be sufficient, and in a very short time "the good old man" was made quite happy by a suitable promotion. He enjoyed his new happiness but two or three years, and in 1771 he died, to the great grief of his two friends. Lord Camden had grown to love him, and thought him "one of the best men Christianity had ever produced; and whom we must never hope to see again unless we go to Heaven."*

This episode is one of the pleasant things in studying Garrick's life, that it helps to glimpses of true goodness and amiability, and like Goldsmith's story helps to reconcile us to human nature. At times, and at very late and inconvenient hours, Doctor Johnson would come bursting in, even when they were going to bed, and insist on his supper. Long after, his favourite sofa was shown and revered. Mrs. Garrick herself delighted in her garden. A tulip and a cedar tree were planted there by her own hands, with a "sucker" from the famous Shakspeare mulberry tree. The Shakspeare Temple, separated from them by the high road, was reached by a tunnel. Mrs. Garrick often stopped in it to tell her little story of Doctor Johnson, who was consulted on the matter. Garrick himself was inclined to have a bridge; but "capability" Brown, the famous landscape gardener, suggested the tunnel, in which he was supported by the doctor, who said, gravely, "David—David, what can't be over-done, may be under-done." In the temple was the famous Roubiliac statue of Shakspeare,

* His dear books—the treasure where his heart was—he was a little nervous about, and shrunk from the notion of their being "put up" under the rude operation of a sale. Yet he had nothing but these with which to show his gratitude to his kind friends; so he divided them into three portions—leaving one to the Chancellor, one to Garrick, and the third to Becket, the bookseller, another friend. With true delicacy, the two first friends recalled the pain that had come into his face when he spoke of the prospect of his little collection being broken up after his death, and tried hard to purchase up the other share, and so keep the whole together; but the bookseller, following the instinct of his trade, was for having it sold.

now in the British Museum. The rooms in the house were low, and not very large. There was a library, a bow-windowed room, the best bed-room, where the bed was in an alcove that could be shut off from the room altogether—a French notion of Mrs. Garrick's.* Between Hampton and the Adelphi were distributed Garrick's pictures. In the dining-room, over the sideboard, hung Thomas Davies, the faithless biographer. The man, whose picture hung in Garrick's dining-room, had the effrontery to write the falsehood that Garrick was so vain that he would admit no portraits but those of himself into his house. The truth was, his walls were covered with all kinds of pictures, and his portraits were presented to him by painter friends, who were always asking him to sit. There were the three landscapes by Louthenburg, one of his scene painters, and which latter brought good prices; a small and delicate Guido; and a fine Andrea del Sarto, presented to him by Lord Burlington, at Rome, and which cost that nobleman five hundred pounds. There were also many theatrical scenes—Garrick as *Lord Chalkstone*, as the *Farmer*, and as *Sir John Brute*; also as *Jaffier*, with Mrs. Cibber. But what must have been more interesting than all, here was seen the young and sprightly Garrick seated with his friend Wyndham, in the foreground of a landscape, painted by Hayman.

About the house, too, was a good deal of rare china, in which Garrick, with a nice taste, was "curious;" and the series of pure white china statuettes, issued by the Chelsea Ware Company, representing Garrick as *Richard*, Quin as *Falstaff*, Woodward as the *Fine Gentleman*, and Kitty Clive as the *Lady* in "Lethe."† There was a small statuette of Garrick, too, as *Roscius*, modelled by some artist whose name is unknown. On the drawing-room walls was a curious decorated paper, which remained long after. The Shakspeare curiosities which were the attraction of the Temple must have been the least interesting of the whole collection. There was a theatrical air about them; and they mostly resolved themselves into different shapes of the eternal mulberry tree. There was the arm-chair made out of the same material, with carvings from a design by Hogarth; vases, medallions, &c., and an inkstand. There was shown a delft saltcellar, "which belonged to Shakspeare;" and a very doubtful pair of gloves and a dagger, "formerly belonging to Shakspeare."‡

* A sofa cover in the room where I write these words is covered with chintz that once formed Garrick's curtains.

† These figures are now *récherché*, and fetch such prices as £30 a piece.

‡ Garrick's enthusiasm for the great dramatist led him into accepting

Conspicuous among the choice treasures of the place were the four famous "Election" pictures of Hogarth.* These were hung in the "Bow-room" at Hampton, on each side of the fire-place. They had been shown to Garrick when finished, and the artist told him that he had resolved on putting them up to raffle, as he could not hope to find a purchaser who would give him the price he asked—namely, two hundred guineas. Garrick put down his name for five or ten guineas' worth of tickets; but when he got home began to think of the begging and mortification to which such a plan would expose his friend. He generously determined to spare his friend such humiliation, went back and purchased the four pictures for the price named.† After all, it was a surprising bargain; and some sixty or seventy years later, Mr. Soane was glad to secure them at the sale for his Museum at seventeen hundred and thirty-two pounds ten shillings. On the walls hung another picture by the same admirable master, representing the master of the house seated at his table, "smilingly thoughtful over an epilogue or some such composition (of his own, you may be sure), his head supported by his writing hand, while madam is archly enough stealing away his pen unseen behind. *It has not so much fancy as to be affected or ridiculous, and yet enough to raise it from the formal inanity of a mere portrait.* They are a fine contrast." So was it described by Dr. Hoadly, and the last sentence is a very happy description of the share poetry and fact should have in a true portrait. In this picture there is a pleasant air of reverie about "our sprightly friend," a charming slyness and piquancy in Mrs. Garrick; and the whole seems rather to convey the idea of lovers, than of sober married life.‡

Here, too, were many of those surprising theatrical pictures by Zoffany—brilliant, yet deep, in colouring, gay, firm, full of character, and almost rivalling Hogarth in tone and dramatic

such suspicious relics. The "delft saltcellar" was later valued at two guineas, and the gloves at three, a price that represented their value as having belonged to Garrick, not to Shakspeare. There was even another pair of Shakspeare's gloves in his little museum, which Mrs. Garrick bequeathed to Mrs. Siddons.

* Painted, as Mr. Christie's catalogue sets out, modestly, "with breadth and agreeable freshness of tone."

† This was told by Mrs. Garrick herself. See "The Gentleman's Magazine" for July, 1823, p. 62.

‡ It was sold to Mr. Locker, of Greenwich Hospital, for £75 11s. There were other sketches and pictures of Hogarth, one in particular of Sir George Hay, which went for only £5, but which the auctioneer did not know to be Hogarth's.

expression. The charming portrait of Mrs. Garrick holding a mask was painted when she, the Violetta, had just come to England, and in the heyday of her piquant charms, painted, too, with the best enthusiasm of the artist; for he was at that time one of her admirers.* Here, again, and by the same artist, were husband and wife sitting in their dear Hampton grounds, "taking tea," with the river in the distance, and George Garrick angling. There were two small views, from the same hand, of the villa and the grounds. Another token yet again of affection—the Shakspeare villa, with Mr. and Mrs. Garrick on the steps, and their little dog. These are all so many hints of happiness and mutual affection. To the worldlings of the time such repeated exhibition of their married content would be *fade* and insipid.

It is remarkable that in the enormous mass of correspondence preserved by Garrick—and he seemed to preserve every scrap that was addressed to him—there is not a single letter of Mrs. Garrick's. The simple reason for this is, that she had no occasion to write to him, as he was literally never absent from her a day. When he went abroad Mrs. Garrick went abroad with him; when he went to the "great houses" on visits, Mrs. Garrick was taken also. She was invited behind the scenes, listened to the rehearsals, and gave her judgment. The economy of the theatre—its accounts—everything was carefully looked to by this admirable and invaluable lady. There was a charming delicacy and gallantry in his behaviour to her, the bloom of which was never lost. Nothing was complete in either his business or his pleasure, without *her*. If a new actor were to exhibit his powers at Southampton Street, Mrs. Garrick was laughingly put behind a screen to have her share of the "fun." She had her box at Drury Lane. When Mr. Garrick was painted again and again by all painters, he was most pleased with those paintings where *she* was brought in. There were

* This was bought by the Carrs, and very appropriately was hanging over the chimney-piece in the dining-room at Hampton until a few years ago. Mrs. Carr was fortunate enough to secure it for £23. It is now in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Hill, of Richmond. Zoffany was employed by Wilson to work on his pictures, and at one of the exhibitions Garrick detected a different touch in Wilson's painting. This helped to discover the German artist. Garrick's patronage brought its own reward; for Zoffany's fine theatrical scenes and perfect likenesses of his face and attitudes are our most faithful memorials of the great actor. Wilson was furious and jealous, and would seem to have had Zoffany's visits to Hampton watched. Garrick threatened to have the spies ducked in the river. Nothing is more curious than the little odd glimpses these Garrick letters give us of famous people.

many husbands who might pay such attentions; but none could rival the charming delicacy, and almost lover-like gallantry, which he maintained towards her to the end. How pretty a story is that told of the Dance Picture! This artist, then struggling, had been pushed and recommended by the great actor, and had just finished a portrait of Mr. Garrick, for which he was to receive one hundred guineas. This was a present for Mrs. Garrick; a place had been already settled on the wall where it was to hang, and the artist had been asked to dinner. During the dinner the latter said, as it were carelessly, that Sir Watkin Wynne had seen the picture, and offered a hundred and fifty; and, Dance added, he intended to let him have it. He must have been surprised at this treatment; but he was not thinking of that, but of the disappointed face of Mrs. Garrick. "Never mind, dear," he whispered, "you shall have a much handsomer picture than that to look at;" and accordingly, on the next day, a very handsome mirror—mirrors were costly articles then—was hanging in the place selected for the picture.

There were some delightful days at Hampton. The Garricks were very important people in the place. No one of the squires about could have seen such good company: they kept up good state, an excellent table, and "did everything" hospitably, in good style. Sir Henry Bate Dudley, a jovial man about town, and no mean judge, always bore testimony to this. They drove into town in their well-appointed carriage and four horses.

At this place we see him in quite a pastoral light, and with the air of a *Jacques Bonhomme*. Lord Sandwich, when he was in office, was one year settled at Hampton, at Lord Halifax's house on the Green. A fine turtle arrived with Sir Edward Hughes from Ascension, and a cook had been brought down specially to dress it. The weather was hot, and the turtle would not keep; so it was determined to ask the leading persons of the neighbourhood with little ceremony and at short notice.

A servant was sent over to Mr. Garrick's, who coming into the yard, saw a man in an old "scratch wig," an older hat, and a loose great coat, busy with the wheels of the carriage, and asked him about his master. It proved to be Mr. Garrick himself. The servant was greatly shocked at his mistake, and even begged to be excused for attending in the parlour. But Garrick accepted all apologies in the most good-humoured way, and said that actually a compliment had been paid him, for his coachman was a much better looking fellow

than he was. At that turtle dinner there was a large party; the unfortunate Miss Ray was of the number, and Garrick recollected her quiet and modest behaviour. The evening was very pleasant, and the Hampton colony were entertained with dramatic recitations.

Not very far away lived a nobleman and his wife, Lord and Lady Spencer, who were his warmest friends, and who, with a constancy not usual in the noble persons of that day, remained his fast friends to the end of his life. At their seat at Althorpe, in Northamptonshire, Mr. and Mrs. Garrick were regular guests; and it was at Althorpe, with these kind friends at his bedside, that he was seized with his last fatal illness. As Christmas came round, always came eager and pressing invitations to Althorpe. The best company assembled there to meet them. Sometimes Lady Spencer fixed on a gay uniform for the ladies of the party; and Mrs. Garrick was told in time of a "certain scarlet and white silk," which was to be got at "Mr. King's, the mercer's"—a good-natured warning, for fear it should be all gone. Her letters are, indeed, most lively, free, gay, and affectionate. No wonder that he endorsed them outside, "a letter from heavenly Lady Spencer," from "charming Lady Spencer," "Lady Spencer's sweet note," "Lady Spencer, always natural!" He would write for subscriptions for a friend's book, and she would send back a string of noble names, with, "you know we are all your toadeaters—at least, I can answer for myself." This was in the "sweet note." Then they must come to her, "so do not shake your head, and invent any excuses. The beds and rooms are well aired, and more comfortable than at an inn, and that would make the journey to Newport Pagnell very easy for your horses. . . . You must allow us to add that our servants are not allowed to take anything." At this pleasant house he had too much good sense to wish to "sink" his profession, having that true respect for it which made others respect it too. Thus, of a night, Mr. Garrick would sit down and read Shakspeare for the company; though he was sometimes annoyed in finding that Lord March, to whom anything intellectual was not likely to be entertaining, had gone off to sleep. The charming hostess promised that Lord March should never again be allowed to assist at the readings.*

A more awkward incident, but still almost ludicrous as "a

* On another night, a very rigid-faced lady sat in front, with her eyes fixed on the reader, but without moving a muscle, or showing a gleam of intelligence. Mr. Garrick came to his hostess—"She is a very proper person, I am sure; but—but—I cannot read again if she be present."

situation," took place, when Mr. Garrick one night stood up in the centre of the drawing-room, to illustrate some stage effect. A young gentleman, full of eagerness, and with the best intentions, came over on tiptoe, and set down two lighted candles at Mr. Garrick's feet. The actor, much disconcerted and annoyed by this bit of *gaucherie*, abruptly sat down. Sometimes malicious creatures of his own profession would find out the date of these visits, and send on beforehand little dirty letters, or rather "covers," addressed "*Mr. David Garrick, Player.*" This he felt acutely; it could not have the least effect with his host and hostess; but he knew they passed through the servants' hands.* The little world of the players had then more than its proportion of such unworthy devices and mean passions.

Yet he was not quite above the sensitiveness which may underlie friendship between a player and "a lord." The best illustration of this is the little history of an invitation to Warwick Castle. He and his friend Arden had been "strongly pressed to pass a week *en famille*" at the castle; he thought he would now avail himself of the invitation. They arrived, were received by the housekeeper, shown all the curiosities, treated to such light refreshment as a cup of chocolate, and then—bowed out like ordinary tourists. They were both bitterly indignant—Garrick especially, whom other lords were only too proud to entertain. He turned some very sarcastic rhymes on the affair, which, like all the sarcastic rhymes of the time, were shown about and copied, and soon got into print:—

"He show'd them Guy's pot, but he gave them no soup,
No scent would his lordship allow,
Unless they had gnawed the blade-bone of the Boar,
Or the rib of the famous Dun Cow."

This is certainly undignified; but it must be recollected that these lines were merely written as a joke, for his own amusement and that of his friends. The earl was perfectly unconscious of his offence, having sent some message which had not been delivered.

Fond as he was of the company of persons of quality—and no one more dearly loved a lord—he never was inclined to sacrifice his independence in the smallest degree, "or play the toady." As when Lord Essex "got up" private theatricals at Cassiobury, and had invited Lords North, Sandwich, and Coleraine, and other persons of distinction, Mr. Garrick was

* Cradock.

asked also, but apparently "through" Mr. Cradock, a guest, which was scarcely respectful, and rather treating him as "the player." He pleaded his heavy engagements at his own theatre, but did not conceal the real reason. "This filthy cold," he wrote, "I partly got by exhibiting my person in the gallant *Hastings*, the best compliment I could pay to the noble host and hostess, where you are; but, indeed, my pride was very much modified when I found the family did not come to their box until in the middle of the third act. It will not be long in my power to pay many such compliments." He had, in fact, given them a box, and at their request had actually fixed "*Jane Shore*" for the night. Lord Essex, however, asked a large dinner party, meaning to go after the dinner, and bring their guests. As might be expected, they did not reach the theatre until Garrick was nearly at his last speech.

One morning when Boswell had come to breakfast with Garrick, the host greeted him with, "Pray, now, did you—did you meet a little lawyer turning the corner, eh?" Then, with an affected indifference, as if "standing on tiptoe," he explained that it was Lord Camden who had just left him, and with whom he had been taking a walk. Boswell very happily hit off this foolish bit of acting, and this weakness of wishing to be seen with the great. It scarcely deserved Johnson's severe comment that "Garrick was right; for Lord Camden *was* a little lawyer for associating so familiarly with a player." That little lawyer and his family were among Garrick's kindest friends. The Chancellor's interest was used to advance friends of the actor, and exerted with a zeal and cordiality that made it doubly welcome. They interchanged verses, and Garrick and his wife were often invited to Camden Place. When the Chancellor was out of office, one of his consolations was laying out meetings with his friend. "I am happy enough . . . treat me then with an epigram or a bit of prologue; or if you have nothing of that sort in readiness, assure me of your and Mrs. Garrick's health, and I will be content." He could write even more affectionately when disappointed of a visit. "I had an inward feeling when we parted, that we should not meet again as we proposed, and this made me so desirous of keeping you when I had you. But now I despair. You and Mrs. Garrick are two restless people, whose minds are always upon the stretch for conversation at home and abroad, and are strangers to the pleasures of one day's solitude. The only time you allot for thought is eight to ten in the morning during winter, and even these

hours are interrupted by posts and box-keepers. You see how fretful your letter has made me, but how can I be otherwise when I find myself deprived of a pleasure I have lived so long in hopes of?" There was a warmth in this eagerness truly genuine; and it seemed as though Garrick's engagements were always fatally in the way. Not very long before the actor's death, he wrote to him, and it was more than a playful warning—"I was in expectation of meeting you last Sunday se'nnight at Mr. Dunning's, but you are too much in request to be had on short notice. *That idol popularity which has ruined my fortune and made yours*, will yet spoil your constitution; for perpetual feasting and riot will break you down at last, and you will be demolished, though you are stronger than Nuttall. I do very much, my dear Garrick, wish for a quiet day or two with you, when you are not interrupted every minute with authors and actors. Our noisy girls are gone, and the house is at peace." The friendship of such a man is a charming testimonial, and no better comment could be found on Johnson's foolish speech. That "familiarity" endured long; Camden was executor, and held the actor's pall. And yet that protest—a little fretful as it was—but too well described the actor's restless "fussiness," that "acting off the stage," which would not let him enjoy calmly the hearts and the friendship which were his, but kept him busy with little schemes and plots for the next hour—like ladies of fashion, with many parties for the one night, and whose eyes and thoughts are on the one to which they have to go next, and not on the one where they are present.

Indeed, the number of men in office, who could be useful to him, and who were delighted to oblige him, was surprising. No man of his day had such influence. Some of his prettiest letters contain requests for some little service, and were hard to resist. As where some India chintz, a present to Mrs. Garrick, was detained by the Customs, he pleaded hard with Mr. Stanley in rhyme and prose.* How Mr. Pelham obliged him, we have seen; and, in Pelham's honour, he wrote that little ode, which attained a most surprising popularity, running

* "O, Stanley, give ear to a husband's petition!" Some passages in the letter have quite the turn of Elia's writing. He had done, he said, some trifling service for the Calcutta Theatre. "In return they have sent me Madeira, and poor Rachel the unfortunate chintz. She had set her young heart upon making some alterations in our little place at Hampton. *She concluded to show away with her prohibited present.* . . She had prepared chairs, &c., *for this familiar token of Indian gratitude.*" . . Now it had fallen into "the coarse hands of filthy dungeon ruffians."—HILL MSS.

through numerous editions, and two lines of which have been enrolled in the stock of "quotable" phrases—

"Let others hail the rising sun,
I bow to that whose course is run."

Men of ability and of intellect, indeed, formed a rich department of his acquaintance.

CHAPTER V.

FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES.—1759.

THE range of Garrick's acquaintance included a motley class, from the meanest, shirtless Grub Street poet to the highest Duke in the land. In it were noble lords and ladies, bishops, parsons, lawyers, authors, adventurers—gentle natures, rough and savage characters; for all, his calm and placid temper had a sort of charm. He was fortunate in the friendship of Warburton, and it is surprising to see with what warmth and gentleness that rude and turbulent nature could deal with a character so unlike his own. The Bishop could give him this fine compliment:—"I honour you for your repeated endeavours in stemming a torrent of vice and folly. You do it in a station where most men, I suppose, would think you might fairly be dispensed with, from bearing your part in the duty of good citizens, on such a necessary occasion. *Nobody but you and Pope ever knew how to preserve the dignity of your respective employments.*" In stormy contest all his life with every one, he remained at peace with the actor to the end. Indeed, nothing is more remarkable in Garrick's life than the nice proportion of his acts of friendship, delicately shaped so as to be of the highest profit for the occasion. To Warburton had been introduced the new Yorkshire Rabelais, Laurence Sterne, who had come up to town in 1761 to enjoy the honours of his book. When the storm was rising about Sterne, and cries of scandal ringing in his ears, the actor secured for him the useful patronage, and protection, of two bishops; and when these were being alienated by the humorist's own folly, made unwearied exertions to excuse and restore him. All that round of feasting and honour, which makes Sterne's London campaign read like a romance, he owed to Garrick, who was unwearied in introducing him everywhere. "Mr. Garrick," wrote Tristram in a tumult of delight to his "Kitty," "pays me all and more honour than I could look for. I dined with him to-day, and he has promised num-

bers of great people to carry me to dine wth 'em. He has given me an order for the liberty of his boxes and indeed leaves nothing undone that can do me either service or credit ; he has undertaken the management of the booksellers, and will procure me a great price."* The sentimental clergyman, it would seem, was not a little affected by the charms of Mrs. Garrick, and often sent a rapturous message of admiration, through her husband. Garrick helped him with a loan—wrote from abroad that it should be looked after ; but he added that they were not to be in the least ungentle with him. Shandy's incurable lightness, and that round of follies—follies which were of the head, not of the heart—seemed to have alienated this good friend, as they did so many others ; and Garrick was at the dinner party in Clifford-Street, when the footman came in with news that he had just seen the miserable Yorick breathe his last, without a friend near him.†

Another nobleman, the Duke of Devonshire, was his friend, and came often to Hampton. To him Garrick could apply for a loan. The answer was, "I have sent you a note on Snow for £500 : if you wanted as much more, it is at your service. I am very glad it is in my power to be of any convenience to you. *I will have no security.*" After thirty years, the Mr. Lyttleton who had been introduced to him during the Goodman's Fields' days, now become Lord Lyttleton, was still his warmest friend. With him Mrs. Garrick was "Pid-pad"—a joke on her pronunciation of "pit-a-pat." Though the house was full of Grenvilles, and "Burzinsky and Paoli had just gone, and Belgioso and the Russians were to come next week," still "all parties of pleasure without Garrick and Pid-pad appear dull and insipid." Mrs. Montagu desired all sorts of "fine things" to be said to Mr. Garrick for her ; but Lord Lyttleton would only tell him one plain truth, "that we both love you dearly." Even the great political Cato of the day, now in retirement, thawed into something like warmth and gaiety. Down at Mount Edgecumbe Mr. Garrick had turned some verses in the statesman's honour. They were not in his happiest strain, likening the elderly, hypochondriac ex-Premier,

* From the curious collection of Sterne's love letters in the Philobiblion collection.

† Sterne's death-bed is a ghastly scene. The incidents—the hireling, who it is said was robbing him of his sleeve-links as he died, the footman looking on—the blank desertion—the coldness of death, that began with his feet and went upwards—the whole would make a fine subject for a painter, and a fearful contrast to that of the gay clergyman coquetting with the grisette in Newton's delightful painting.

who was racked with gout and rheumatism, to Achilles, "Peleus's son," when he "wrathful forsook the hostile field," and took up the lyre; and then described how the Earl, freed from cares of state, solaced himself at Burton Pynsent:—

"Cheerful he came, all blithe and gay,
Fair blooming like the son of May;
Adown his radiant shoulders hung
A harp by all the Muses strung."

In return for this compliment, the Earl sent some verses in reply, containing a pressing invitation, and which, it must be said, are infinitely more free and natural than the actor's:—

"Leave, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay,
Docks, forts, and navies, brightening all the bay;
To my plain roof repair, primeval seat !

* * * *

Come, then, immortal spirit of the stage,
Great nature's proxy, glass of every age !
Come, taste the simple life of patriarchs of old,
Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp or gold."

He was charmed with the verses from Mount Edgecumbe. "You have kindly," he said, "settled on me a lasting species of property I never dreamed of, in that enchanting place—a far more able conveyancer than any in Chanceryland; for instead of laboriously perplexing rights, you, by a few happy lines, at once both create the title and fix the possession." On a rare occasion Mr. Pitt and Lady Hester would visit the theatre, and, as it were, command a play, through Mr. Berenger. They were enchanted. They thanked their friend heartily for "his obliging good offices" with Garrick. "Inimitable Shakespeare! but more matchless Garrick! Always deep in nature as the poet, but never (what the poet is too often) out of it." This compliment was endorsed by Garrick with delight: "A note from Mr. Pitt to Berenger about ME having at his request acted *Macbeth*. Rich and exquisite flattery!" Yet it is characteristic of Pitt's stateliness that he always seemed to deal with Garrick by embassy, as it were, and would make arrangements for coming to the theatre through other persons. Mr. Pitt was one of the audience in the old glorious Goodman's Fields' days. "You little Horace," wrote Burke—"you *lepidissime Homuncio*, when will you call to see your *Mæcenatavis*?" Then he would grumble playfully at Garrick's neglect. "You know the unfortunate have always proud stomachs." "I send you," he wrote, "a late turtle, a *rosa sera*, as good for the palate as the other for the nose. Your true epicureans are of opinion, you know, that it contains in itself all kinds of

flesh, fish, and fowl. It is, therefore, a dish fit for one who can represent all the solidity of flesh, the volatility of fowl, and the oddity of fish." Wilkes, too, wrote him lively, rattling letters of compliment. They had met in Paris; and from Paris "Jack Cade" would write over amusing French news—how Helvetius, their common friend, had sent him a note this morning, beginning, "Mon cher Wilkes—You, who will be exiled in this world, and damned for ever in the next, and to whom posterity will set up a statue," &c. Yet he was no friend; and after the actor's death spoke of him harshly and unkindly.

To that old intriguer, the Duke of Newcastle, Garrick sent a useful token, "one of the most valuable presents which an old man can receive, or a good friend can make, of a delightful horse to supply the defects of old age and infirmity." He was eager to see him at Claremont; but characteristically, presently glided into the old platitudes, and trusted his friend would give the public "such representations of human nature as must encourage and promote the love of virtue and virtuous actions." Beside this, we can put the portrait of the man who overcame the old duke, Lord Bute. Garrick must have been much taken back by the ungraciousness with which that cold favourite received a present of some new little composition. Lord Bute said he was much obliged; but was too jealous for his country's honour not to wish that this had been Mr. Garrick's first attempt at writing. He believed it to be below Mr. Garrick's talents. Silence in such a matter might be taken ill. It is scarcely so wonderful that this nobleman was unpopular; and we may fancy Garrick's untoward air—he who was accustomed to praise "in pailfuls"—at such unusual candour.

With Walpole, a neighbour almost, he never seemed to get on well. It would seem that the vicinity of the handsome villa at Hampton, whence the player and his wife drove up to town in their "coach-and-four," and with whom lords and dukes came to dine, excited his jealousy. When Garrick went abroad, a letter was sent off to Sir Horace Mann, to warn him to be on his guard. The way he spoke of Garrick was always offensive. He would not put his new play on the stage, as he would not expose himself to "the impertinences of that jackanapes Garrick, who lets nothing appear but his own wretched stuff, or that of creatures still duller." No one enjoyed the success of Powell so much. "You may keep Garrick in Paris," he wrote with delight. Yet he should have recollected one kind office, when Garrick had tried to avert the anger of Warburton. Walpole had just published the "Anecdotes of

Painting," where the enraged bishop found his name coupled with "Tom Hearne and Browne Willis." He was in a fury at this insult, and told Garrick "he would be about Walpole's pots" for that treatment. "I mean," he added, "the gally-pots and washes of his toilette. I know he has a fribbled tutor at his elbow as sicklied over with affectation as himself. But these half men are half wits," &c. Garrick knew well what all this portended, and that this mild phrase of "being about his pots" meant the frantic destruction of a bull in a china shop. He hastened to get Walpole to explain or soften.

What Walpole thought of Garrick's playing, how unfair and prejudiced he was in every judgment of the actor and of his plays, was notorious, and will be shown later.

Charles Yorke, brilliant member of a brilliant family, and a most engaging character, was an intimate friend. He would give him legal opinions on some little theatrical difficulty, in a pleasant, untechnical way. Garrick also knew Charles Townshend; and that statesman was eager to come to the theatre, but characteristically often forgot, or mistook the night. The Dukes of Portland, Richmond, and Bedford, Lords Palmerston, Mount Edgecumbe, Shelburne, North, Villiers, Rockingham—half the ranks of the titled aristocracy—were friends or acquaintances. All were pressing him to their houses and castles. Lord Camden, as we have seen, lamented these flattering attentions, and near the end of his own life told his friend that he could find no pleasure in the "trash" that then made up the nobility. To the Player the tone of address adopted by this "trash" is of the most delicate and friendly sort—deferential even at times. In so honouring him, they did themselves honour; and without laying undue weight on the value of such patronage, it is a most singular spectacle to think of "a mere player" thus sought, and courted, and petted by the noblest and greatest in the country—by the highest in intellect, in politics, in rank, and in fashion. Foote was found at a great house or two—at the Delavals, and others. In his case, they descended to him, and did not raise him to a level with themselves.

It is scarcely surprising that such attentions should have flattered him, or given him a growing taste for yet more of the same kind. But it is even more surprising that he was not overset with pride or conceit. The most that could be detected was his introducing the names of lords a little too often, which his really numerous engagements to such persons might render unavoidable. In his *conduct* there was no change. He was not "fine," nor inclined to pass by hum-

bler friends. His little affectations were harmless, though sometimes not a little amusing.

No man ever had such a curious parti-coloured roll of acquaintance, which included all classes and conditions. It must have seemed to him like the interior of his own great theatre, with its classes of boxes, pit, and galleries. He knew the lowest and the highest, the odd and the eccentric, the happy and the miserable. Dr. Dodd, with whom the title of "the unfortunate divine" was always associated, was one of these unlucky friends, and was assiduous in his civilities. The two glimpses we have of this clergyman show him to us, curiously enough, in relation with the family who brought him to the scaffold. Once he gave a play at his house, in which his pupil, Mr. Stanhope, took a part, and Mr. Garrick furnished a prologue, full of compliments to the Lord Chesterfield, who was present. Later, Dr. Dodd wrote from "Turret House," saying, he is charged by Lord and Lady Chesterfield "to request the honour of Mr. and Mrs. Garrick's company at dinner at Blackheath, and that Mrs. Dodd and Mr. Stanhope will be of the party, and attend him, and he hopes Mr. G. will not refuse him the satisfaction of taking a piece of mutton at Ealing."*

Boswell was sure not to neglect so important a centre of social pleasure. A passage from a letter written to Garrick not long after the Jubilee is admirable. "It is true we must all look forward to the last scene. You, who have so often felt, and made others feel, its solemnity, *must fall, just like others*. This puts me in mind of three essays which I wrote on the profession of a player last year, and which were published in the 'London Magazine,' in which I have some concern. Pray, have you read them? . . . Why have you not called on General Paoli, since I had the pleasure of presenting you to him, in your morning dress, *comme un roi déguisé*, and he paid you so handsome a compliment, which, I dare say, you have added to your cabinet of jewels?" He likened the letter of Garrick that reached him on his tour to a pineapple.

It was natural that such a disciple of Shakspeare should have come in contact with the whole corps of Shakspeare editors—Steevens, Capell, Warburton, and many more—who abused each other to him, with all the ferocity that seemed incident to their calling. Warburton said to him, "Of all idiots, sure the greatest is one Capell." Steevens, speaking of the same person, admitted his exactness, but protested, "that if a flea were to break his chain, he would be utterly incapable of mend-

* Endorsed by Garrick, "Dr. Dodd hanged."—*Bullock MSS.*

ing it." Warburton had a true contempt for Johnson's labours. Steevens had a full and forcible style; his letters are exceedingly vigorous.* But it was through Steevens, that Garrick saw how faithless and ungrateful a friend could be. All the choicest treasures of his libraries—his scarce, handsome, richly bound old plays were lent to Steevens, and kept by him for years. For years, the friendliest and most confidential intercourse existed between them. When the Jubilee was the talk, and, perhaps, jest of every one, a number of bitter and amusing squibs were noticed in the papers, which attracted much attention. Some were attributed to Foote. Inquiry was made, and Garrick was shocked to discover, that the most savage and bitter on himself, were written by the man who was at that moment on the most confidential terms with him. When Steevens heard that Garrick was about taking the matter up seriously, he grew alarmed, and sent to assure him that he was author of three only of the most harmless—a parody on Dryden's Ode, which he called an ode on the Duke of Bedford dedicating a temple to the memory of his cook, Le Stue, and of two others. Yet, almost immediately, he was boasting everywhere that he had written all the offensive pieces—some thirty-five or forty—and added, that it was "*fun to vex Garrick.*" Fun to vex Garrick! This was every one's excuse, and Garrick's destiny; his gentle, forgiving, and too indifferent nature, was a mark for the spite and satire of such writers. This treachery he took calmly, and broke off this acquaintance.† But the editor contrived to pacify him.

It must have been delightful to see him in his fits of boisterous spirits, as when he was hurrying to pay a visit to his friend Burney through St. Martin's Street, where the little boys, who swarmed from the lanes and corners, stared at him and gathered round, for they knew him perfectly, and formed part of his gallery audience. Once he found his friend in the midst of his family, and under the hairdresser's hands. In more than ordinary spirits, he began by affecting to watch the hairdresser's operations with the most absorbing interest and wonder. The artist seemed delighted at this compliment. Then the wonderful face began to take a sort of compound ex-

* "A rival editor, like myself, will always become a kind of Town Bull; and every fatherless letter calved in the newspapers on this subject will, of course, be laid to his charge."

† The character of Steevens must have been truly odious. Davies mentions a story of his throwing libels over his neighbour's garden wall. Others of a very malignant sort are to be found in Taylor, vol. ii., p. 46. Miss Hawkins describes his deathbed as terrible.

pression of meanness and sadness, like *Abel Drugger's*, with such a hopeless vacancy, that the hairdresser grew quite disturbed and confused. And when Garrick, taking off his "scratch" wig, asked him, with the same stupid manner, "Could you touch up this old Bob a bit now?" the other became quite scared at the metamorphosis, and ran out of the room. He was not so successful with a red-headed Yorkshire assistant in Roubiliac's studio, where he had gone to see how the Shakspeare statue was getting on. He seized a rule, and knitting his brows, scowling, and making his fine eyes roll, he came over fiercely to the man. He was infinitely discomposed when the latter said, coolly, "Now, my little master, what tricks are you up to now?"

Put into yet greater spirits by this success, the visitor asked how the doctor's pamphlet was selling, and then burst into the tone and manner of an auctioneer—"A penny a piece! A penny! All agoing! Each worth a pound, ladies and gentlemen!" Then he said the doctor sat in that easy chair "to rest his understanding." From all the young people round came a cry of "Oh!" "Oh!" Garrick, quite grave and concerned, started up, "You mistake, I assure you. O really, 'pon my word, I never—that—intended—I only meant—" with the most absurd alarm. He was inexhaustible that morning. He was engaged to breakfast with Boswell, and in a moment was taking him off to the life. Going away after this amusing visit, he had his jest even with the housemaid on the stairs. He addressed her solemnly—"Child, do you know who I am? I am one of the greatest geniuses of the age!" And left her, scared and mystified. This little scene, even allowing for over-colouring, is a fair specimen of his social manners, and speaks a light heart and amiable temper.

He was fond of "giving" Johnson—not ill-naturedly. It was delightful to see him, heaving up his shoulders, working his arms, looking round the table, preparing to compound a bowl, and asking, "*Who's for poonch?*" He would declaim the first four lines of Gray's *Bard*, in the doctor's solemn and sonorous declamation, rolling out the lines, so that scarcely a word was intelligible. The persevering Cradock declared one night, in a mixed company, that he could do it better without pronouncing *any* words, or articulating *at all*. "Tom Davies" was considered to take off the doctor's rhinoceros laugh with good success.

To Hampton came the strange Monsey—one of the oddities of London, whose style of wit may be understood, from his declining a nobleman's invitation to dinner on this ground—

"I can't, my lord, for I have a scoundrel to dine with me."
"Then bring your scoundrel," said his lordship, as promptly. Both excuse and reply were given in the hearing of the invited guest. Garrick became acquainted with him at an Old Bailey trial, when he heard a gentleman ask a person in front to move a little. The other, a stout fellow, kept his place. At last the gentleman said, half aloud, "If I were not a coward, I would give you a blow even in open court." The oddity of this speech highly delighted Garrick, who determined to know him; and was still more delighted when he found out that he was the well-known Monsey, whom he had never yet seen. The result was an intimacy of many years. Garrick often took him down to Hampton. Between the actor and doctor a tone of blunt familiarity was studiously cultivated. The plainest and rudest truths were spoken in the most open way.* Thus at a dinner party at Southampton Street, the guests were Warburton and Brown, the author of "Barbarossa," at first and for a time a sort of toady and client of the Bishop's, and Monsey. Garrick bade the doctor restrain himself, because he was in presence of Dr. Warburton. "Oh, yes," said Dr. Brown—more obsequious, it is said, than even the obsequious Hurd—"of course he will, for he is afraid of Dr. Warburton." Monsey waited a moment to see what Warburton would say, and then answered gravely, "No, sir; I am neither afraid of Dr. Warburton *nor of his jack-pudding*." This thrust, however happy, produced a solemn pause, and very soon broke up the party. The doctor, too, was once made the object of one of those theatrical *tours de force* for which Garrick has made himself a distinct reputation. He was found by the doctor ill in bed on a night when he should have been at the theatre to play *King Lear*. Garrick said it was no great matter, as there was an actor there, Marr, so like him in voice, manner, and look, that the audience would not find out the difference. As soon as Monsey was gone to the theatre, Garrick leaped up, drove away, and arrived just in time to come on. The doctor listened, wondering; at last saw that the audience believed in the identity, and then began to

* Monsey heard that Garrick was having the Duke of Argyll and some ladies of quality to dinner, and reproached him for not asking him. Garrick told him plainly he was not fit company for such persons. "You are too great a blackguard." "Why, you little scoundrel," said the other, "ask Lord Godolphin if I can't behave myself?" The doctor came. Mrs. Garrick was so busy helping the persons of quality that she passed over Dr. Monsey, who had several times put out his plate. At last he called out, "Will you help me, you b——h, or not?" Garrick fell back, nearly suffocated with laughter; the Duke stared; the rest of the company were struck with consternation.

suspect the trick. He hurried back to Southampton Street; but Garrick was already home before him, lying covered up in his bed, having actually not had time to get off his kingly dress. It often happens that this gross humour and eccentricity is "ill-conditioned" and malignant, and Garrick soon discovered that this friend was sending about ill-natured stories of him, and then the doctor became his enemy.

No one could tell a "good story" so dramatically as Garrick. He was very fond of practical joking, as it was a sort of useful, unprofessional training, and gave him a freedom he would not have on the stage. A little scene outside of a public-house at Kensington gravel-pits, where a man had undertaken for a wager to eat a large quantity of bacon and beans, was one of his most effective stories. An enormous crowd was gathered, who grew impatient as the man did not appear, but who at last came forward without his coat, "his shirt-sleeves tied with red ribbons," and a large lump of bacon, with the beans, on his knees. He was "well received," and began to eat with alacrity; but gradually slackened, and finally ran in and escaped. The mob then grew riotous, and wrecked the house. Garrick's animated picture of the whole scene—the cries of the mob, "Beans and bacon!" "Bring out the man!" and his vivid picture of the confusion—made up a most diverting story, and convulsed all his hearers. Once, when walking with Colonel Wyndham up Ludgate Hill, Garrick went out in the middle of the road and stared at the sky, repeating, "I never saw two before." A crowd, of course, gathered, some wise one saying, "It must be two storks, as these birds are never seen in company." Garrick's wild stare of lunacy as it rested on them quite scared all. So, when some boys were coming out of school, Garrick picked out one, whom he sternly reprimanded for ill-treating his companion. The supposed sufferer said it was untrue; but Garrick only spoke with greater severity to the culprit, saying how little he deserved the generosity of the boy *who sought to excuse him by a falsehood*. The hopeless mystification, and alarm even, of the boys, the stupid terror of the boy himself—who, under Garrick's eye, began to question whether he had not done what he was accused of—was a picture. Garrick justified himself by saying he got valuable lessons for his profession. So would he turn round, and give a piercing look at a ticket porter, who was going along cheerily, and humming a tune. The fellow's gaiety was checked at once. Garrick would stop, and again look round at him. The restlessness of the man, and even his distress—the suspicions of the passers-by, who also began to look at him—became extremely dramatic.

So his calling to a smart young waterman on the river, "Are you not ashamed to be dressed in that way, with your mother in such distress, and you *allowing her only threepence a week?*" A stone, however, was the reply to this jest, and Garrick's boat had to pull hard to get out of reach.*

He often was induced to get up after dinner, and give what he called "his rounds," and, leaning on the back of a chair, would pass from an imitation of madness to that of drunkenness, and change his face with marvellous versatility. This must have been a high entertainment.

That weak being, Percival Stockdale, who, like Churchill, had stripped off his gown "because it had sickened my soul with such a nausea," now came to fling himself abjectly at Garrick's feet, with compliments and even adulation, imploring him to save him, and keep him on firm ground. This saviour was "one of those superior beings destined by God to save the miserable and weak. . . . " All he wished Mr. Garrick to procure for him was "a creditable and permanent office, in which drudgery should not be required." "The metropolis yet *strongly attracts me.*" Garrick used all his interest with Lord Sandwich, and obtained for him the chaplaincy of the *Resolution*, then lying at Portsmouth. He was only tolerably content with his chaplaincy—was afraid he would again be unsatisfied with himself, or unable to act "with that tempered vivacity which greatly contributes to make a man agreeable." The captain and lieutenants were polite and attentive, and if he were only at peace with himself he could be almost happy. When every means of procrastination was exhausted, and the *Resolution* was ordered to sea, he told Garrick he was determined to die rather than be sacrificed "to this horrible life." Garrick must get him something else. "Verify my eulogium of your being as great in Garrick as in *Lear.* It will give great pleasure to your own moral sentiments. . . . It is impossible for me to point out what I want you to do for me. You know my cast of mind—you know the range I formerly gave you!" In a few months he seems to have lost his chaplaincy. He had once admired, idolised Mr. Garrick. "With philosophic calmness" he imputed Garrick's severity to error, "but to error which hath sunk me for ever." The worthless fellow lately came to write some memoirs, and there held up the failings of the man who had been his friend, and "saviour," and could dwell on his "envy" and his

* The reader will recall Johnson's "slanging" another waterman on the river—perhaps the most masterly specimen of "blackguarding" on record.

"jealousy!" It is almost sickening to see what vile patterns of human nature Garrick was to know.

The sensitiveness of his many debtors almost makes us smile. One might think that to lend money was the sorest injury one man could do to another. There was a pleasant Irishman, who was Master of the Horse to the Lord-Lieutenant, and who had got into embarrassments. Garrick had voluntarily offered his assistance; and when he was going abroad for some years, and settling his affairs, proposed some shape of formal security. This was indignantly resented by the sensitive Master of the Horse, as he frankly admitted, "from the consciousness of my own inability to discharge so considerable a debt if the power of demanding it fell into any other hands but your own." The result was a rather natural coolness. On Garrick's return, Mr. Jephson said that he saw his fault. He had, in fact, been writing a play. He owned that he had been wrong, and acknowledged himself "under the greatest obligations to you, and to assure you, if you now please to accept my bond, or other instrument, for the money, *it will in no degree lessen the sense of the great service your kindness,*" &c. Garrick, with that charming sweetness which always distinguished him, only said, "The more I think of this matter, the less I am able to account for your particular diffidence. I wish your next friend may be as much more able to serve you, as more deserving of your confidence." He then reassured Jephson, by telling him that he had protected him, as to the bond, in his will. The Master of the Horse, after all, was a good fellow; and this was what Johnson might have called "the sensitiveness of impecuniosity." Many of his plays were afterwards brought out by the same friend.

Baretti had done him some little offices. The remedy of Count Bujowich for sciatica, which he had recommended for Mrs. Garrick, and the success of which was "miraculous," was never forgotten. Garrick repaid him with loans, and every kind of good office. When Baretti was apprehended for murder—for killing a man in a street scuffle—Garrick attended with other friends at Lord Mansfield's, to give bail. The scene at the trial reads itself, like a scene out of a comedy of the day, and characteristically brought on all the actors in their various parts.*

* Garrick was greatly annoyed by Lord Mansfield's behaviour, who, to show his knowledge, affected to discuss the meaning of a passage in "Othello" while the bonds were being signed. An account of Baretti's trial is given in the Sessions Papers. The "Hon. Mr. Beauclerk" was called first, and we seem to hear the man of fashion and *élégant*. "He

Among the familiar attractions of Hampton must be counted the dogs, and Mr. Garrick's great dog, Dragon, well known everywhere. He had travelled up to town, and like his master, had made his appearance on the stage at Drury Lane—being led out by the droll Weston, who spoke an epilogue, addressed to him. The audience were infinitely delighted with the unconscious acting of the large creature, who seemed quite at home in their presence, and was looking up with great good-humour into the face of the droll actor who was addressing him. There was near being a riot on a succeeding night when the epilogue was withdrawn, and the dog had to be sent for. This familiarity was scarcely consistent with the dignity of Drury Lane, and seemed nearly as bad as that boxing of Hunt and dancing of Mahomet, which he had once denounced so scornfully.*

Thus, like nearly every other man of heart and feeling, he both loved and respected dogs; and there were always many seen about Hampton.

Such is a glimpse of the private life of a pleasant man, and such was the curious "bundle of sticks," smooth, strong, and supporting, *crooked* and useless, which made up Garrick's friends and acquaintances. A volume could be filled with the

gave me letters to some of the first people abroad. I went to Italy the time the Duke of York did. Unless Mr. Baretto had been a man of consequence, he could not have recommended me to such people as he did. He is a *gentleman* of letters." Mr. Croker has quoted Dr. Johnson's testimony in the witness-box. "He is a man of literature—a very studious man—a man of diligence. A man that I never knew to be otherwise than peaceable, and a man that I take to be rather timorous." Garrick was then called. "I never knew a man of more active benevolence. At Paris I was very inquisitive about men of literature, and asked who was the best writer of French; they told me Baretto. I have a very particular instance of his great friendship. Mrs. Garrick got a lameness, and we tried every remedy." Baretto recommended one. A knife was put into his hand. "Mrs. Garrick has one now, with a steel blade and a gold back." This introduction of Mrs. Garrick is quite like the manager. Goldsmith gave his testimony with a generous warmth. "He is a most humane, benevolent, and peaceable man. I have heard him speak with regard to those poor creatures on the street. He is a man of as *great humanity* as any in the world."

* Later, Miss Hannah More addressed this dog, elegantly and appropriately; and her very pleasing ode to Dragon was copied and recopied, and had at last to be printed to gratify admirers:—

"O Dragon! change with me thy fate,
To me give up thy place and state,
And I will give thee mine.
I left to think, and thou to feed.
My mind enlarged, thy body freed
How blest thy lot and mine.

chronicles of the strange doings of the Potters, Kenricks, Gentlemans, and dozens more, and who tried every art to secure his assistance, or patronage, and when that was tired out, betook themselves to a whole round of meaner agencies. It is inconceivable the amount of trouble and worry, though, with some, of pleasure and happiness, his contact with such varied natures gave him. Therefore it is, that Garrick's life, apart from the consideration of his own dramatic talent, seems to have such an interest, as a special picture of human life—a picture, of which it may be said, that no such colours, such shades and effects of human character, are to be found anywhere else. His office as a manager of a great theatre, his own fine character, and lastly, his habit of preserving every paper and letter, are the special advantages which have helped us to this view.

CHAPTER VI.

A MODEL FARCE—SHERIDAN RIVALRY—COLMAN. 1759–1761.

RETURNING now to town, as it might be, with Mr. Garrick from Hampton, we resume our view of the great theatre he ruled. With the new season of 1759, find Macklin in his old part of *Shylock*; Moody and Miss Pope, promoted from playing with children, strengthening the company, and making up for the loss of Woodward and of Mossop, who had joined that de-

“ I'd get my master's way by rote,
Ne'er would I bark at ragged coat,
Nor tear the tattered sinner.
Like him I'd love the dog of merit,
Caress the cur of broken spirit,
And give them all a dinner.

“ Nor let me pair his blue-eyed dame
With Venus or Minerva's name,
One warrior, one coquette.
No ; Pallas or the Queen of Beauty
Shunn'd or betrayed that nuptial duty,
Which *she* so highly set.

“ Whene'er I heard the rattling coach
Proclaim the long-desired approach,
How would I haste to greet 'em ?
Nor ever feel I wore a chain,
Till starting, I perceived with pain,
I could not fly to meet 'em.”

serter at Dublin. Home's dull "Siege of Aquileia," one of the eternal Greek or Roman plays ("Sieges" of this town, or "Fall" of that); "The Desert Island," and a Pantomime from the Old Goodman's Fields Theatre, called "Harlequin's Invasion," with two good farces, were the chief attractions of the season. One of the farces was Macklin's capital "Love à la Mode," spirited and humorous.* The other piece was even of greater merit.

The leaden theatrical sky was at last to be broken by a flash of true humour. One of the gayest, pleasantest, and most laughter-moving little comedies—for it took higher rank than farce—was now put on the stage. "High Life below Stairs" has the true elements of comedy. It is a picture of human nature and of human character besides, and its situations were infinitely droll. Over a hundred years old, it can be played to-morrow without altering a line, and be as fresh and intelligible as on the nights when King and Palmer, Mrs. Abington and Mrs. Clive, were convulsing Old Drury Lane as *My Lord Duke*, *Sir Harry*, *Lady Bab*, and *Lady Charlotte*. This excellent piece has always been attributed to the Rev. Mr. Townley, and is still played under his name; but this was only the *finesse*, or timorousness, of Garrick, who was afraid, perhaps, of exciting the enmity of the servants, against whom his satire was directed. It shows also that his correct principles of acting followed him into another direction, and helped him to write on the same pure and correct principles as those on which he acted.†

A third farce of this season was by that strange lady, Mrs. Clive, and entitled "Every Woman in her Humour;" but it was a failure. During the performance, the scene behind the

* When the usual quarrel came the following year, the manager made proposals to young Wilkinson to take Macklin's place in this farce; and the young fellow, greedy for higher terms, was busy circulating how Mr. Garrick and his brother George had attempted to steal Mr. Macklin's farce, and play it at their house, against the author himself. Fortunately, among his papers we find a note, which shows the managers believed that Macklin had sold them this very farce, and they had taken a legal opinion on the transaction, which was entirely in their favour.

† Of Garrick's authorship of this piece I have little doubt. Townley never did anything so respectable. Warburton, an excellent judge, seems to have received a hint as to the authorship from Garrick himself, who had sent him two copies. "I read it with extreme pleasure and satisfaction," he writes. "I will not venture to tell whose I think it is, because the author would be unknown. Yet I believe I am no stranger to the hand. I saw it in the very title and motto, and quite through, to the very last of the concluding page." It is exactly in Garrick's own gay style. Murphy, indeed, used to charge Garrick openly with having *stolen* this piece from him, and maliciously said that the manager's fears had put forward Townley as the author.

curtain was infinitely diverting—the angry actress, of course, setting all down to a secret plot of Garrick's. She was seen seeking him high and low, with fury in her eyes—"her darling prey, and no sooner espied him than *she fastened*." The manager, "whose curiosity," says Wilkinson, "had led him back, to take a peep at the field of battle, after beholding her farce and its overthrow, had exultingly sat smiling at the tumult, which *gratified his spleen*," behaved with great temper, and soothed her into good-humour. Yet, not three months before, he had been unwearied in his kindness to this fellow, teaching him *Tamerlane*, and, what was thought a great condescension, coming into the dressing-room to "make-up" his face properly.

When Drury Lane opened its doors for the next season, 1760-61, Garrick's good fortune and good sense were to furnish him with a new attraction. Indeed, by a happy chance, the very humours of the players unconsciously helped him, and their very desertion only found places for newer actors. Those humours were presently to receive a most wholesome chastisement, which they little dreamed was impending over their heads.

Sheridan, distracted with his Irish troubles, had intended coming to London to teach elocution, when it occurred to him he might make some additional profit by a little "star acting" at one of the great theatres. Between him and the manager of Drury Lane there had been a coldness, now of a very long date; and yet it was to the manager of Drury Lane that he made his first overtures. Adversity had softened him, and his proposals were of the most modest and even diffident sort. Anything that suited the theatre would suit him. If he were wanted but now and again, that would fall in very well with his plans; if his services became more necessary to the house, he would still be accommodating. He had some new pieces, played with signal success at Dublin, either, or both of which, he would get ready in a short time, and with as little trouble to the managers as possible. "He neither expected, nor desired, that any part of the general views of the theatre should give way to *his* views." The reader will bear all this in mind, at the inevitable revolt, which will break out later. As for remuneration, he would be quite content to have that guided by the success of his efforts, and would gladly receive a small share of the profits. His terms were at once accepted. Garrick dealt with him handsomely, giving him a fourth of the profits, which, in a large theatre like Drury Lane, was a fair allowance. His "round" of parts was quite the same as that of Garrick, who knew well his colleague's power and gifts; and

it does seem a liberal act, in the little kingdom of the stage, where only one can sit on the throne, to give a rival so fair a chance.

It was soon rumoured at the coffee-houses, that Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Garrick were to join their powers in the great play of “King John.” There was much speculation as to how they were to cast the two fine characters of the piece—*King John*, and the bastard *Faulconbridge*. Neither part would seem exactly suited to Garrick; the *King* was scarcely animated enough for him, and his figure wanted the manly boldness and gallant “dash,” which the *Bastard* required. It was obvious that Sheridan’s weighty declamatory style would be more in keeping with the *King*; while of the two parts, Garrick would be most at home in the *Bastard*. Yet Davies, the friend whose portrait hung over the sideboard at Hampton, gives a most uncandid account of the transaction, by the aid of insinuation. “Garrick,” he says, “when the parts were being cast, chose the *King*; and he actually consented that the *Bastard* should be Mr. Sheridan’s. *Secretly he was determined to the contrary*,” and, after making some apology, he tried to effect an exchange of parts, to which the other was extremely averse. In this there is an inconsistency which Davies did not see; and according to Davies, Garrick carried his point “by repeated solicitations;” which was a very legitimate mode in one who had such power. But this is only one specimen of the little hints and touches with which those who had once been Garrick’s ardent friends, and who had ceased to be so, because he was not sufficiently obsequious to their unreasonable desires, revenged themselves, by damaging his good name. The truth was, *Faulconbridge* was Garrick’s character, and the one he had played only a few seasons before, with success. It was in this part that the town expected to see him, while Sheridan had played the *King* in Dublin with great effect. Both, therefore, were in their natural position. Mrs. Yates was the *Constance* of this revival, a great change from that charming mistress of true pathos, Cibber, in the older days, whose scream of agony as she flew off the stage—

“O, Lord! my boy!”

was still recollected. Such a pair were matchless; and their characters, full of deep passion and tenderness, suited them exactly. Her throwing herself on the ground, as she said,—

“Here I and sorrow sit,
Here is my throne, let kings come bow to it!”

both in attitude, grace, and helpless prostration and agony,

was one of the most piteous spectacles that could be conceived.

"King John," in the hands of two such actors as Sheridan and Garrick, began at once to draw the town. The house was crowded every night. The King "commanded" a performance two nights before Christmas, and an officious friend about the Court—possibly the same who was to come later with news of the King's delight at the *Lord Mayor* in "Richard"—took care to bring the manager word that the King was enchanted with Sheridan. The "friend," still passing over Garrick himself, was then asked if the King had not been satisfied with the performance of the *Bastard*. The friend was again glad to tell him, that the King thought his "rendering" overdone—exaggerated and unnatural. The biographers of Garrick delight in relating how at this criticism Garrick was so torn with envy, jealousy, and disappointment, that although all places were taken for several performances, the play was at once withdrawn, and not acted again; that Sheridan's friends were furious; and that he himself broke out into open revolt, while meetings and discussions took place to arrange matters, but nothing could be agreed on. The whole, adds Davies, ended in the retirement of one of the combatants, and they could never be brought to appear together on the stage again. The whole of this story was no more than vulgar green-room scandal. The play was played three times. Sheridan—so far from refusing to play on the same stage, so far from there being any meetings of friends to arrange the quarrel—acted on to the end of the season; played his great part in the *Earl of Essex*; declaimed *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*, and *Othello*; and before the season closed, the rivals appeared together again harmoniously in "King John"! But it is idle arguing against rumours and whispers, and Garrick's whole behaviour refutes these insinuations. Further, previous to "King John" he had forwarded every scheme that Sheridan proposed to bring out his own powers. He had expressed himself again and again delighted at the great houses Sheridan was bringing. He allowed him to act his own characters. On alternate nights they played *Hamlet*, and even Garrick's own *cheval de bataille*, *Richard*. He said openly, that except in *Barry*, he had never found so able or so useful an assistant. On other nights he allowed him the stage to himself, an all but monopoly. In "The Fair Penitent," and other pieces, they played together. Even Davies admits that "he seemed for a time to suspend his jealousy, and promote every scheme proposed by Sheridan for their mutual profit." Later in 1763, when Mrs. Frances Sheridan's

lively comedy of "The Discovery" was put into his hands, this envious man accepted it, brought it out, allowed Sheridan to take the leading part, "created" a part in it himself, and settled the profits on quite exceptional terms; for, besides two nights' profits for the author, he allowed Sheridan two more for his services.

The *Earl of Essex*, though one of Barry's tender characters, still only made one of the dreary, declamatory series. The subject seemed to have such attractions, that half-a-dozen playwrights, and half-a-dozen leading actors, tried their skill upon it. It was a cold and turgid performance, on the favourite classical model. Sheridan had the most exalted opinion of its merits, and went about quoting "fine" passages. It was a line from this play quoted by him, that excited Johnson's ridicule—

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

The great despot said scornfully this was about as good logic as,

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

A humorous and happy parody, but scarcely a refutation. Other attractions were Foote and his "Minor" brought from another theatre, and which, but for Garrick's friendship with the Lord Chamberlain, would have been interdicted by ecclesiastical censorship.

Garrick was besides giving a series of new and good plays, Murphy's capital comedies, and Colman's lively and spirited "Polly Honeycombe,"* a capital satire on the sentimental taste of the day, and a sort of anticipation of the character of *Lydia Languish*. That clever writer, thoughtful, searching, bright, had a mind something like Garrick's own, for he combined wit and good sense in matters of the world, though he showed a quick and sensitive temper, which Garrick did not. They were now great friends, and the origin of their intimacy was a little curious.

One of the features of the day was the extravagant value of literary support. "Hack writers" found their account in this feeling. The contemptible character of the assailant was his security. Any personage of consideration was therefore helpless, and at the mercy of these adventurers, unless he met them with the same weapons; and this seems to account for the crowd of "scribblers," who found work, and profit, and subsistence on both sides. Many were of mean ability, but the

* Cross, the prompter, said that "The Jealous Wife" had been received with more approbation than any comedy since "The Suspicious Husband."

open field for personality carried off all defects in execution. In this way young Colman, about twenty-six years of age, and straggling from the rough road that led to the law, published an anonymous "Letter of Abuse to David Garrick, Esq.," in which he adroitly affected to take the part of the wronged heroes of the stage—of the Macklins, Cibbers, and others, whom the dazzling abilities of Garrick had so completely extinguished. The author was, of course, made known to the manager, in due expectance of patronage, and a kind and grateful letter of Garrick's might naturally lead the writer to believe that the manager felt himself under a heavy obligation. "I must assure you," he wrote, "that I have more pleasure than uneasiness when I read a true, well-intended criticism, though against myself; *for I always flatter myself that I can attain the mark which my friends may point out to me*, and I really think myself neither too old, nor too wise, to learn." Very often impatience at friendly fault-finding arises, not so much from wounded vanity, as from mortification at finding so much time and trouble thrown away. Garrick, with as quick and sensitive a pulse for praise or blame as mortal ever brought into the world, had levelled it, as well as his resentments, into perfect subservience to the grand object of the interests of his theatre, and his professional reputation.

Thus was laid the foundation of a sincere friendship—on Garrick's side, at least. It must be said Colman worked hard for his patron, and supplied the Press with puffs in every shape, though at times he became "aggrieved," and troubled his friend a good deal. Colman's was a congenial mind—vivacious, eager, and full of a quick talent. It made no difference with the placid Garrick that Colman should have warmly ranged himself on Murphy's side in the "Orphan of China" quarrel—it was rather a fresh ground for mistrust of his own judgment, and for reconsidering the matter. There was no abating the warmth of his friendly interest; and when the curtain was about to rise on Colman's play, the delight in which he wrote off a hurried note about the full house and the crammed boxes, is truly genuine and characteristic. To Colman, to the very last, he was the same warm, generous friend, prompt with a hundred little offices; while Colman was but too often captious, fractious, and ready to become an enemy on some trivial grievance, or on some more unworthy pecuniary misunderstanding. Even the play which has made Colman's reputation with posterity—"The Jealous Wife"—owes its success to Garrick's judgment, who, with nice tact, discarded two whole acts of broad, coarse humour, which by themselves

made a good farce. This kindness was to have its own reward ; for in Colman's "set" was a strange parson of immense intellectual power and ability, and who was busy with a poetical review, that would presently confound the green-rooms, and set Roscius on the very highest pinnacle of his whole life.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE ROSCIAD"—DR. BOWER.—1761-62.

A GREAT critic was now to step out of the crowd, and command the attention of the whole ring ; and the satire, the splendid rhyme, the fine close English—"the wit, the strong and easy verse, the grasp of character, and the rude, free daring of 'The Rosciad'"—were now to burst upon the town, and teach mere scribblers with what deadly point and personality true genius can strike and kill. The whole world of stage players was aghast. They ran about like a crowd of frightened sheep : the crowd of pasteboard kings and queens, the heroes and heroines, who had loftily given the town laws, were now coolly and deliberately sat in judgment upon, and dissected with the finest and most pitiless strokes. They little dreamed that for the past two months a laborious observer had been coming to the theatre, almost regularly every night, always finding his way to one special place—the front row of the pit, nearest to the orchestra "spikes." This steady tenant of the front row was the Rev. Charles Churchill, taking careful notes of every actor, from Garrick down to Packer. The author of this wonderful piece—a big, burly man in "a black coat and a black scratch wig"*—had been seen about town, and only a few weeks before had got rid of both his causes of complaint—"the wife he was tired of and the gown he was displeased with."

In March, '61, just before the theatre closed, the satire appeared. The players writhed under it. Their profession was described for them in terms more degrading than the Vagrant Act ever used. Then, as the actors go by, he criticises them with delightful and easy touch. There was "poor Billy Havard," whose obscurity might have saved him, yet whose

"Easy, vacant face proclaimed a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart ;"

* O'Keefe. Taylor saw him at Vauxhall in a blue coat, edged with gold lace, black silk small clothes, and white stockings.

and Davies, the actor-bookseller—

“With him came mighty Davies—on my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife !
Statesman all over ! in plots famous grown,
He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.”*

Holland was a mere imitation—“I hate e’en Garrick thus at second-hand ;” and King was a shameless exhibition that “shines in brass.” Yates was dismissed briefly—

“Lo, Yates ! without the least finesse of art,
He gets applause. *I wish he’d get his part.*
When hot impatience is in full career,
How vilely ‘Hark’e,’ ‘Hark’e,’ grates the ear.”†

Woodward was put very low indeed, a mere—

“Squeaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twists, he twines, he tortures every limb.”

The humbler Jackson was happily ridiculed—

“One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t’other.”

And Ackman and Packer, obscure nobodies, were ironically complimented as unrivalled in “humour” and “sprightly ease.” Sparks was to be found at a glass “elaborately dividing frown from smile ;” while

“Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
Smith was just gone to school to say his part.”

Ross, a handsome man, of good breeding, would grow indifferent and languid as he acted. He was roused with a couplet:—

“Ross (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was fast asleep at his Statira’s feet.”

Moody, and Moody’s country, received a fine compliment. Foote was dismissed as a mere mimic, and not even a good one:—

“His strokes of humour and his bursts of sport
Are all contained in this one word, *distort.*”

* Mr. Isaac Taylor saw Davies play, long after “The Rosciad” had appeared, and noticed the “hollow rumbling” of his voice. He had also seen the very pretty wife sitting in the shop, neat, modest, and with an air of meek dejection, and a look as of better days. Friends, as this gentleman heard, had to pay the expense of Davies’s interment, and the “pretty wife” died in a workhouse.

† Yates’s memory improved in after-life; but he was in the habit of repeating sentences several times, like this, “Hark’e, Polly Honeycombe,” to give himself time to think. He was very indignant at his wife being dragged into “The Rosciad,” and summoned Churchill to meet him at a tavern. George Garrick hurried after them, and succeeded in reconciling satirist and actor over a bottle of wine.

Macklin was coldly, but not cruelly, disapproved of; but the whole venom of the satire may be said to be concentrated in the portrait of Murphy. This dreadful carving, and the portrait of Fitzpatrick added later, are certainly the finest bits in the whole. Murphy came—

"When motionless he stands we all approve,
 What pity 'tis the THING was made to move.
 When he attempts in some one favourite part
 To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
 His honest features the disguise defy,
 And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.
 * * * * *
 With various reading stored his empty skull,
 Learned without sense, and venerably dull.
 * * * * *
 Or might not reason, e'en to thee, have shown
 Thy greatest praise had been to live UNKNOWN?
*Yet let not vanity like thine despair;
 Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care."*

The portraits of Mossop and Barry are too well known to be quoted. These were more elaborate than the rest, and more amusing. Mossop was so "attached to military plan," and kept his eyes fixed on his right-hand man. Barry was unfairly dismissed with the fine climax, "conned his passions, as he conned his part." The veteran Quin found his traditional reputation rudely questioned and examined, and was thrust back with the following *congé*:—

"Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
 And in six months my dog shall howl by note."

So with Sheridan's "stages" and methodised tactics:—

"Why must impatience fall three paces back?
 Why paces three return to the attack?
 Why is the right leg, too, forbid to stir
 Unless in motion semicircular?
 Why must the hero with the nailor vie,
 And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye?
 In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
 I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
 Inhuman tyrant, was it not a shame
 To fright a king so harmless and so tame?"

To Barry he was cruel; and it is surprising that a man with Churchill's nature could have been so unjust. His choosing the "well-applauded tenderness" in "Lear," and praising a character in which the actor was inferior, was an artful shape of depreciation.

With the women he was more lenient and gentle. Cibber and Pritchard received high and elegant praise. So did Clive and Pope. In Yates a certain tameness and sameness, with a

want of nature, were discovered ; but on a more obscure Miss Bride he lavished far warmer praise. It is indeed so charming, and at the same time so extravagant, a portrait, that we may suspect the satirist had some partiality for this favoured lady. Yet at the present day Bride is a name about the least known to those who take interest in the stage.

But Roscius was extravagantly lauded. The depreciation of the others was made subservient to *his* exaltation. He admits that “the best things carried to excess are wrong. The start may be too frequent, pause too long.” Actors, just as monkeys mimic man, may by their absurd and overdone imitation spoil the scenes they mean to adorn. But this should not affect the true thing :—

*“ Whilst working from the heart the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face ;
Whilst in each sound I hear the very man,
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.*

* * * * *

*Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And pleas'd with Nature, must be pleas'd with thee.”*

And at the finale, bringing forward Shakspeare, who has seen the histrionic troupe go by, he makes him present Roscius with the palm, in words burning and genuine, and which most happily describe Garrick's gifts and special charm :—

*“ If manly sense ; if nature linked with art ;
If thorough knowledge of the human heart ;
If powers of acting, vast and unconfined ;
If fervent faults with greatest beauties joined ;
If strong expression and strange pow'rs which lie
Within the magic circle of the eye ;
If feelings which few hearts like his can know,
And which no face so well as his can show,
Deserve the preference—Garrick, take the chair—
Nor quit it till thou place an equal there ! ”*

Words surely which should have their place upon the monument in the Abbey, instead of a Mr. Pratt's feeble praise and fustian compliment. At this time Garrick actually did not know the author, though he might have noticed the unpleasing form over the “spikes” of his pit.

It was given out that the players would revenge themselves by chastising the author ; but the bold satirist avowed himself at once, and walked publicly in the Covent Garden Piazza, past the coffee-houses, to give them an opportunity ; but they never seized on it.

Yet Garrick's situation, though his vanity must have been unusually gratified by this powerful and public testimonial, was not a little awkward. Sympathy with his fellows, and

esprit de corps, required not merely that he should take no pleasure in the tribute, but that he should affect dissatisfaction. He even was so foolish as to say he believed it was a bid for the freedom of his theatre. But the news of so ungracious a welcome was soon borne to Churchill, who, inflamed by the attacks of reviews and the hostile cries of the actors, had his bludgeon in the air again, and in a very short time produced "The Apology"—a sequel to the former work, but in a far more savage key. He was infuriated with all, and fell on both critics and players in bitter verse, not waiting this time for polish or antithesis. Hence have we now the fine Hogarth picture of the "Strolling Players," which Mr. Forster, so justly, puts immeasurably above Crabbe's *pendant* on the same subject. It touched Garrick indirectly. For he came to the great actor himself, and though he spared him the humiliation of naming him, there was a savage roughness in the "shaking" he gave him—a hint there was no mistaking, and most significant for the future:—

"Let the vain tyrant sit amid his guards,
His young green-room wits and venal bards,
Who meanly tremble at a puppet's frown,
And for a playhouse freedom lose their own;
In spite of new-made laws and new-made kings,
The free-born muse with lib'ral spirit sings."

It thus seems as if some one had carried Garrick's remark about the freedom of the playhouse to Churchill, and this was a savage hint that he knew what had been so indiscreetly said of him.

[Roscius was now confounded. The mortification was in exact proportion to his previous exaltation. He first thought of writing a letter of expostulation to the satirist, but was wisely dissuaded. Garrick, in fact, thought everything could be done by a "good letter." He knew—as he wrote to Lloyd—enough of Churchill's spirit and writings to see that he would not tolerate any interference with his purposes. Wisely, therefore, thinking of the future more than of the past, he told his friend—meaning, of course, that what he said should reach other ears—that if there was real resentment at the bottom of the attack, he was sure there were no grounds for it; but if it was done because he was "the Punch of the puppet show," and could not be well left out, Mr. Churchill was heartily welcome. Yet for all this he was very "sore." In "The Rosciad," he added, he was raised too high } but in "The Apology" he may have been sunk too low, Churchill "making an idol of a calf, like the Israelites, and then dwindling an idol into a calf

again." However, he would bear it all pleasantly. He was Mr. Churchill's great admirer. The result was an intimacy; but Garrick scarcely met him with the warmth of his other friendships. His allusions to him in letters are tranquil; and he received the news of his death very calmly indeed.

When Mr. Churchill chose to visit the playhouse *now*, all eyes watched him; and only a few months later, about the first night of the season, when Garrick was in his great part of *Richard*, the terrible critic showed, by unmistakable and unconcealed signs, that he was weary and "sick" of what had now ceased to be a novelty. Yet Garrick, with a restraint worthy of an ascetic, sent his regards, and a gentle message that he was sorry to see that he had been bored. Before long Churchill was applying for money, and obtaining it. Garrick, though pinched by a purchase he had been making, supplied what he wanted. When Hogarth published his dreadful picture of the satirist, Garrick, in sincere distress for an artist he loved, used the obligation to beg for indulgence. "I must entreat," he wrote, "by the regard you profess to me, that you do not talk of my friend Hogarth before you see me. You cannot, sure, be angry at his print. There is, surely, very harmless, though very entertaining, stuff in it. He is a great and original genius. I would not, for all the politics and politicians in the universe, that you two should have the least cause of ill-will to each other. I am very unhappy at the thoughts of it. Pray, make me quiet as soon as possible." But Churchill's genius, as Garrick had with great penetration divined, disdained any direction. He had his way, and sent out this "most bloody performance." Garrick was deeply hurt by it. It seemed to him shocking and barbarous. But the wretched man, for all his genius, sinking deeply every day, was to receive many more favours from the same hand. There is no more dreadful letter, for its length, in the annals of debauchery than the following appeal:—

"MY DEAR MR. GARRICK,—*Half drunk, half mad*, and quite stripped of all my money, I should be much obliged *if you would enclose and send by the bearer five pieces*, by way of adding to favours already received by, yours sincerely,

"CHARLES CHURCHILL."

A miserable death at Boulogne—his last words are said to have been, "What a fool I have been"—was not long in following. The satire remains a model for attacks of that class; and some fifty years later, when a Dublin wit, in far

less nervous lines, brought out "Familiar Epistles on the Irish Stage," the success was not less decided.

When the season ended, Garrick had begun to think of making some important alterations in the arrangements of his house. Foote and Murphy, however, had entered into a strange partnership, and came to him with a proposal for taking the theatre during the "slack" summer months. Foote had been anticipated at the Haymarket by some "dancing dogs," and had no place to exhibit his mimicry in. Garrick good-naturedly agreed to help his two friends, and let them have the theatre at a very moderate rent. Yet in their opening prologue Foote sneered at Roscius, who had locked up all the daggers and bowls of tragedy.

The next season was unmarked by anything worthy of note. He celebrated the crowning of the new King by an absurd pageant, one of his favourite processions, which he was acute enough to see that the town was fond of. He now indulged the popular folly in these matters to the fullest bent. There was a rival procession at the other house, got up with infinite magnificence. But Garrick with due thrift utilized all the old dresses of his establishment. To add to the effect, the back of the stage was thrown open, and showed the audience a *real bonfire* blazing, the fumes from which suffocated the actors, while the draughts gave them colds. Windows looking into the Lane were let at good prices. The show "ran" for forty nights. This was the last effort of Rich, who died this year, successful to the end. He had certainly carried on the contest with spirit, and gave up the ghost in a blaze of glory, with pageants and processions, and gorgeous transformation scenes still before his dim eyes. Yet Garrick's behaviour to him had always been marked by an honourable rivalry. He forgot some unhandsome attempts to injure him; and, shortly before the old Harlequin's death, was taking counsel with some private friends as to how they should get the King to divert a little of the royal patronage from Drury Lane to Covent Garden. This wonderful man could be above even his own interests.

His domestic peace was now to be disturbed by a little matter, which to one so sensitive became a serious annoyance. A Dr. Bower had been attracting public attention, as a "distinguished convert from Rome," with stories about his treatment by the Inquisition, &c. He was a man of some learning, and much industry, and when he was selected for one of the booksellers' speculations then fashionable, a bulky "History of the Popes," in quarto volumes, his subscription list showed how fashionable he had become. Among other

houses, he was made welcome at that of one of his warmest patrons, Lord Lyttleton, Garrick's friend. But his account of his "conversion" was felt to be so curious and inconsistent, that suspicions were aroused: some of his supporters began to look coldly on him, and he found himself excluded from houses where before he had been very welcome. One of these was Mr. Garrick's, where he had been received by Mrs. Garrick, "Catholic though she was," and where Garrick himself "was witness to the contradictions, prevarications, and falsehoods, which he endeavoured to impose upon her." Dr. Douglas, later to be Bishop of Salisbury, had sent out a most damaging pamphlet, written in the good old "bludgeon" style of controversy, in which there was plenty of rough language, and pitiless conclusions drawn. The exposure was nearly fatal; and a story of a money transaction, into which he was said to have entered with "his old friends the Jesuits," injured him still more. Stung by these suspicions, he added to one of his bulky volumes, a defence of himself, as rough and violent as had been the attack, and in which he replied to an unfortunate expression of Douglas's, who had said that he dared not show his face at various houses, and "had not ventured of late to visit the lady and gentleman mentioned;" adding that "the lady's principles and religion are well known." Bower did not let this pass. "Now that foreigners," he said, "may not think that I dare not show my face at the house of any *real gentleman* or *real lady*, I beg to inform them who this gentleman and lady are. The gentleman, then, is Mr. Garrick, an actor who now *acts* upon the stage. The lady is his wife, Mrs. Garrick, alias Violetti, who within these few years danced upon the stage. To do them justice, they are both eminent in their way. The *lady* (though no *Roscius*) is as 'well known and admired' for her *dancing* as the gentleman is for his *acting*, and they are, in that sense, *par nobile*. That I dare not show my face in that house is true; nor dare I show it in any other house, the mistress whereof is a Papist." This touched Garrick to the quick, always sensitive on the score of his social position; but proved to be a fatal, as well as an ungallant proceeding, for Dr. Bower. Lyttleton had held by him firmly; but on the publication of this attack, his first step was to send word to Garrick, repudiating all protection or encouragement, of its author. Garrick wrote back gratefully. His lordship's delicacy, he was sure, must have been shocked to have seen the illiberal way in which Mrs. Garrick was mentioned. She had very innocently told the conversation she had had with Bower, without the least intention of having it published, or

of adding to his shame. "Nor would she, though a *Papist* (as he calls her) vary a tittle from that or any other truth, though commanded by the Pope and his whole conclave of cardinals. . . . He calls out for *Protestant* testimony, and he shall have it; and I flatter myself that it will have its weight, though it comes from a *player*." But Mr. Garrick's next idea was not so dignified. He proposed to revenge himself by bringing his enemy upon the stage. He had always thought him even a richer character than Molière's *Tartuffe*. This would be the *retort pleasant*, he thought. Happily, Lyttleton warmly dissuaded him from so unbecoming a step.

Thus it would seem, that no one's life was so chequered, or to know such a wholesome discipline, in the way of correction. If he was exalted, there was not long afterwards an unpleasant chastisement. Yet under such alternations, he preserved a mind surprisingly "even;"—never lost his head a moment, from praise, flattery, or success; and never sank into depression. He was presently to be more sorely tried.

CHAPTER VIII.

STAGE REFORM.—1762.

"THE Two Gentlemen of Verona" was the new revival for the new season. English opera and the charming voice of Miss Brent had been thinning the boxes and benches of Drury Lane, and *Young Meadows* and *Rosetta* were more followed than *Hamlet* or *Estifania*. Then were heard, for the first time, the cheerful, pastoral, simple melodies, "We all love a pretty girl under the rose," "When I have my dog and my gun;" when English opera was a distinct school, not a mere "*rechauffé*" of Italian and French models. In vain Garrick made attempts in the same direction, engaging a "Master Norris," with other pupils of his friend Arne. The receipts began to fall off, and his own attraction to fail mysteriously. And from that time he began to think seriously of an important step—either of complete retirement, while he could do so without loss; or, at least, of a temporary withdrawal from the vexations which were gathering thick about him.

During the recess he and his partner determined to carry out some new theatrical arrangements which they had long meditated. No one could prove that there was "stinginess" in anything that concerned their management: the performers were paid liberally, and the scenery and dresses were always

handsome. Only a few years before, he had decorated and re-arranged the house, yet he was now busy with fresh alterations, which amounted to an entire remodelling of the theatre. Under liberal management the number of performers had increased to one hundred, and the charges of the night "before the curtain rose" had mounted up from sixty to ninety pounds a night. He was also determined to seize the opportunity to strike boldly at another abuse—the practice of crowding the stage on benefit nights, when actors had their "building on the stage"—an amphitheatre crowded with select friends, and with those who could not find room in the boxes. But there were enormous difficulties in the way of reform. Sheridan indeed succeeded in Dublin, but at the fatal cost of the utter sack of the theatre and of his own ruin. There were yet greater dangers in the way at Drury Lane. The young bloods and men of the first fashion would resent being driven from the *coulisses*, which they considered their proper *parterre*, and the young clerks and persons of lower degree were glad to get a seat on the stage, to see the actors and actresses closely. The thing was carried to an absurdity on the benefit nights of the actors, which came very often, when there was the "building" on the stage, the great circus that rose in tiers to the stage clouds, while the floor in front was covered with spectators sitting or lying down. In front, the stage boxes, which had taken the place of the good old stage doors, were "built out," with two or three rows of seats, which prevented those behind from seeing. Sometimes the *Ranger* or *Archer*, or conventional gallant of the piece, had to "escape" from a balcony or to scale one; and it was in the regular course of things for him to intrude himself into the side box, with many apologies, to the great disturbance of the tenants. These ridiculous shifts, contemptuously accepted by the audience, were not likely to increase the respect for the players. It was even more absurd on Mrs. Cibber's benefit to see that charming actress in the centre of a crowded ring, with scarcely room to turn, prostrate on the tomb of the Capulets, which was an old couch covered with black cloth. More absurdly still, when Mr. Holland came on as *Hamlet*, through a similar crowd, and according to the strict tradition, made his hat fall, as though lifted off by his hair in terror at the ghost, one of his admirers, a woman in a red cloak, got up and replaced it. This, however, caused a universal roar. Such familiarities were fatal to all respect and to all illusion.

When reform came, came also rich dresses and better scenery. Then the Cibbers, and Bellamys, and Barrys re-

velled in, and extorted from reluctant managers, those rich, gorgeous, and elaborate robes in which they looked like true "tragedy queens." They were "inhabitants," as Steele would say, of the most sumptuous structures, stiff, spreading, encrusted with trimmings and furbelows as stiff. Their heads towered with strange and nodding edifices, built and entwined with rows of pearls and other jewels. To turn over the old stage pictures, and come upon *Statira* and *Roxana*, the rival queens, fronting each other—Cibber and Bellamy—and call up the sweet and melodious chanting, and the lofty and pretentious language—poetry sometimes—the sad and tender complainings, the fierce but measured rage and despair, it must be admitted that, in such an *ensemble*, there was something grand, and even magnificent. With such accessories and recollections of the majestic demi-chanting, which even now obtains on the French stage, we might almost accept this rococo school as a type of something grand and elevating. These stage royal ladies were usually attended by pages, even in their most intimate and domestic scenes, who never let down the sumptuous trains of their mistresses. There could be none, therefore, of that "crossing" and recrossing which make up the bustle and movement of modern drama. Nor was this style of decoration made subservient to the interests of the play. Clive or Woffington, when doing the "pert" part of a waiting-maid, or the more *gauche* one of a farmer's rustic daughter, presented themselves in white satin shoes, and with their hair dressed according to the gorgeous canons of the London fashions. These contradictions were not noticed; but it must be said that where there is a standard of dress for each part, like the conventional lions of old architecture, it really idealizes the drama, much more than the present minute and "realistic" production of the commonest and most earthly objects in life. "Realism" is utterly antagonistic to stage effect. The more perfect and vivid, the more like real life, effects are, the more the spectator is inclined to be on his guard, and to challenge what is presented to him. There is a point beyond which stage imitation should not go; and there should be certain conventional shapes of scenery which should more indicate than represent. The Greeks, with their heroic pattern of mask—one for comedy, one for tragedy—and their unchangeable scene of a temple or street, understood this principle. The truth is, acting, mental action, and witty and humorous dialogue, are the proper business of the stage, and what people go to see and hear. This is the foundation of the pleasure that brings us to the theatre. The excitement is from the play of mind on mind,

not in the vulgar accessories of "fires," coal mines, imitation water, "bending trees," and the like. These poor devices are usurping the place of what they are intended to set off.

It was time, indeed, that some reform should be made in the "ordering" of the house. At Drury Lane, the galleries to the upper boxes were so contracted, that people trembled to think what would happen in case of a fire. If the box-door was opened, it would be impossible for any one of the tenants to squeeze by. In the pit, the "fast men" were accustomed to gather at the entrances, and prevent the decent citizens from seeing or hearing. Sometimes they talked and laughed, to show their contempt, and were saluted with showers of sucked oranges, skins, and half-eaten pippins from the galleries. At Covent Garden the scenery was of the rudest, oldest, and shabbiest sort. There was an old faded Spanish interior, which had done duty for thirty or forty years; and even in the year 1747 its familiar "wings" and rickety folding-doors would wheel on "regularly in 'The Fop's Fortune.'" The old dresses, too, cast off by noblemen and ladies of quality, were used again and again. There was no fitness of character attempted; all that was required was that they should be "fine," or as fine as stripes of tawdry tinsel could make them.

The interior of Drury Lane was like that of a music-hall, having deep galleries in front, supported by pillars and shallow boxes at the side. It was almost square, not horseshoe, in shape. On grand nights, it was ostentatiously put in the bills that "the house would be lit with wax;" but, later, Garrick substituted for the chandeliers a great central one, which was considered a triumph of workmanship. We might wonder how the later dim "floats" could throw a sufficient light to show the workings and play of feature; but there was, hanging over the stage, in front of the curtain, no less than six enormous chandeliers, each containing twelve candles, in brass sockets, with a great deal of iron "flourishing" at the bottom of each. This principle of lighting from above, and as from the sun, was more philosophical than the present system, which casts an unnatural glare from below on the faces of the actors. When the piece was over, these chandeliers were let down, as a signal for the audience to depart. At this time foot-lights were unknown, though introduced later.*

* Yet, with all Garrick's attention to scenery, and his unwearied efforts to secure the newest improvements, the absence of a light like gas must have hindered anything in the shape of real effect. A letter to the manager, about his scenery, shows that they felt this very difficulty. They had "a

Another matter, which really required ordering, was the regulations about taking seats. The custom was for ladies to send their footmen before the play began, dressed up in gaudy liveries, who sat in the best places for two or three acts, and thus kept the places. This was an incongruous sight enough; as ladies of the first rank often found themselves seated, through a whole piece, beside a servant. But there was a worse abuse. The fine footmen preferred the tavern to the play; and the "Sir Harry" or "My Lord Duke," whom Garrick had so happily ridiculed, often went away, and left as his deputy a dirty, ill-dressed porter—a more unbecoming contrast still to his neighbours. It was suggested to Garrick that the simple practice of numbering the seats would remedy all this. But he does not seem to have adopted it. Mr. Varney, his box-keeper, was a very important personage with all persons of quality and condition. All these improvements were owing to Garrick's own unwearied attention and watchfulness.

The clearing of the stage from the loungers was to be fraught with great difficulties, and even danger. The fiercest opposition came from his own company, who, on a benefit, would lose as much as a hundred pounds or more. The happy device of enlarging the house, and gaining in front the accommodation that was sacrificed behind the curtain, took away all excuse for

sun much such as they had at the opera, only larger. Gaetano has about convinced me *that it is impossible to give a colour to fire*. He has tried coloured glass, and it does nothing. Spelter, he says, is very good; sulphur does not succeed; Stars he makes now without thimbles." (Forster MSS.) This was so early as 1747. Our grand stage conflagrations, where houses are seen wrapt in flames, are produced by coloured glass throwing a red glare on fumes. There was one "set piece" for a "Féerie" which Garrick got from Paris, the description of which is highly curious, as showing the "transformation-scene" of a hundred years ago. It was called the "Palace of Armida." The painted stones were put together, with handles at the back; these were drawn away from the bottom; thus the whole came down in ruins. Traps were opened "when the change of the fiery palace was commencing," down which it descended, the groups of Graces changing also at the same moment, while from above were thrown down what seemed to be heavy beams of timber, but which were frames of wicker, covered with painted canvas. The conflagration, however, was managed in a rather primitive fashion. Strings of tow were wound on long "perches," held at all sides, and set on fire; the car of *Medea* then crossed the stage, surrounded by little demons carrying torches, and firing the palace. There was then "a rain of fire" made of sulphuric firework composition. The rest of the effect was worked out with red agate-coloured columns and "gilt beams," and a great deal of gilt moulding. Louthembourg was his scene painter, and contrived some ingenious effects by placing screens, of various coloured silk and tiffany, in front of the side and head lights. It was he who invented the "effect" of Harlequin in a fog, produced by hanging dark gauze between the figure and the audience.

dissatisfaction among the actors. These alterations were done so judiciously, that the theatre gained not only in size, but in beauty, and now held a receipt of £335 a night.

The opposition and displeasure of the men about town were more perilous. They could not readily accept their dismissal. Unfortunately, too, Garrick had been drawn into an open quarrel with their leader, "Thady" Fitzpatrick, the "fine gentleman" of the coterie. At the Bedford, one night, among a group of Shakspearean admirers, it was proposed that some testimonial of honour should be offered to their "idol." But Fitzpatrick, filled with sudden spite at this compliment to a person he so disliked, opposed the project, saying he was the most insignificant member. This public insult was reported to Garrick, who called on him for an explanation. Meetings and conferences took place, which only inflamed the matter; when Fitzpatrick, overflowing with venom, and knowing, as all the world knew, the weak point of his adversary, took the usual course of assailing him with anonymous slanders in print. These were kept up unceasingly, and might well goad the manager to desperation. There was a yet more offensive mode of showing this enmity. Often, when the great actor was in the middle of one of his finest parts, his eye would fall on his enemy a little below him in the pit, "attended by some noisy set." He would see the cold stare and shrugs of contempt, and actually hear his remarks and his loud laugh at some fine burst in *Lear*. As a matter of course, Fitzpatrick found coadjutors among Garrick's own treacherous dependants. The latter soon found out this double dealing, and *chasséd* him promptly. The crowd then began to discover that the person of the great Roscius was no longer sacred, and this never-flagging series of criticisms began to raise up at the coffee-houses and other places a train of little pretenders, who found an agreeable occupation, and some claim to consideration, in detecting his faults. The paper which was chosen for these attacks was "The Craftsman," in whose columns now appeared the most vindictive and malignant criticisms on Garrick's acting and manner. These were signed "X. Y. Z.," and soon attracted attention from their perseverance.*

* Later these worthless criticisms were gathered up into a pamphlet, which was called "An Inquiry into the Merits of a Certain Popular Performer; with an Introduction to David Garrick, Esq.," and was then known to be written by Fitzpatrick. Nothing more offensive could be conceived. They dealt with his age, voice, figure, and manner. The abuse was carried so far as to say that "he never did, or never could, speak ten successive lines of Shakspeare with grammatical propriety." Copies of this production were sent round diligently to all Garrick's friends.

Garrick's incorrigible taste for facetious rhyming led him to think of retaliation. The result was "The Fribbleriad," a lively and personal description of his enemy, which was largely sold, and made the town laugh. Fitzpatrick offered tempting openings for ridicule. His face, pale and wan, spoke of an effeminacy almost ridiculous; he had the mincing air and gait of all the beaux of the town.

"The creature's male, say all we can—
It *must* be something like a man.

* * * * *

What of that wriggling, fribbling race,
The curse of nature and disgrace,
Whose rancour knows nor bounds nor measure,
Feels every passion, tastes no pleasure?
So smiling, smirking, soft in feature,
You'd swear it was the gentlest creature.
But touch its pride, *the lady-fellow*
From sickly pale turns deadly yellow."

In the preface was an announcement that the task of exhibiting Fribble in his proper colours was not to be completed there. "A *much abler hand*" was very soon "to expose and detect his designs." Not a few guessed that this heralded Churchill.

Warburton was delighted with "The Fribbleriad." He thought it excellent in its fable, its sentiment, and wit. He had his own Fribbles to plague him, and could think of Pope, who had called the "Cock Fribble" of *his* day, a *gilded bug*. This satirical personality affected Fitzpatrick keenly, and a suitable opportunity now gave him an opening for retaliation. One of the rules, said to be an innovation, had abolished the half-price during the run of a new play, but restored it whenever the regular stock-pieces, where Garrick's strength and attraction lay, were played. This had been the old custom, and was certainly not unreasonable; but it furnished the occasion that Fitzpatrick was looking for. On January 25th, 1763, the coffee-house frequenters were attracted by placards, posted up everywhere, in which their attention was called to this grievance. It was represented as a great hardship, that should be resisted; and, it was added, they should assert their rights firmly. A theatrical community is never slack to accept invitations of such a kind. "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" was being played, with some alterations by Victor, and had reached its tenth night, when it was to be performed for the benefit of the author. When the curtain rose, the uproar burst forth. The house was packed with the conspirators, and the notoriously wan face of Mr. Fitzpatrick was seen

in the boxes. In a moment he was haranguing them. With fierce and excited language he told them, it was now *their* time to fix the price, and exhorted them not to submit to the imposition. The confusion brought out the manager, who was received with yells and uproar. They would not give him a hearing. Yet he was prepared with a reasonable case. He could have shown them how the expenses had mounted from sixty to ninety pounds a-night, though this was hardly the point involved.* But in truth he was wrong, or had raised a wrong issue. For "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" had been played before, with its alterations, and was not, in that sense, a new piece. He was just allowed to say, that all should be explained in the newspapers of the following day, and was summarily driven off,—then the rioters proceeded to the next regular step in theatrical dissatisfaction. They fell on the theatre and its fittings, broke up the lustres and girandoles, and Moody, the popular actor of Irishmen, snatched a light from a ruffian who was in the act of firing the theatre. After this destruction of property, the curtain was let down, the money actually returned to the rioters, and the house cleared.

The following morning, in the journal Garrick was supposed to influence, appeared a short notice, promising an answer—stating that he believed what they had done was no innovation. This temperate appeal had no effect. That night the house was crammed to the ceiling. At the "third music," the audience furiously interrupted,—demanded "Britons Strike Home," and "The Roast Beef of Old England." They were gratified with these tunes. Then Holland came out to speak the prologue, but was hissed off. This looked ominous, when suddenly Garrick himself appeared, and confronted that hostile audience, literally packed with his enemies. The uproar that greeted him could not be described. It was noted that the fine face betrayed mortification, anger, and humiliation. Some voices roared, "*Hear him!*" others, "*Hear the pit!*" Suddenly the pale-faced Fitzpatrick, his henchman, Burke, by his side, stood up, and there was silence. He called out, "Will you, or will you not, charge half-price for every piece, except a pantomime?" The humiliated manager wished to explain, but

* I have discovered in an old magazine a copy of the "pay list" of Drury Lane, of only two years later. There were a hundred performers on the books, and the total amounted to within a few shillings of the sum Garrick had named. The salaries are good for those days. Garrick had £2 15s. 6d. a night; Yates and wife, £3 6s. 8d.; Palmer and wife, £2; King, £1 6s. 8d.; Parsons, 6s. 8d.; Mrs. Cibber, £2 10s.; Mrs. Pritchard, £2 6s. 8d.; Mrs. Clive, £1 15s.; Miss Pope, 12s. 4d.; the Italian dancers, £1, and £1 3s. 4d.; the "Fund," £1 15s.; and the nightly charity, 3s. 8d.

his enemy called on him to say yes or no. He again attempted to make a statement, but was drowned in fresh yells. Then, in a tone of agony and impatience, he called out "Yes!" This submission was against his own judgment, but he was persuaded by the cautious Lacy. The house was taken by surprise; but a victim they were determined to have. Ackman, a humble player, who had displeased them the night before, was ordered to come out and beg pardon. He did so. Then Moody was called for, and required to beg pardon on his knees, for what he had done the previous night. This strange demand he met in burlesque way, by saying, in the tone of one of his stage Irishmen, "that he was very sorry he had offended them, by saving their lives." This trifling only infuriated them, and the cry was, "Down on your knees!" Moody boldly said, "By——, I will not," and walked off the stage. Though Garrick embraced him and applauded his spirit, still, to save his theatre, he had to engage that Moody should not play any more, until they gave permission; but he assured Moody in private, that his salary should go on. Flushed with their triumph, they repaired to Covent Garden, where they pursued exactly the same course; but Beard, one of the patentees, with more spirit, declined to agree to their demands. His theatre was accordingly sacked; but he was able to secure some of the rioters, and bring them before the Chief Justice.

Meanwhile Moody, with good spirit, presented himself at Fitzpatrick's chambers, and demanded satisfaction for these injuries. The natural pusillanimity of the beau was said to have shown itself; he shuffled, turned pale, proposed an *amende*, and actually agreed to bring about a reconciliation between the actor and the public. He was said also to have written an abject apology to the manager. There was to be a greater humiliation: when the rioters were brought to Lord Mansfield's house, he was obliged to attend also. His unnaturally pale cheek was seen to turn yet paler as the Chief Justice administered to him a stern rebuke, saying that if a life had chanced to have been lost in the fray he would have been held responsible. With judicious wisdom, he allowed the matter to be accommodated, and after a wholesome warning allowed all to go; but he told Fitzpatrick that he was astonished to see one who looked like a gentleman mixed up in such an affair. The history of theatrical riots would make a curious narrative, and not the least curious feature would be the almost invariable leadership of persons of condition.

But now Garrick found a friend and ally, who at once took

the task of chastisement into his own hands. This was Churchill. "The Rosciad" had run through some seven editions, and now came out the eighth, in which he inserted that tremendous portrait which has been so justly called "one of the masterpieces of English satire." This friendly service may be taken as an *amende* for the little tartness of "The Apology," and supports the view of Churchill's having a hand in Garrick's "Fribbleriad;" for if he did not suggest, he certainly worked out elaborately the same idea. Every one knows the lines:—

"A motley figure of the Fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive or pen describe,
Came simpering on, to ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage impannelled matrons 'twould perplex.
Nor male nor female—neither, and yet both,
Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth.
A six-foot suckling, mincing in his gait,
Affected, peevish, prim and delicate;
Fearful *it* seemed, though of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread
O'er its pale cheeks *the horrid manly red.*"

* Within a few days the manager had to appear in a new piece, whose perfect and legitimate success may have consoled him. Sheridan was not reconciled to him, but Sheridan's wife had written a comedy, which had been put into his hands. Indifferent to enmities and injuries, he now engaged Sheridan to take a leading part, set off the comedy to the best advantage, and went himself to the trouble of studying *Sir Anthony Branville*, which proved to be the last new character he was to appear in. It is a gay, bright piece, and reads pleasantly to this hour.* It was greatly relished, and was played some seventeen nights—then a prodigious run. Garrick's picture of an old beau, formal and precise, was inexpressibly mirthful; and it was something new, and not less diverting, to see that wonderful face producing effect, even when become solemn, and discharged of all expression. Not content with this warm support of the wife, he liberally gave the husband a second night for his benefit, though he was not engaged at the theatre.

* This sprightly lady had sent him a comedy—very likely this one—so far back as 1743, which he had strongly condemned. There was no fable—no humour—no connection—no interest. The lady defended her piece in one of the pleasantest letters. She believed Mr. Garrick had read it too "hastily," and not "finding himself pleased on the whole, would not allow himself time to separate the good from the bad." This gay woman's letter is given in the Correspondence, vol I, p. 16.

We may wonder how the Fitzpatricks, and others of his professional slanderers, accounted for such behaviour.

Still the rude shock he had received had sunk deep into his mind. The mortification of that defeat, that public insult on his own boards, had gone home. The respect, the popularity of "the great Garrick" and "Roscius," seemed to have decayed. These numerous attacks—ever unflagging and venomous—were wounding and disgusting him. It was scarcely wonderful that he should recall Sterne's picture of the eagerness of French friends to welcome the great actor. He was actually thinking of final retirement, as he had done after the Festival Riot. His eyes were turning towards the Continent, and to quiet. Peace between France and England was now established. The Duke de Nivernois, the newly-arrived ambassador, had been most courteous, gave him a splendid entertainment, and, no doubt, promised introductions. Mrs. Garrick's health, too, was failing, and he himself wanted change and repose. So a tour seemed inviting.

The unpleasant season closed at the end of May. It brought not only mortification but loss. In the present century there were still living those who recalled the waning attraction of the great actor—the thin pit and empty boxes of Drury Lane Theatre. Sir Waller Pepys often described to Mr. Rogers this humiliating show, and it was even said that Garrick and Mrs. Cibber had sometimes played to a house of twenty pounds, and once actually to one of five. This, however, was the single "bad house" of his life. It was not surprising he should begin to think of escaping from such mortifications.

Now came a very warm letter from Chatsworth, pressing him to come and meet Quin, and see the Ascot Races. It shows us Quin in a very agreeable light, driving out "in his one-horse chaise to get his nag in wind," and receiving the present of an umbrella to defend himself from the sun and rain. Garrick wrote a hearty and delighted letter to him, written in that vein of gaiety which always sat so well on him: "If they had but a tithe of the pleasure they had in their last meeting, it will be well made." They were to exchange pictures—Garrick sitting to Hudson, Quin to Gainsborough. Garrick looked forward with great delight to their meeting. The Duke was eager to welcome his two friends. "Remember to come by Derby and Matlock. If you lie at Derby, you may with great ease be with me by dinner; it is all good road. Remember to come over Rowsley Bridge, so up my grounds, which shall be open." They had the most charming time, "all mirth, bagatelle, liberty, and a little drinking at times."

Garrick, one of whose charms was to try and have some little *bonne bouche* for his friends, or in some way make them sharers in his present happiness, took care to let Colman know that their host was often speaking of him, and had the greatest desire to know him personally. At this house he saw Churchill's attack on his friend Hogarth, which disturbed him much. He thought the description of Hogarth's age and infirmities "surely too shocking and barbarous." Soon the Duke of Cumberland was expected, and they had to leave.

They seem to have stayed about a week at Chatsworth, and met good company there. Mr. Garrick turned some pleasant verses on some ladies—the Duchess of Rutland and two others, who were always inseparable. After this pleasant excursion he came up to town, and began to prepare for his "Grand Tour," which, as then made, was one of the most agreeable incidents in the noble or wealthy Englishman's life. As this little defeat, and the subsequent temporary retirement, forms a sort of epoch in his life, we shall pause here for a short time, and enter on another department of his history.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

ACTOR AND TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER I.

A ROUND OF CHARACTERS.—1763.

THIS stage of the actor's career will, perhaps, be found the most convenient opportunity for taking a view, in detail, of those wonderful gifts, which made so deep an impression on the audiences of his day. Nothing is so difficult as to find some common standard of comparison between players and singers of a past generation, and those of the present. The judgment of the old, who may have heard both, is disturbed by the prejudices of their age, and coloured by the old and golden light of youth and enjoyment, now gone for ever. The favourite comparison of the old men of Garrick's day, was to put him beside Booth and Betterton—to whom, of course, they made him inferior. It is hard to make out exactly what Betterton's style was—for the well-known description, in *The Tatler*, dwells on his natural acting, his pathos and passion,

and, in parts, might be accepted as a description of Garrick. But he *must* have belonged to what has been considered the Old School of acting. The best test is, that Quin had not only studied with Betterton and Booth, but admired them, and was considered to be grounded on their style; and what Quin's style was has been shown. Quin himself, speaking to Selwyn of Garrick's early days, owned that Betterton would not go down *then*. Genius will pierce through all such heavy folds; and it may be, that Betterton made his splendid gifts apparent in company with such disabilities. Garrick himself had opportunities of judging. He had met Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Oldfield, and even Mrs. Bracegirdle, the heroine of Lord Mohun's tavern brawl. This was going back far enough. Yet he used to tell, how he had heard her once, in company, repeat some lines of Shakspeare in a way that *convinced* him, she could *never* have deserved her reputation. What Mrs. Porter thought of Garrick we have seen; and she seems to have approved what was opposed to all her experience, and traditions. The conclusion, therefore, we should draw is, that Garrick must have been a true reformer, and his style superior to all that had gone before.

/ Few men had such natural advantages to lead them to the stage. The popular notion that he was "little" was one of the vulgar topics of depreciation insisted on, to wound his nature, well known to be sensitive to such attacks. He had great and expressive play of feature; was "neatly" and elegantly made; handsome, with a French grace, which was yet combined with manliness. His frame had a surprising flexibility, and even elasticity, which put all his limbs under the most perfect control; there was an elegant freedom in every motion, regulated by the nicest propriety, answering every turn of his mind, as a ship might her helm. He was a gentleman by birth, and training—a useful accident for an actor. His features were wonderfully marked: the eyebrows well arched, ascending and descending, with rapid play; the mouth expressive and bold; and the wonderful eyes bright, intelligent, and darting fire. To these features, intellect and practice had given the same flexibility as to his figure. His mind travelled so quickly, that his look seemed in advance of his words, and the spectator read in his face the very sentiment he was about to utter.* His voice was harmonious and pleasing, always distinct, and clear, though naturally weak. He was an elegant, fervent, elaborate, and overwhelming lover, though he wanted

* Cumberland.

the sweet and pleading tenderness of Barry, and the "profusion of softness" for which that actor was famed. But in the mixture, and whirl of passions, lay his real strength; when rage, terror, grief, and even madness followed each other, in gusts as it were, he was unapproachable. His fault, perhaps, was a certain restlessness; on the stage, he could never stand still. His enemy, Macklin, insisted that he never could act the gentleman's part, nor even dress with propriety.

"The part of crook'd-backed Richard," as it was called in the bill, was to be like a picture, which he touched and retouched. Friends remarked that every night he mended. Reference has been made to the extraordinary effect produced on the audience by so simple an action as his flinging away his prayer-book after the Lord Mayor had retired.* The idea seemed to be, as Mr. Taylor thought, that from that moment the old stagey manner was doomed. What struck all present was that before there had been only one broad conventional delineation of "the wicked tyrant," who was savage and furious, and nothing more, merely raging like a maniac. Even at his opening speech, something new and characteristic was presented; for instead of "chuckling" over his own deformity, and taking a pleasure in being so odious to his fellow-creatures, he showed himself pained and uneasy when he dwelt on these defects. He himself, in *Richard*, struck on a good emphasis:

"Have you seen Anne, my wife?"

"My lord, she is exceeding ill."

"*Rich.* Has my physician seen her? She'll mend shortly."

In his love-making to *Lady Anne*, his ardour was so earnest and passionate that the audience for the moment forgot it was mere hypocrisy. Here, again, what a contrast to the mouthing, scornful advances of the older school, which ought to have made audiences wonder how a lady could receive, even with a show of favour, so unpleasing a suitor. The famous tent scene, which was much talked of, and which Hogarth painted, seems to have deserved all this admiration. When he started from his sleep, his face, attitude, everything was a picture of horror and terrors. He called out boldly, as if in the battle, "Give me another horse!" then paused, and, with dismay in his face, came forward, crying out in misery, "Bind up my wounds!" then dropping on his knee, prayed in the most piteously tender accent—

"Have mercy, Heaven!"

* It was noted as an odd feature in the comedies of the time that ladies and gentlemen reading in their garden, and interrupted by a visitor, would throw away their book into the scenic ditch, pond, or grove.

When *Catesby* came in, his terror and relief, and his gradual restoration to confidence and bravado, were again points all new to the audience. When he said, in answer to *Lady Anne's* question, "What have I done?"

"To me the worst of crimes—*outlived my liking!*"

it was thought he should have changed his voice at the last words into an angry burst. But his reading was far more judicious—a slight pause, then speaking the words in the same key, but a little louder. This suppressed calm and concentrated spite was more effective.

In the battle scenes he was as loud, fierce, and furious as could be desired. When the news of Buckingham's being taken was brought in, he uttered Cibber's—not Shakspeare's—famous

"Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!"

with such enjoyment and heartfelt delight that the audience burst into perfect shouts of applause. Yet it was noticed that in some of these early performances he was often almost hoarse and "run out" by the end of the play from this fierce shouting and declamation. This was an honest ardour which made him reckless in the expenditure of his powers. Later, he learned to husband his lungs and strength with a judicious economy. The death scene, too, was a terrible spectacle.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan said "he thought his *Richard* was 'fine,' but not terrible enough." "God bless me," said the great actress, Siddons, "what could be more terrible!" She then told how, at rehearsal, he had bade her, as he drew *Lady Anne* from the sofa, follow him step by step, so that he should keep his face to the audience, as he acted much with his eyes. During the performance, she was so overcome by the fearful expression of his face that she forgot her instructions; but was recalled to herself by a look of reproof, which, she said, she could never think of without terror.

✓ Garrick's *Lear* was, perhaps, the finest that has ever been seen on the stage. Sheridan, the actor's son, thought it the best of his whole round of characters. From the pictures by Wilson and Houston, there would seem a little too much of the conventional old man in his dress and "make-up," his hair being too white and woolly. The "curse" was the most tremendous bit in the play; and Foote, in his pamphlet on "The Suspicious Husband," gives us a picture of how this was done: "You fall precipitately on your knees, extend your arms, clench your hands, set your teeth, and with a savage distraction in your look, trembling in all your limbs, and your

eyes pointed to Heaven (the whole expressing a fullness of rage and revenge), you begin, 'Hear, Nature, dear goddess,' with a broken, eager, inward utterance, and from thence rising in every line in loudness and rapidity of voice, till you come to 'And feel how sharper than a serpent's tooth,' &c. Then you are struck at once with your daughters' ingratitude; and bursting into tears, with a most sorrowful tone of voice, you say—

'Go—go, my people!'

That curse was so terrible, the audience seemed to shrink away and cower from it, as from a blast of lightning; and the preparations—his throwing away his crutch, clasping his hands, and turning his eyes to Heaven, inspired a strange forecast of terror. But it was in the transitions of fury to grief and hopeless wretchedness, for which this play afforded such openings, that he produced such a magical effect. Some critics thought he was too slow and measured, in his delivery of the imprecation; and it was recollected that Booth hurried it over more impetuously. When he said, "Old fond eyes, lament this cause again, I'll pluck ye out," his tenderness and piteous agony made every eye in the theatre fill with tears. "I never see him," said an admirer, "coming down from one corner of the stage, with his old grey hair standing, as it were, erect upon his head, his face filled with horror and attention, his hands expanded, and his whole frame actuated by a dreary solemnity, but I am astounded, and share in all his distresses. Methinks I share in his calamities; I feel the dark drifting rain and the sharp tempest with his—

'Blow, winds, till you have burst your cheeks.'

It is here that the power of his eye, corresponding with an attitude peculiar to his own judgment and proper to the situation, is of force sufficient to thrill through the veins." It was of course played in the shape to which the profane mangling of Tate had reduced it, in which *Edgar* is made to be in love with *Cordelia*, and the whole to end happily. Yet these alterations were done with a certain stage tact; and Tate's scene between the lovers never ended without vociferous applause, and was one of the "strong" places of the play.

O'Keefe, when a young man, saw him in this fine part, and was infinitely touched by his exquisite pathos, his putting his finger to *Cordelia's* cheek—

"Be these tears wet!—Yes, faith;"

then looking at his finger. His saying, bitterly—

"I will do such things—

What they are I know not,"

went to every heart, from the sudden and piteous exhibition of helplessness.

On another occasion, one of the soldiers, whom it was the privilege of the house to have on the stage, was so affected at the distresses of the old king that he could not restrain his tears. It used to be told as a "good thing" against the actor, that his vanity was so tickled, that he sent for the man to his room after the play was over, and gave him half a crown. To others the story would seem to have a different complexion—a most natural gratification at seeing his talents produce such an effect on a man of that class, with a wish to encourage him.

Another dramatic "alteration," *Lear's* battle with the assassins, furnished Garrick with some acting which was long recollected by the playgoers. His leaning against the side of the scene, his panting and exhaustion, and his sudden recollections of what he had done, and reply to the fellow who said that the old king had slain two of them, "Did I, fellow?" was wonderfully good. And when he called out in rapture, still in Tate's language,

"Old Lear shall be a king again!"

the enthusiasm and delight of the audience knew no bounds. And at the close a special compliment was often paid to this play, of the audience renewing their plaudits again and again after the curtain was down, as a testimony of how their feelings and sympathies had been worked on. The progress, too, of returning reason was wonderfully effective; though, indeed, this grand play is so furnished with dramatic life and changes that it all but acts itself; and when, after kneeling to his daughter and not recognizing her, a glimpse of light begins to steal on him, he said—

—— "Do not laugh at me,
For as I am a man, I think that lady
To be my child Cordelia,"

the audience, who had been in a tumult of suspense and pity, "now broke out into loud lamentations." He adopted Macklin's view of declaiming "Kill! kill!" with intense fury and vindictiveness. We have the testimony of another enemy also as to this marvellous performance. Clive was seen one night standing at the wing, abusing him and weeping by turns, until, angry with herself for being so wrought on, she turned away impatiently with a "D—n him, he could act a *gridiron*!" Once, when he was down at the front of the stage, in one of his tempests of agony, he unconsciously pulled the white wig

to one side, and exposed his own black hair underneath. With any other actor this would have been fatal, but the working of his face and the light of the wonderful eyes held the audience spell-bound.

When later Garrick and Barry were playing *Lear* against each other, the latter, with all the advantages of his fine figure and bearing, could not approach him. Garrick's conception of *Lear* can be best shown by a comparison with this actor, which was not nearly so delicate. In the pathetic passages, the latter's passion and feeling told well; but, in the mad scenes he took long strides, stared about him—in short, gave the conventional stage notion of unsettled wits. But Garrick became a weak old man, still retaining his air of royalty; his size, too, fell in with this notion. In the mad scenes, there were no starts, no striving or violence, his gestures were slow and feeble, hopeless misery was in his face; *he moved his head in the most deliberate manner*; his eyes were fixed: or if they turned to any one, he made a pause, and fixed his look on the person, *after a little delay*; his face at the same time telling what he was going to say before he had uttered a word. Through the whole character he was an impersonation of woe and misery, and a total alienation from any idea but that of his unkind daughters.

The *Hamlet* of Garrick, when he was a graceful, "sprightly" young man, must have come upon the audiences of his day with some surprise. At that time the muscles of his face were free, and the wonderful eyes possessed their fullest lustre. We can see him almost as he then appeared, in a dress of the most conventional type—the decent black suit which clergymen wore, the waistcoat with flaps, the black breeches and stockings. He seems to have worn his own hair; and we can understand what an impression his "reading" made. It was remarked that he improved almost nightly. As he grew older, he altered and modified his conception of various passages. Critics sitting in the pit both of London and Dublin theatres, watched him narrowly, and sent him, anonymously, some really acute and useful hints, which the sensible young actor was most thankful for, and adopted with gratitude.

At his first few representations, there was a certain exaggerated warmth and "testiness," a tendency to railing, which he afterwards toned down into a calmer and more meditative humour. There was also noticed a kind of irregularity in his pauses, which seriously interfered with the sense. Another little art of his, at this time, was the hurrying on to the close of a sentence, and then letting the voice fall; and where a

number of substantives were to be spoken together, they were huddled, as it were, one on the other, in an impetuous torrent. This was heresy for the old declaimers, who spoke in the most measured way of "te-ruth—jus-tice—ho-nour," &c. On the other hand, where there were long words of several syllables, he was inclined to break them up, like—

"Ye hur-ri-canoes, spout!"

When the *Ghost* appeared, his face expressed all the workings of horror and terror, and he addressed him with a trembling, awe-struck voice. Thus, as was acutely remarked, he acted *for* the *Ghost* also, and made it as terrible to the audience as it was to him. This was Betterton's way, and was said to be a tradition of Shakspeare's own teaching.* Macklin and others practised a bold, defiant style of address, as if they had succeeded in subduing their fears. After he had said, "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" he fell into such a pause of silent stupefaction, that, at Dublin, many thought he had forgotten his part. It is amusing to think that the ear of the audience had become so attuned to the sonorous declamation, that even an undue pause should have been a surprise. At the beginning he seems to have adhered to a rather absurd custom, which was almost *de rigueur* with every actor—namely, that of drawing his sword, when *Horatio* wished to detain *Hamlet* from following the *Ghost*; but on the latter saying, "I am thy father's spirit," he, "with a respectful bow, put up his weapon." Which seemed to have the comic effect of conveying that "if the *Ghost* had not turned out to be one on whom he could depend, he would *not* have sheathed his sword." So, too, when he said, "Methinks I see my father's spirit!" and he gave a sharp sudden start of surprise, it was objected, that his action expressed too pointedly that the spirit *was* before him, whereas it was only present to his "mind's eye, *Horatio*." He conveyed an idea of deep filial piety and reverence, which was surprising in those days of Shakspearean ignorance, and shows what a delicate instinct he possessed. When the *Ghost* entered, he was held by his two friends, and made violent struggles to set himself free—a piece of the "business" which his great taste soon tempered down, as it was much more natural that he should remain awe-struck and motionless.

When he played it in Dublin, he followed the established

* Some of these old traditions were truly absurd, and more worthy of a Richardson's Show than of a Royal Theatre. The "first murderer's" face was always chalked, and contrasted with a heavy black wig and black whiskers, to make him ghastly.

unmeaning precedent of leaving out the speech to the players. When he came to London, he restored it; but he always gave it a little too pedantically, and like a pedagogue teaching, instead of a philosophic prince, carelessly speaking to his inferiors. Here was the weak side of Garrick, as it has been of so many other great actors—namely, in presenting the common character of a gentleman. In this, to the end of his life, he never quite succeeded. When the player spoke his speech, Garrick illustrated it by gestures, and, as it were, acted with him, which seemed a little mean in the son of a king. In his scene with *Ophelia* he was a little too rough and violent, and forget that he was the lover of *Ophelia*. Indeed, when he first acted it, there was found to be a want of softness and interest, and he seemed to be “a hot, testy fellow, for ever flying into a passion,” even when there was no provocation in the world. Thus, when *Polonius* came to tell him the actors were arrived, and he stops his mouth hastily, it was done too roughly and impatiently for a generous, kindly nature such as *Hamlet's* was. Again, when *Polonius* speaks of using the actors according to their deserts, there was the same pettish and excited way of contradicting him.

The panegyric on man—

“How noble in reason!”

was delivered with a fine enthusiasm and energy. His self-upbraidings of cowardice and pusillanimity in the soliloquy, where he plans testing his uncle to the quick—the mixture of contempt and derision—were beyond measure effective. The deliberation, and sudden change in his voice and look, when he said—

“I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play”—

were so marked as to hold the audience breathless while he unfolded the plan. He rested on the words “kindless villain!” with a pathetic softness and regret that went to every heart.

In the famous soliloquy—

“To be, or not to be,”

his play of expression, the variety and change of voice, yet all not exceeding the bounds of a simple meditation, was one of the most remarkable features of the performance. He seemed to make all stages of the train of thought quite clear and distinct. It was a pity he did not break through the stale old tradition of *Hamlet's* pulling out the two miniatures, instead of the truer notion suggested by Davies, of having them on the tapestry—or the better idea still, of seeing them with his

mind's eye only. Nothing could be finer than his playing in this scene. His reproofs to his mother were stern, yet tinged with a filial respect, and regret for one so misled. This was varied by his address to the *Ghost*, full of awe, and yet of grief and tenderness. His eyes followed the spirit as it passed by, and expressed all these passions. Then came a change to sternness, as if he had awakened from a dream. When he said, "Some must laugh, while some must weep," &c., he was fond of a bit of questionable stage business—namely, walking backwards and forwards, and twirling a white handkerchief all the time. With the *Gravediggers*, he was, at first, too sententious, and had too much the manner of a lecturer. This was pointed out to him, and he became much more *déagé* and natural. When he was told the grave was for *Ophelia*, he at first took an odd view, and said, with seeming unconcern and surprise, "How, the fair *Ophelia*?" Instead of aiming at the rather sepulchral character of aspect which is the conventional type, he came on with colour in his cheeks, and omitted the pompous music to which the prince used to make his entry. All these little points show a happy instinct, and a hostility to the strained, unnatural, and buckram stage traditions which he inherited.

Some of his pronunciation, too, was a little uncertain. It was objected to him in Dublin that he did not give the letter *a* its full open sound (as in *cat*); but that he said *maytron* instead of *mattron*, *Isrel* instead of *Israel*, *villin* instead of *villain*, *wind* instead of *wind*; and, above all, that he sounded *appal* as if it were the word *appeal*. This once exposed Quin to a droll mistake; who, at rehearsal one day, gave orders to his Roman Guards that they should "lower their fasces;" and this word being pronounced in his theatrical fashion, like "faces," every head was bent. At his first performing, too, he talked of *tropically*; but on its being shown to him that the *o* was the short Greek *o* (not ω), he at once amended it.

Towards the close of Garrick's career, an intelligent German, named Lichtenberg, with excellent powers of observation and description, came to England on his travels, and made a perfect study of the great actor, in most of his leading parts.* What struck him was the perfect ease, the free play, and grace of every limb and muscle, which he had seen only in Frenchmen who had lived about Courts. When Garrick came on the stage, without having to speak, or express by his face or action any

* Mr. Tom Taylor first called attention to these remarkable sketches in the early numbers of the "Victoria Magazine."

particular emotion, even then, he drew away attention, by his air of life, and animation, and interest. He was still part of "the action" that was going on. The other actors beside him, seemed puppets. The new observer, putting him beside what he had seen, was struck, even at that late stage, by his infinite superiority:—

"The fall of a pin might be heard throughout the house. All at once, just as *Hamlet* walks down the stage, somewhat far back and to the left, with his face from the audience, *Horatio* starts and exclaims: 'Look, my lord, it comes!' and he points to the right, where the *Ghost* stands motionless, before any one had become aware of it. At these words *Hamlet* turns suddenly round, at the same moment flinging himself two or three steps backwards. His knees give way under him; his hat falls to the ground; the two arms, particularly the left, are thrust forward, the hand as high as the head: the right arm is more bent, and the hand is lower; the fingers are apart, the mouth is open. Thus he stands, in a graceful yet fixed attitude, as if petrified, supported by his friends, who, more acquainted with the apparition, fear he will fall. In his whole mien there is so much terror and amazement, that even before he spoke, a feeling of awe came over me. The almost fearful stillness of the house probably contributed not a little to this state of mind. At length he says, with tremulous voice and expiring breath, 'Angels and ministers of grace, defend us;' words which crown a scene, the grandest and most terrible of which the stage is capable. The *Ghost* beckons him. You should see how he works himself free of his friends. The *Ghost* goes off the stage. *Hamlet* remains a few moments still, with his sword outstretched, to increase the distance between them. At last, when the *Ghost* is no longer visible, he begins slowly to follow it, pausing now and then, his sword still held out before him, his eyes fixed upon the *Ghost*, breathless, his hair dishevelled; and thus he too disappears behind the scenes. You may imagine the burst of applause which accompanies this exit. It begins with the disappearance of the *Ghost*, and lasts till *Hamlet* quits the stage. . . ."

The reader will think of *Partridge* at the play. When he came to say—

"Break, my heart, for I must hold my—tongue,"

his arm fell violently, as if to give force to the word "tongue;" but tears came, and he could hardly pronounce it. Thus there was a pause for a second, before it was heard. This was art indeed.

In the early part of the play, he was in the ordinary "French" dress of the day, and in mourning. With the first stage of madness, he appeared with his hair disordered, part of it on one shoulder; one of his black stockings fallen down, showing a white under-stockings, and a red garter, with a bow, down also on the calf. With one arm supporting his elbow, and his eyes on the ground, he spoke—"To be, or not to be," in a low voice; yet every word was perfectly distinct.

His *Macbeth* was a no less astonishing performance, and evidently new to the town. It was remarked that he threw a

certain and dejected air over the whole, instead of the daring and intrepidity, and perhaps cant and bluster, of the older conception. It was full of long pauses, "heart heavings," piteous looks, with "a slack carriage of body." This shows how *delicate* and refined was his colouring of a part. Thus—"Prithee, peace; I dare do all that may become a man," was spoken in the same dejected key.

More admirable was his marking the shades of progress from eager ambition, kindled in him by the *Witches*, to his gradual yielding to his wife's persuasions. But he was supported by the incomparable Pritchard, and their united exertion long made the play the most wonderful exhibition of dramatic power.

Pritchard and Cibber he almost trained in his own principles, and they caught a great deal of his manner. He took enormous pains to make Mrs. Pritchard read the letter *naturally* in *Lady Macbeth*.*

Long after, when Garrick was at a little Italian Court, and the Duke asked for a specimen of his powers, he threw himself into the attitude of *Macbeth* looking at the visionary dagger. The horror and vivid sense of real *seeing*, marked in his wonderful face, perfectly conveyed the meaning of the whole situation to the foreign company who were present.† In the scene after the murder, his acting could not be surpassed. Even the description causes a thrill. His distraction and agonising horrors were set off by his wife's calmness and confidence. The beginning of the scene, after the murder, was conducted in terrifying whispers. Their looks and actions supplied the place of words. The poet here only gives an outline to the consummate actor—"I have done the deed, . . . Did'st thou not hear a noise?" "When? did not you speak?" . . . The expression of despair and agony and horror, as Garrick looked at his bloody hands, was long remembered. His face seemed to grow whiter every instant. So, too, when the sudden knocking at the door came, his disorder and confusion and

* One little green-room anecdote is a proof of the wonderful effect he produced, even if we accept it with more than the ordinary large grain of salt necessary in the reception of theatrical anecdotes. He was one night playing it, and when he said to the murderer in the banquet scene, "There is blood upon thy face," the other, as he acknowledged himself, was so thrown off his guard by the intensity of the look and earnestness of the manner, that he put his hand up, with a start, and said, "Is there, by G—d?" thinking he had broken a blood-vessel.

† Quin's almost ludicrous way of performing this famous scene has been mentioned—a series of violent "clutches," one after the other, in various directions, as though he were catching a blue-bottle fly.

hopeless grief, and his reply—

“ ’Tis a rough night,”

was in a tone of affected unconcern, under which could be discovered fear and misery. These were exquisite strokes, altogether new to the audience. In his behaviour to the *Ghost*, he was, on the first nights, too subdued and faint when he said—

“ Avaunt, and quit my sight ! ”

—still carrying out his idea of *Macbeth* being utterly oppressed, and overcome by the sense of his guilt. But an anonymous critic pointed out to him that *Macbeth* was not a coward ; and with that good sense and modesty which always distinguished him, he adopted the advice.

It is curious to think that even twenty years later, another anonymous critic wrote to him, to object to this amended view, and said that *Macbeth should* show signs of terror. But Garrick recollected his old critic’s argument, and reproduced it in answer to his new one. “ My notion,” he says, “ as well as execution, of the line are, I fear, opposite to your opinion. Should *Macbeth* sink into pusillanimity, I imagine that it would hurt the character, and be contrary to the intentions of Shakespeare. The first appearance of the spirit overpowers him more than the second ; but even before it vanishes at first, *Macbeth* gains strength. ‘ If thou canst nod, speak too,’ must be spoke with horror, but with a recovering mind ; and in the next speech with him, he cannot pronounce ‘ Avaunt, and quit my sight ! ’ without a *stronger exertion* of his powers. I certainly, as you say, recollect a degree of resolution, *but I never advance an inch* ; for, notwithstanding my agitation, my feet are immovable.” This admirable analysis shows how thoroughly the great actor had studied the character. “ Out, brief candle ! ” was given, accompanied by two starts, and a strong action of the hand. A “ prodigious ” emphasis was laid on the “ was ” in the line “ And such an instrument I *was* to use ; ” the propriety of which he defended in the same happy way. The vision represents what *was* to be done, “ not what is doing, or what had been done ; but in many passages like this, all will depend upon the manner of the actor.” And in the gorgeous passage where he thought how—

—— “ this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red,”

he at first gave it as some actors “ pointed ” it, “ Making the

green one, red ;" but afterwards adopted the true reading, "Making the green—ONE RED."

In this play he was fond of suspensions, which the coarse ears of the audience, not attuned to delicate modulations of voice or emphasis, would at times take for full stops. Thus, in "Hamlet," they insisted that he made a pause in one line, "I think it was to see—my mother's wedding." So, too, in "Macbeth," at the line "Plead like angels—trumpet-tongued." The critics objected that by this pause the epithet "trumpet-tongued" was transferred to the "virtues" that came before. But Garrick could defend himself:—"I really think the force of these four exquisite lines and a half, would be shortly lost for want of an aspiration at *angels*. The epithet may agree with either, but I think it more elegant to give it to the virtues, and the sense is the same." It was objected to him also that he put a pause improperly in the lines—

"My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single—state of man."

"If I do so," said Mr. Garrick, "it is a glaring fault ; for the sense is imperfect. But my idea is this : *Macbeth* is absorbed in thought, and struck with horror of the murder, though but in idea ; and it naturally gives him a slow, tremulous undertone of voice. And though it might appear that I stopped at every word in the line, more than usual, my intention was but to paint the horror of *Macbeth's* mind, and keep the voice suspended a little." This is reasonable and original, and shows a nicety in Garrick's conception. He was always partial to this "trick" of suspension.

In preparing to play for the stage he left out a scene or two, and pruned others, but with great judiciousness and tenderness. This was very different from the vulgar "mauling" of Davenant or Cibber. But at the end, with less taste, he put in a speech for himself. He knew that the convulsive actions and gasps of the dying man afforded him one of his most effective openings, and he could not resist the temptation. Indeed, he almost "overdid" these spasms ; and Foote, in his "Tea," used maliciously to "take off" the great actor's long-drawn-out convulsions, as in *Lothario*—

"Adorns my fall,
And chea-chea-chea-chea-chears my heart in dy-dy-ing !"

The wits—always in ambuscade for the successful man—exercised their pens on these changes. Garrick did not relish this reception, and, a little alarmed, began a rather absurd series of tactics to which for many years he adhered, in the

belief that by such coquetting, he could deprecate the hostility of his enemies, and the ridicule of the indifferent. His device was to anticipate criticism by an overdone attack upon himself, in which the exaggeration was to be his defence and his protection. With this view a pamphlet was sent out, with the following title: "An Essay on Acting: in which will be considered the behaviour of a certain faulty and fashionable actor;" and it was introduced with this motto, from "Tom Thumb":—

"So have I seen a pigmy strut,
Mouth and rant in a giant's robe."
"O, Macbeth has murdered G——k."

The *so-disant* fault-finder then objects to some trifling blemishes of costume. *Macbeth* and *Banquo* should change dresses; for *Macbeth* should have scarlet and gold lace, and not silver lace—not "a tye-wig" but a "major," and a showier hat. When he comes in, in his night-gown, it should not be a "flowered" one. The *Ghost*, too, should not wear a "tye-wig," for thus the address, "Why dost thou shake thy gory locks?" became a little absurd. The *Ghost* was altogether played badly, and was ludicrously slow in stalking off the stage; and it was suggested that Garrick should follow him off step by step—a hint which he later adopted in playing *Richard* with Mrs. Siddons. It was Garrick who first introduced all that garnishing of his plays with little incidents and accidents, which gave so much more the air of life. When the *Ghost* came back again, he dropped his wine-glass on the ground. But the stage banquet was of the most meagre sort, and the board of a great noble would hardly be set out with only a few apples and oranges. In this brochure he dwells on the unsuitableness of his own height, calling himself "our puppet hero," and adding that the idea of *Macbeth* required a figure six feet high, and "an Irish leg." This was an artful shape of dispraise; for it was a mere physical imperfection, which it was only the greater credit for his surpassing gifts to triumph over. He was always a little sensitive about this matter of height, and thought that by perpetually himself alluding to "our little hero," and "little David," to draw off and disarm ridicule.*

This great actor and Mrs. Siddons were often so affected by the emotions of their parts as to weep and sob. No one, indeed, was so filled with the true and correct instincts of playing. Here was his golden principle which every actor should lay to heart:—"I pronounce that the greatest strokes of

* There can be no doubt that it was by his "inspiration" there was written a letter some four years later—1746—on this particular point of size, in which he is described as being of "elegant figure."

genius have been unknown to the actor himself, till circumstances and the warmth of the scene have sprung the mine, as it were, as much to his own surprise as that of the audience.”*

Another of his characters was the *King* in the Second Part of “*Henry the Fourth*.” As his fine eyes were turned up to Heaven at the exclamation, “How I came by the Crown, O God, forgive me!” the anguish and terror in his face went to the hearts of all. *Hotspur*, in the First Part, did not at all suit him. He wanted the *physique*, and always failed in parts where soldierly bluntness was required. To improve it, he restored a scene in the third act that had always been cut out, but found it ineffectual. When the tedious but time-honoured “business” of *Falstaff*’s getting *Hotspur* on his shoulders was being carried on, Garrick seemed like a pigmy near Quin.† His voice was too flexible for the rant and defiance required by the part. His dress was truly absurd, a laced frock and Ramillies tye-wig.

Garrick had played two parts in “*King John*,” the *King* and *Faulconbridge*. But here again Garrick found himself overweighted by the latter part, to which there was the same objections as to *Hotspur*—its military frankness and fearlessness—points in which Garrick was always deficient. To make up for his personal defects of height and general bearing, Garrick had recourse to a little artifice which may seem trifling, but which, in one of his nervous temperaments, as to all that concerned the scene, became excusable. He selected for his *Faulconbridge* a poor pitiful Scotchman out of his troupe, called Simpson, whose shrunk and miserable appearance became an excellent foil. These little shifts were pardonable, but scarcely dignified.

It was remarked that in *Faulconbridge*’s defiance to *Salisbury*—“You had better gall the devil, Salisbury”—Garrick produced no effect at all. He was weak and poor. At the same time, these “soldier-like” parts are most difficult. As the *King* he was far more effective. Nothing could be finer than the gloomy and despairing air he threw over the later scenes; especially in the interview with *Hubert*, where the *King*, by indirect looks and hints, solicits *Hubert* to murder *Arthur*. Quin’s solemn and mysterious whisperings—yet perfectly distinct—sent a thrill through the audience; yet he somehow fell short. Mossop’s lusty declamation was superior. Sheri-

* This subject has been much discussed of late, since my friend, Mr. Walter Pollock’s republication of Diderot’s well-known essay.

† On the other hand, it was ludicrous to see Quin tugging and struggling with the tall figure of Barry.

dan's passion and powerful declamation gave him an advantage which is intelligible. But in the pathetic part, when *Hubert* came in with news of *Arthur's* death, and showed the *King* his own authority for what he had done, Garrick asserted himself before all competitors. The air of being utterly overwhelmed; his speechless actions; his hands crushing up the fatal warrant; his grand eyes turned to Heaven, and filled with despair, and agony, and terror, made a splendid picture. So, too, in his dying scene. The agonies of a man expiring were marked in his face, and every word of *Faulconbridge's* story seemed to give him a fresh stab of agony. The whole struck terror and horror into the hearts of the spectators. Such success and mastery, in so grand a part, should surely dispose of the charge that he forced it on Sheridan, to secure *Faulconbridge* for himself.

In that most pathetic play, which is all tears and tenderness and passion, clothed in the richest and most melodious poetry—Otway's touching "*Venice Preserved*"—it is curious to note that he did not at first choose the greater and more varied part of *Jaffier*; and many of his friends, even in the first few months, pointed out to him this mistake. But as soon as he sat down in the manager's chair at Drury Lane, he perhaps recollected his friends' remonstrance, and took up *Jaffier*: not wholly for the reason given by Davies, because Barry was so much taller. "I will not bully the monument," Roscius said, though such "trifles light as air" had often a serious effect on Garrick's sensitiveness. The truth was, Barry's character had always been *Pierre*. Any one who wished to see the passions purged by grief and terror, according to the Greek definition, would have a true feast in this most melodious, tender, and enchanting play, every chord of which thrills to the mournfullest, yet sweetest melody.

"I've now not fifty ducats in the world;
Yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin," &c.

When he delivered this despairing passage, and others like it, there was not a dry eye in the house. Indeed, it was noted that he called on that harmonious name, "*Oh, Belvidera!*" with a sort of wail that went to every heart. When, too, she was urging him to betray his fellows—it was Cibber that so urged him—the struggle in Garrick's heart was made so plain by his wonderful changes of expression, that even a deaf person among the audience could have almost understood what was going on. The effect of his phrenzy, when he saw his friend in imagination suffering torture, sent a thrill

of horror through the house, who fancied from his face that they saw what *he* saw. Stage custom at this date required that the two ghosts of *Pierre* and *Jaffier* should appear, in tangible shape, to *Belvidera*, and it is a pity it was not Garrick's taste—but Barry's long after—that had courage to abolish this apparition, and make them apparent only to the "mind's eye" of *Belvidera*. There were other absurdities which were later abolished. Indeed, nothing can be conceived more ridiculous, or more inflexible, than these stage traditions. They are more absurd and more difficult to "scotch" than legal ones. It was a sacred custom that, when *Pierre* addressed the conspirators—"Or thou! with that lean, withered, wretched face!"—a ghastly shrunken object should come forward, and excite the derision of the audience. So with the *Apothecary* in "Romeo," who now religiously "makes up" into a sort of pantomime caricature. To this hour we hear of "gags," and buffooning interpolations, actually written out-and-out, and handed down from one "comic countryman" to another.

In another play of Otway's, "The Orphan," and which is a good deal in the same impassioned key, he took *Chamont*, a part that had hitherto been despised by previous actors. This was not so surprising when they could set down *Macbeth* as a poor acting character. Garrick's delicate sense saw what could be made of *Chamont*, whose character offered him fine openings for what was his strength—contrast, changes from rage to calmness, from roughness to tenderness, and from these passions again to jealousy. *Romeo*, as we have seen, was one of the parts he resigned. It was one of his most unequal characters, and a laboured success. It was curious that the point in which he was considered most effective was in the bit of "sham Shakspeare" at the end of the dying scene.

It might be thought, perhaps, that the grand tumult of tenderness and jealousy in "Othello" would have made that play a fine opening for his genius to work on; yet when we come to think of the coal-black face, with which it was played then, and the short figure, no ability would be sufficient to get over such impediments to heroic conception. It is said he only attempted it two or three times, and was conscious of the failure, for he never repeated it. A gentleman who saw the performance gave an opinion of it a day or two later, which was duly reported to Garrick, who always wished to hear criticisms on himself, and profit by them. He was frankly told that it was only a fair performance. The elocution of the well-known speech to the Senate was faultless; but it was accompanied by too many gestures, which were inconsistent

with the natural modesty and dignity of the situation. In all the passages, too, where his jealousy was at work, the same fault was noticed, there being too many "little wincings and gesticulations of the body," which had a petty air.

Though Quin's smart and ill-natured critique was going round, and must from its severity have galled Garrick, yet he was not the man to yield to a smart thing where his judgment was concerned. It is more likely that this true guide whispered that his strength, neither physical nor moral, lay in the part, and that it were wiser to resign it. Later, to aid Barry's benefit, he tried the part of *Iago*.

He played a abundance of smaller characters—sketches rather than characters—perhaps for training. He did the *Ghost* in "Hamlet," we may suppose with the traditional "listen shoes" and tall plume, which had come down from Booth's day; *Coster Pearmain* in "The Recruiting Officer," though he very soon took up *Captain Plume* in the same play; and *Fondlewife* in "The Old Bachelor." In this, it was said, he overdid the humorous business, "trotting about too much."

Lusignan was another of his favourite parts. An old playgoer, who remembered the great actor during his later years of acting, and who furnished his recollections* some five-and-thirty years ago, once described his first impressions. He was a young Irish student just come to London, and he was looking forward eagerly to see the famous player of whom he had heard so much. He noticed that for the first two acts, during which the hero does not appear, there was a general buzz and inattention; but the instant the old *Lusignan* came on, there was the most rapt attention—a pin could have been heard to fall. The young spectator was astonished and confounded by the excellence of what he saw. As he said, the idea in his mind all through was an utter unconsciousness of Garrick; it was the old King himself, with whose troubles he became identified. Every tone, look, gesture, was in harmony, and carried out the plot and character. He was struck also with the exquisite elocution, so varied, so changing, so expressive, and yet so unstudied and unconventional. Yet this was in the last days of the actor, when he was close on sixty years old. In comedy, too, the same spectator was equally impressed. There was the most buoyant humour, yet not a particle of buffoonery. It was all *regulated*, and regulated by the most perfect propriety. The wonderful eye, and its strange power, had still the old charm; and its spell was so strong, that he seemed often to

* In "Blackwood's Magazine."

disconcert and "put out" the other actors by fixing it on them. So buoyant, so racy and natural, was his flow of comedy, that his fellows, by contrast, became quite awkward near him.

He never acted "*Julius Cæsar*," though he often talked of it, wishing to play *Cassius*. The parts were even said to have been got ready; but he was always cautious in experiments of this sort, the result of which might be critical. He had actually transcribed the character from Plutarch. And this was the nice distinction he made. He readily took a part in one of Whitehead or Miller's dreary pieces, and would do his best for it; its mediocre success or languid failure would make little matter. But with a play like "*Julius Cæsar*," and a character like *Cassius*, it was wholly different. It was a trial, a test of strength; and at the news of its being in rehearsal, the critics would be sharpening their pens. For the "*King and No King*" of Beaumont and Fletcher, he had the same attraction and the same indecision. The parts were given out, and he was to have played *Arbaces*, a fine part, alternating in perfect whirls of passion and repentance. But with every fresh reading in the green-room the manager liked it less and less. He seemed to think it was "ticklish," and might escape the intelligence of the audience, among whom there were many Davieses; and at last it was given up. So was it with other plays: so was it with the fine part of *Lord Ogleby*, which the same hesitation prevented his taking. Never had the stage such a loss, and he bitterly regretted the sacrifice he had made.

All this was but one side of his genius. That portrait of Reynolds, where he was placed between Tragedy and Comedy (and which the French print-sellers transformed into "*L'homme entre le Vice et la Vertu*"), was no empty compliment. Carefully reviewing the traditions, criticisms, descriptions of this great actor's acting, it is almost difficult to pronounce on which side lay his strength; for—great, new, and original as was his tragic force, which had taken London by storm, in *Richard*—the freshness, broad solid humour, and healthy comedy discovered in him later, was no less new, striking, and original. *Abel Drugger* and *King Lear* were separated from each other by a gulf; and no one man, it would seem, could dream of giving even a hint, that would be effective, of both: yet these were his masterpieces. *Abel* would have made him the greatest comedian of his day, as *Lear* had made him the greatest tragedian. It was unsurpassed. No actor before or since has ever been able to snatch up the comic and throw down the tragic mask alternately. There have been, indeed, within our

time, players of a grotesque school, in a special class of parts imported from France, which runs mainly upon the changes and turns of old men, semi-comic and semi-pathetic; but from France cannot, unhappily, be brought a genius like Frederick Lemaitre, and with us the whole becomes a mere trick of imitation. The true test would be to cast any of this school in an heroic part, like *Lear*, or *Richard*, or *Hamlet*; the result would be almost ludicrous.

What a round of comedy characters, and what a round of true comedies—what shades, too, degrees, and divisions in his genius; for here was *Drugger*, of a broad, rich, original humour; *Archer* and *Ranger*, dashing heroes of airy comedy—light, elegant, and full of a gaiety the stage knows not now; with *Sir John Brute*, the boisterous, roystering, roaring rake; *Leon* and *Bayes*—this latter a whole treasury of varied fun, humour, and satire:

Bayes—that capital bit of burlesque—was one of his freest, most natural, and spirited characters. There, his wonderful strength of comedy, which lay in variety and vivacity, had boundless play. Cibber, the son, was “in possession” of this part, and had brought in “hobby horses,” and such additions; but spoiled the whole with grimaces and tumbling, and arrant buffoonery. Garrick took a very different view. He was quite in earnest, seemed to think the whole quite a serious matter, and to be rather taken aback at the merriment of the audience. This is one of the secrets of humour; but at that time it was a new revelation.* If he was the Whitfield of the stage, he could now seize the opportunity to spread his doctrines, and exercise the wholesome power of ridicule in the direction of reform. When his actors in the tragedy were rehearsing before him, *Bayes* checked and corrected them, and showed them how to deliver their speeches, in what he called the true theatrical manner. Thus he would retire to the top of the stage, and drawing his left arm across his breast, and resting his right elbow on it, would raise his finger to his nose. Then nodding his head solemnly, and striding largely, would

* Cibber dressed it as a coxcomb or extravagant “fine gentleman.” At first Garrick took this view, and in a little water-colour (in the British Museum) we can see him in a huge, flowing, exaggerated white wig, a scarlet coat turned up with black, and long gold peaks at the corners of his waistcoat; but he afterwards dressed himself with more absurdity, in a shabby coat that had once been very fine, a little hat, a large brown wig, high topped shoes with red heels, a mourning sword, and “cut fingered gloves.” For a time he had worn a large grotesque hat, which covered the fore-top of the wig; and, at first, he omitted the spectacles, in reading the inscription on the coffin.

come slowly down with long stretches, declaiming as he did

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“So boar and sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up and smell it gathering in the sky.
Boar beckons sow to trot in chestnut groves,
And there consummate their unfinished loves.
Pensive in mind, they wallow all alone,
And snort and gruntle to each other's moan.”

The declamation of these lines was so faithful, that the audience was never a second in recognising its stage hero, Delane. Presently he would change to a kind of soft, languishing strain, but without the least relief or expression :

“How strange a captive I am grown of late ;
Shall I my love accuse or blame my fate !”

And everybody knew Hale, the official lover of the stage.* Then came another change. He fell into a tremulous raven-like tone of speech, now shrill and sharp, and now solemn :—

“Your bed of love from dangers I will free,
And most from love of any future bee.
And when your heart-strings shall with pity crack,
With empty arms I'll bear you on my back—
A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack !”

This bombast was meant for Ryan, one of the veterans, who had played in Mr. Addison's “Cato.” The whole was original, and an idea entirely his own ; it was a rough way of reforming. It is to Garrick's honour, that when some time later the actors remonstrated with him on the injury he was doing them, he gave up his imitations, and never resumed them. Such an expostulation might have in vain been addressed to Foote.†

Some of the touches in *Bayes* were capital ; nothing was

* Audiences used to show in a very marked way they knew who was intended. When Wilkinson gave his imitations in Dublin, gentlemen in the boxes would call out with delight, “Sparks—Sparks of London,” &c., or other names, according to what each bit of mimicry was intended for.

† It was truly delicate of Foote to select the infirmity of Delane for ridicule, who was said to have only one eye. He brought him on as a beggar-man in St. Paul's Churchyard—“would you bestow your pity on a poor blind man ?” Ryan had met with an accident in his mouth, which gave his utterance a peculiar discordance. This infirmity was not fair game ; he was held up as a razor-grinder, “Razors to grind, scissors to grind, penknives to grind.” Woodward was a more difficult subject to ridicule ; but he could say something bitter at his expense. He was brought on as *Sir Popling*—“Wherever I go, they say, there goes a gentleman—upon my life a gentleman—and when you have said a gentleman—why—why——” here Foote assumed his own voice—“*you have said more than is true.*” This is characteristic, and it is fortunate, and most illustrative of each nature, that we can thus set them side by side in the same part.

better than the "contempt for Mr. Smith's judgment," and his astonishment and distress at the players having gone away to dinner. Foote made his piece a sort of peg to hang his personalities on. Garrick merely varied his, with an "occasional" allusion. But here again set the two players side by side. Foote dragged in wretched creatures, like Squires or Canning, or some more wretched still, like Mrs. Dodd. But Garrick finds that one of his company, Hurst, has lately set up in the spirit trade. "Sir," he said, extemporising as *Mr. Bayes*, "you are an actor, and I understand a brandy merchant; now let me advise you to put less spirit in your liquors, and more in your acting, and you will preserve the health of your friends, and be more relished by the public." This was a good-natured advertisement, and had success.

Sir John Brute was another metamorphosis; the audience had seen him, in nothing like it before. As soon as he entered, his very look bespoke the change. He contrived to turn the deep recesses of his eyes into rough caverns. He became the very personification of rudeness and coarseness. His very voice changed into hoarse, sulky tones. Zoffany has handed him down to us in the scene with the watch, where the savage husband, disguised in woman's clothes, is busy "thrashing the watch"—a masterly picture—in which the likeness is admirably preserved, and yet there is a hint of its being the face of a coarse and dreadful woman.* There was always something *delicate*, that distinguished Garrick's acting from that of his rivals. Though Quin had a great reputation in the part—indeed, he said Garrick would be only "Master Jacky Brute," not the manly Sir John—it was noted that in the "raking" and drunken scenes, he lost all trace of the baronet, whereas Garrick still retained something of the gentleman, or man of condition. In the bacchanalian orgie with *Lord Rake* and the others, it was a perfect triumph of roaring spirit and intoxication. It increased every instant. There was infinite variety in his rioting, which had an electric effect, and kept the house in a roar. His marked features—the eyebrows, and his eyes—never ceased to play. The corners of his mouth were drawn down, as the fit increased, throughout the whole play, which gave him a most drunken and debauched look. He never forgot himself a moment; and as the drunkenness increased, the mouth opened more and more; with more drunkenness, his wig came down more and more over his face, which became

* This fine and spirited picture is in the possession of Mr. Hill, of Richmond.

flushed, with a "greasy" air of affection. The scene in his wife's room was marvellous in its detail; his leaning heavily against the door, his swimming head, his tipsy efforts at pronunciation of hard words, "and the way in which he moves his lips, so that one cannot tell whether he is chewing or tasting, smelling or speaking"—all this detail in the representation were carefully noted by the acute Lichtenberg. The points of costume were not forgotten—the waistcoat open, garters loose, the shoes not paired, and a sort of a clodhopper "bill-hook," which was struck on the floor to emphasize every word.

He was not quite so good in the "closet scene" with *Constant* and *Heartfree*. But taking it all in all, it must have been his most characteristic and spirited part, and the one which must have delighted an audience most.* Lord Bath, however, thought Quin the best *Sir John*, and placed Garrick second, and Cibber the last and worst. What a piece it must have been when played by Garrick, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Abington! Old playgoers looked back to it with a sort of wistful rapture. "Oh, how perfectly," says Mr. Cradock, "was that comedy at that time performed!"

The picture by Zoffany of his *Abel Drugger*, clear, solid, rich, and firm, like the humour it represents, is one of the most characteristic of dramatic portraits. The short, dumpy figure, with the shock hair and bullet head, the round, red face, the oafish grin, the fancied slyness, and sense of conscious humour, are given with the delicacy of a photograph and the humour of a Hogarth. He seems almost about to speak, and is bursting with stupid enjoyment as he fills his tobacco-pipe. Merely to look at this face gives us a hint of what his playing was. We can see him, again, looking from a window, with a spade under his arm, with the same absurd expression of boorish humour and self-sufficient cunning; and again, with his coat off and a sort of stable-boy look, offering to fight. Like his *Hamlet*, he had prepared this character by diligent study, and many private rehearsals, before friends like Macklin. The most curious part was, that it was already a character familiar to the public, and in possession, as it were, of the younger Cibber; and yet, with wonderful inspiration, he struck

* It was during its performance when at this delicate passage of "falling asleep," that Cervetto, the leader of his orchestra (known to the gods as "Nosey"), gave a loud yawn, which at once provoked the facile hilarity of the gallery, and spoiled the situation. Garrick sent for him to the green-room, and with infinite sweetness expostulated with him on thus destroying his best bit, and with perfect good-humour accepted the rather comic excuse that the offender always yawned when he was particularly pleased.

out a new idea, and made it altogether a new character, and the *true* character. This was, indeed, what he was to do with every character. *Drugger* in Cibber's hands was a grimacing clown, that buffooned, and grinned, and "gagged," as it is called, at the galleries; it was all "squinting and winking," and tumbling of the most wretched sort. One of the critics of the time described very graphically Garrick's first entry—"his dread of offending the Doctor, his saying nothing, his gradual stealing in further and further, his impatience to be introduced, and his joy to see his friend *Face*." They thought the whole "ridiculous beyond conception." When he first opens his mouth the features of his face seem, "as it were, to drop upon his tongue: it is all caution; timorous, stammering, and inexpressible. When he stands under the conjuror to have his features examined, his teeth, his beard, his little finger, his awkward simplicity, and his concern, mixed with hope, and fear, and joy, and avarice, and good-nature, are beyond painting." This is all expressed in Zoffany's painting. In the boxing scene he seemed to run and skip, now poising himself on one leg, now on another. In *Abel Drugger*, Weston's "point" was a comic face of stupid awe and petrified astonishment, which excited universal mirth by its stolidity; but Garrick, by a *play* of face, expressed a whole tide of feelings and emotions, simplicity, exultation. Thus, when the astrologers made out the name *Abel Drugger* in the stars, his secret delight, his chuckling simplicity and complacent absurdity, were all conveyed without a word.

One night he dropped the jar he was carrying, and his admirable presence of mind converted what was an accident into an admirable "point;" for he affected a stolid attitude of innocence and indifference, so marvellous and truthful, that on every future occasion the audience were offended with its absence, and the breaking of the jar became part of the established "business" of the piece.*

His *Lord Townly* was scarcely so free and spirited as his other

* We can quite understand the story which Cooke had from Dr. Johnson, and the latter from Peter, David's brother, of the Lichfield grocer who came up to town with a letter to the great actor. The evening of his arrival he saw Garrick's name in the bills for *Abel Drugger*, and went to the two-shilling gallery to see him. For a time he could not believe his eyes or ears, until he was convinced by what the people about him were saying. He came home after transacting his business, without ever presenting the letter. He was pressed on his return by David's brother as to the reason of his strange conduct, and, after some hesitation, said, "Well, y^e G^d, Mr. Garrick, though he be your brother, he is one of the shabbiest, meanest, most pitiful hounds I ever saw in the whole course of my life."

characters. It was constrained—a constraint he always found in playing “a gentleman.” What shall be said of his lighter characters?—of his *Ranger*, which Mrs. Siddons, who only saw him at the close of his life, said, with rapture, was “delightful?” Of his delightful and airy conception of *Benedick*? The eager anxiety of his look, when listening to the conversation about himself, was real and delicious comedy. So, too, was his grave reasoning himself into a resolution to fall in love with *Beatrice*, and his smirking, self-flattering air caused by her speech to *him*. “If I don’t pity her, I’m a villain.” Then the variety—the change to his gay-spirited raillery against matrimony, so elegantly vivacious. By these little graces, too airy for the coarser grasp of preceding actors, he literally gave to every character he attempted the air of being an entirely new one.

Don Felix, in “The Wonder,” was dangerously like *Kitely*, for both are jealous characters. Yet it was marked that this wonderful artist made both happily distinct, and conveyed the nice difference between jealousy as it would affect the plain, sober mind of a City merchant, or disturb that of a gayer Spanish nobleman. There is a philosophy and instinct here, above the “trade” of a mere actor. In “The Wonder” there was always a country dance, which he danced with infinite grace and agility to the end.

It was at Bath or Tunbridge that he picked up the character of *Lord Chalkstone*—a type of the day, a debauched old nobleman, who, though wrung with gout and a complication of disorders of all kinds, still went through his old round of pleasure with indomitable spirit. His manner of walking, acting, and speaking was so full of detail and colour, so rich in touches all in keeping, that it is no wonder a clever critic said it was “the highest entertainment of the theatre” he ever enjoyed.* There is a sketch of this old nobleman, with a huge glass at his eye, “ogling” some one, and supposed to be saying—“Pshaw, d—n the gout!”†

All this applies more to the old, early days of his playing. His buoyant spirit and genius then carried him forward; he had no restraint to check or make him “stiff” but that of

* Wilkes, the same judicious observer, says justly :—“Future times will scarcely credit the *amazing contrast between his Lear and Schoolboy, or his Richard and his Pribble*. He gives us not resemblances, but realities.

† Yet some might reasonably say that there is a sort of ill-luck attending the ridicule of human infirmities; and it is a little like retribution that to his death he was to be harassed with gout, and tortured with that more dreadful malady which the name of the old nobleman was made to hint at.

judgment and good sense. It must be the hardest thing in the world for the great actor to retain this fresh spontaneousness, in which enthusiasm and eagerness give a certain novelty to the details of each night's performance. But with years comes the fatal upas of conventionalism; and the repetition, and monotony from repetition, brings on the destroying "staginess." It is easier and less fatiguing to have by heart the old tricks of voice and gesture than to work up to an original enthusiasm. So it was to be with Garrick, but to an infinitely less degree than with others.

Grimm's own sentiments about Garrick, written to Diderot, are testimonies to his vast dramatic merit. He can hardly find words for his praise. The English, he said, were apt to exaggerate absurdly the merits of their heroes; but in this instance they had not in the least exceeded reality. He was struck by his wonderful face, and the marvellous powers of the eye. He, too, like other rational Frenchmen, was attracted by this new style of acting, which was no more than nature, as contrasted with the artificial chanting of their own school. It seemed to him, as to others, a great discovery, that "a person should try and be the thing he represented." Neither was there in Garrick's wonderful face the grimaces and contortions with which ordinary comedians altered their expression, or imitated others. The Englishman, he remarked, could make for himself a new face; so, too, when he was doing the dagger scene in "*Macbeth*," and following the spectral dagger with his eyes, it struck the company what a *handsome*, inspired expression came into his face, instead of the traditional disagreeable contortion by which such an emotion would be expressed by others.

He could not do the mere unmeaning rôles of coarse fun. In "*Rule a Wife*," the old stage critics delighted in the *Copper Captain*; it was the test for every comedian. It could be worked on like a picture, and new readings given. Here it was admitted that Wilks was unrivalled. Garrick, when he revived the play, was much inclined to take up the *Copper Captain*, which he could have made a fine and varied part of; but he had to choose between it and *Leon*, "the Wittol," and his excellent judgment and consideration for the interest of the play made him put aside this desire.

Woodward, to whom he gave it, was long to be associated with the *Copper Captain*. Garrick is said to have rehearsed it several times; but found a stumbling-block in a certain stage "laugh," given when the jewels are discovered to have been false. It was the conventional usage that there should be here a fit of unbounded merriment, in which Woodward revelled;

and this he could not do to his own satisfaction. There was no appropriateness in it. A smile would have done as well; but Woodward tickled the "wittols" of the gallery, and the unmeaning merriment became the grand "point" of the part. Garrick found his reward in the fine piece of comedy he gave in *Leon*. His dulness and stupidity, mixed with a sly archness, were admirably assumed, and not in the least overdrawn; and his change to the gallant, manly bearing of the true man and husband, his natural dignity and firmness, and humour, were a triumph of acting. "I think," says Davies, "I never saw him more universally captivate the eyes and ears of an applauding theatre. The warmth of his spirit," adds the same critic, who is sometimes very acute and happy in his remarks, "was so judiciously tempered, his action so correspondent to his utterance, and his whole deportment so significant and important." When the *Duke* said, at the end of the play—"I pray you, sir, use your wife well—" Garrick's sheathing of his sword, and most expressive look and action, as he replied, with a mixture of high courtesy, delicate reproof, and self-respect—"My own humanity will teach me this"—was a new revelation to the audiences of the day.

The exuberant part of *Archer* was another of his delightful comedy parts. All owned that "there never had appeared so genteel a footman, or a complete gentleman; the one fit to triumph over the pert airs of an innkeeper's fair daughter, the other inspired with that happy impudence, so timely corrected by a most profound respect, as not to be resisted by the finest woman in the world, languishing under the neglect of a cruel husband." Refinements and delicate *nuances* of this sort must read almost unintelligibly to our actors.

The German traveller's account of the scene in the "*Beaux' Stratagem*," where Garrick was disguised as a "fine servant," and Weston was the miserable waiter at a miserable inn, is a perfect photograph. The description itself is like a bit of the comedy it describes:—

"Garrick wears a brilliant light blue and silver livery, a rich laced hat with a red feather. His shapely calves are resplendent in white silk stockings; his shoe buckles are in the height of the mode; he is altogether a fascinating fellow. Weston—poor devil—overloaded with his multifarious and dirty duties, presents a perfect contrast to Garrick. He wears a sorry wig, with the curl taken out of it by the rain, a green jacket, which perhaps thirty years ago might have been cut for a wealthier paunch, red woollen stockings, and a green apron. Mingle! astonishment and respectful admiration overcome him at the sight of this grand gentleman's gentleman. Garrick, bright, brisk, and knowing, his smart hat cocked airily a little on one side, and not in the least overshadowing the brilliant face, comes forward merrily, full of confidence in his calves and his new dress,

with firmness and decision in every movement. He feels himself a head taller beside the melancholy Scrub. And Scrub, at all times short enough, seems to lose some of his few inches by Archer's side; his knees tremble with the terrible feeling of the threefold contrast between the poor drawer and the triumphant valet. With fallen chin, in a kind of adoration, he follows every movement of Garrick with his eyes. Archer, who wants Scrub to aid him in his schemes, soon grows condescending. They sit down together.

"Any one who wishes to study the irresistible power of contrast on the stage, should see this scene. With the easy grace peculiar to him, Garrick throws himself into a chair, rests his right arm upon the back of Weston's seat, and leans forward for a little confidential chat. The skirts of his splendid livery hang down gracefully, and in the folds of the coat and the person of the man, one line of beauty succeeds another. Weston sits on the middle of his chair, as becoms him, but somewhat far forward, a hand on either knee. He seems dumbfounded, and his cunning eyes are fixed on Garrick. If anything is expressed on his face, it is the affectation of dignity struggling with the paralyzing sense of the horrible contrast between him and his companion. I here remarked a bit of business by Weston which produces a capital effect. Whilst Garrick lolls easily in his chair, Weston, with stiffened back, tries by degrees to out-top him, partly from feelings of respect, but partly, too, that he may now and then steal a comparison, when Garrick is not looking him in the face. When Archer, at length, in his easy way, crosses his legs, Scrub attempts to do the same; and at last, but not without some assistance from the hands, he happily accomplishes this feat. All this is done with eyes either fixed or looking stealthy. At last, when Archer begins to stroke his splendid silk stockinged legs, Weston almost instinctively imitates the action over his miserable red worsted stockings, but immediately after collapses in his chair, and, with a feeling of humility that calls forth one's pity, quietly gathers his green apron over all. In this scene, Weston, with his natural expression of stupidity, his simple, restless looks (which gain not a little from the unaffected husky tone of his voice), almost has the advantage of Garrick, and that is saying a great deal."

These little pictures are so minute that they have all the air of truth, and show us plainly that he might have fairly continued on the stage for many years more, without incurring the reproach of lingering there after decay had set in. Weston's playing was so exquisitely droll in this scene, that Garrick owned to friends it was all he could do to keep his countenance.

In *Marplot*, in the "Busy Body," he was considered not so good as Woodward. The boy, Charles Fox, told his father that Garrick could not look foolish enough.*

* Stockdale, the clergyman, came to him one morning, loud in his praises of Woodward's playing *Marplot*. There was a large company, and with a sad want of tact he began to extol Woodward's *Marplot*, saying that he thought that part could not be performed with a more masterly perfection. He thought the reply "envious and ungenerous." Garrick gave him a grave and earnest look—"Your opinion of Woodward may be very just, but it was all beaten into him." Every one present knew that Garrick had failed in the character, and he wished merely to assert for himself the merit of instruction.

Another part of his was in Mrs. Sheridan's "Discovery." It was a delightful piece, and worthy of a Sheridan. It had the most perfect success, and gave great enjoyment to the audience. Young O'Keefe was there the first night, and long remembered Thomas Sheridan stalking in, as *Lord Medway*, in a suit of rich crimson velvet; but Garrick, in *Sir Anthony Brancville*, left the deepest impression on his mind. His fantastic dress, and his speaking impassioned sentiments with the calmest face and most placid voice, filled the house with delight and enjoyment. The grandmother of the late Mr. Sheridan Lefanu, herself a Sheridan, was taken as a child to see the play, and on her mind remained the impression of Garrick's charming acting as the old beau. It was the perfection of elaborate and deliberate courtliness, and she recalled his calm and leisured preparation for taking what he called "a chaste salute" from one of the young ladies of the comedy. The taking off his gloves, the arranging of his hair, the general preparation of the old beau took many minutes, and filled the theatre with enjoyment and delight.

In Crisp's dull play of "Virginia," he made one of those famous "points," which used to be classed with the "Zaire, vous pleurez!" and which, indeed, are not of the highest class. When *Claudius* was claiming *Virginia*, Garrick, as her father, was standing on the opposite side, next to the stage-door, his arms folded, his eyes on the ground, apparently insensible to what was going on. He was then asked what he had to say in reply; but still remained, his figure impassive, his face working with all manner of emotions. The audience was spell-bound. At last he slowly raised his head, paused, turned round slowly, but without turning his eyes away from *Claudius*, and finally, in a low, deep, broken voice, that penetrated to every corner of the theatre, said, "THOU TRAITOR!"

To Garrick is due the introduction of all *legitimate* stage "business." No one knew better the valuable aid to be derived from such illustrations, and he did not allow it to take the place of what it is only meant to illustrate—the present vice of the stage. To him also is owing much of the traditional Shakspearean "business." In *Hamlet*, the legs of the stage chair were shortened and drawn under the seat, so as to fall over at a touch, to express the actor's surprise at the entry of the ghost. The "combing of the wig" in *Archer*, the throwing away the stick in *Lear*, and innumerable bits of by-play, have been all carefully handed down, and are considered drops, as it were, of the immortal man. But he reformed other extravagances of the same description. It was essential that

every actor of an "heroic" part should enter with an enormous forest of feathers, to impart dignity. This practice, with others, he abolished.*

Still it should be mentioned, that an old Dr. Mudge told Northcote, that at the end of his career Garrick was not nearly so free and original, as he was at the beginning. Perhaps he meant, not so fresh; and the town had now begun to know him by heart. It indeed almost seemed that at his death a sort of reaction had come, and that there was a return to the old rugged declamation of the Quin days; for certainly the traditions of the Kemble acting seem to be a preaching style, and a dry, stilted pronunciation, coming from what Hazlitt so happily called "Kemble's foggy throat." It is certainly a little curious, that one with such a reputation, and who had trained up a whole school of actors, on his own principles, should have left so little mark—more wonderful still, that the Kemble elocution should for so long have been the established model for existing stage diction, and be always followed.

Macklin, in a malignant criticism found among his papers, but which at the same time gives us some traits of peculiarities in Garrick's acting, says that he restored "that shameful scene of the epilepsy in the fourth act of 'Othello,'" to give himself the opportunity of some "business." Another reason, he said, was that he knew Quin could not let his bulky figure fall without a ludicrous effect, whereas he was slight in person, and there would be no such danger. He speaks of his "strange manner of dying, and griping the carpet; his writhing, straining, and agonizing: all which he has introduced into the profession." In other words, Garrick substituted for the solemn and monotonous sing-song, and regulated gesture of the old school, a variety and liveliness of illustration. "His art in acting consisted in incessantly hauling and pawing the characters about, with whom he was concerned in the scene; and when he did not paw or haul the characters, he stalked between them and his audience, and that generally when they were speaking the most important and interesting passage in the scene—which demanded, in propriety, a strict attention.

* Farington, the painter, had never seen him until the last season, when he went to see "Hamlet," and found himself but a row or two from the stage. He was a little shocked at the oldish face, the bulky figure, the enormous heels made to give him height, and the almost grotesque air of decay. He expected a very lamentable exhibition of failing powers; but was surprised, delighted, and almost confounded at the spirit, truth, and power of the acting—presently had forgotten the paint and wrinkles, the high-heeled shoes, and the bulky figure, and saw nothing but Shakspeare's Prince.—*Taylor.*

When he spoke himself, he pulled about the character *he spoke to*, and squeezed his hat, hung forward, and stood almost upon one foot, with no part of the other to the ground but the toe of it. His whole action when he made love, in tragedy or in comedy, when he was familiar with his friend, when he was in anger, sorrow, rage—consisted in squeezing his hat, thumping his breast, strutting up and down the stage, and pawing the characters that he acted with. . . . He introduced sleep into *Lear*—showed how the body dreamed in *Richard*. He also introduced sleep into *Sir John Brute*, and for many minutes, to the extravagant satisfaction of the audience, cut the faces of an idiot, a lunatic, a stupid: so expert was he in all the tricks of the face, which the good people acknowledged as his imitation of a drunken man falling asleep." Through all this perverted view—and the private character that accompanies it, as will be seen later on, is shocking from its malignancy—can be discerned the true characteristic of Garrick's acting, a lively vivacity. It was said, too, that he had not a good ear for emphasis, and often misplaced it. An instance has been already given as to his reading of one of the Commandments. A Colonel Pennington, who had seen him, acutely observed another mistake—"and will speak *daggers*, but use *none*;" instead of "*speak daggers*, but use none." Yet he may have been right in this, as the emotion and passion of the situation might require an exceptional force on the word *daggers*.

His *Hastings*, in "*Jane Shore*," was one of his most elaborated characters. An admirer, who attended one of his last performances, was careful to note, on a copy of the play, every turn and inflection of the part. This curious "report" becomes valuable, and gives a minute and excellent idea of Garrick's manner of working up a situation.

In the first scene he entered gay and courtier-like. He describes *Alicia's* present condition, warms up gradually, and pleads for her fervently. When he sees her, he puts on a cunning and cold air, speaking with a sort of deference—

"None has a right more ample,
To task my power than you."

When she made a violent outburst, and attacked him, he walked up to her, met her eye, steadily, and poured out a number of bitter questions—

"Are you wise?
Have you the use of reason? Do you wake?"

With sudden anger—

"Why am I thus pursued from place to place?"

Then, giving her friendly counsels, he gradually softened, took her hand, seemed to press it with his forefingers, and when he had finished gently threw it from him, and walked up the stage. As he begged, ironically, to be preserved from her tongue, his tone was so dry, cold, and petrified, that a burst of applause came from the audience. When he said—

“Soft ye now!”

his voice became tender and agitated, he kindly taking her hand, and touching the ground with his knee. His voice altered again when he asked—

“What means this peevish and fantastic change?”

as if piqued at the little success of his efforts, and gradually grew almost brutal, crossing the stage two or three times, as he said—

“’Tis wondrous well, I see my saint-like dame!”

Then followed his two spirited speeches. And though *Gloster* had a line interposed between, he caught him up and replied so smartly that it seemed almost one speech. It worked gradually to a climax.

In the council scene in the fourth act, when he was condemned to the scaffold, the gloom and settled despair in his eye was very intense. He was full three minutes—says this true stop-watch critic—in saying no more than six lines. As he congratulated himself in not living on, to see the miseries of his country, he wept profusely. His speech to *Alicia*—

“Thy reason has grown wild!”

was spoken with a sort of absent, distracted air. The last scene was a triumph of elaborate suffering. The adjuration—

“Now mark, and tremble at Heaven’s just award!”

was delivered quite calmly, and in a deep tone, full of pathos. As he asked her forgiveness, he knelt and appealed to Heaven with energy and great firmness. His farewell—

“Good angels visit thee,”

was most affecting. He then moved very slowly to the wing, stood there a moment, said his last two sentences with a broken voice, and passed out to tremendous applause. Then returning with the guard, as *Alicia* said her last few words, he came up, took her hand most tenderly, and motioned back the soldiers—led her off, as if to be still more in private, put up his prayer in a sort of whisper until he came to the line—

“O, should he wrong her!”

when his voice swelled, but sank again; then left her, got

slowly backwards to the wing, looked back, and said "Remember!" with a tone that seemed to the audience like the last utterance of a dying man.

Walpole had a poor opinion of his acting; but Walpole, as a judge of stage matters, is often astray. He thought him "a very good and various player," but that Quin's *Falstaff* was quite as good as Garrick's *Lear*. Mrs. Porter and the Dumesnil were far before him in tragic passion. He was inferior to Quin in *Brute* and *Macbeth*, and to Cibber in *Bayes*. His *Bayes* was indeed original, but not the true reading. Cibber made it the burlesque of a great poet; Garrick the picture of a mere garreteer. He was "a poor *Lothario*, a ridiculous *Othello*, a woeful *Lord Townly* and *Hastings*." *Ranger* he thought suited him best; and though the town did not relish his *Hotspur*, he thought he succeeded in it *better than anything*. In this extraordinary opinion he says he was supported by Sir C. H. Williams and Lord Holland. Garrick often thought of taking up *Falstaff*, and during the Jubilee gave a specimen, that delighted all who saw it. It would have suited him admirably, and have made a fine *pendant* to his *Sir John Brute*. But he would have been overpowered in the artificial corpulence of the character. It is hard to say which was his *cheval de bataille*. Not certainly his *Romeo*, not *Othello*, not *Faulconbridge*, nor *Hotspur*. If we were strictly limited to the choice of two parts, we might name *Lear* and *Drugger*; and yet we should have liked *Kitely* or *Ranger*, *Brute* or *Archer*. *Macbeth*, *Richard*, or *Hamlet* we might not have cared so much for. Fox was his enthusiastic admirer; and in the boxes at Drury Lane, during Garrick's *Lear*, he was seen one night holding up his hands in wonder and delight. One morning Gibbon called on Reynolds, after seeing Garrick's *Richard*, and thought he was inconsistent; for in the first part he was too "mean and creeping," and even "vulgar," and in the last quite the contrary. Cumberland thought *Lear* his finest part.

The characteristics of his acting, outlined by his enemy, David Williams, are very remarkable. "In tragic parts your execution is masterly. It is much improved within the last few years. Your province lies principally where the passions are exhibited by the poet, as agitated or wrought up to a high degree; your perfection consists in the extreme. In exaggerated gesture, and sudden bursts of passion, given in a suppressed and tender manner, you are inimitable. In the struggles and conflicts of contradictory passions, or in their mixture and combination, and when his effects are drawn by the author to a point of instant and momentary expression, there you are often excellent."

His fine reputation is bound up with the literature of the country; and readers of Fielding, and Smollett, and Sterne, will see how delighted those great writers were to record how they had been affected by the great actor. In short, in this wonderful man's case, compliment has exhausted all its shapes. Admirers of "Tom Jones" will recall Partridge at Drury Lane, during Garrick's *Hamlet*. "'Well, if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? God have mercy upon such foolhardiness! . . . Follow you? I'd follow the devil as soon. . . . O, here he is again! No further? No, you have gone far enough already. Nay, sir, did you not yourself observe, when he found it was his own father's spirit, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow?'

"'He the best player!' said Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer. 'Why, I could act as well as he, myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did.'"*

BOOK THE SIXTH.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE GRAND TOUR.—SEPTEMBER, 1763.

HE had now returned to town, and was busy with preparations for going abroad. The Grand Tour, if it was then a delightful progress, had also its responsibilities. This was to be a holiday; he certainly took with him the resolution of never appearing on the stage again—*unless* this remedy for his temporary unpopularity should prove successful. He had a faint hope that it would be. Before going, he had appointed Colman to look after his interests in the theatre; he made arrangements for the appearance of a clever clerk, whom he had heard "spouting" at the Wood Street Debating Club, beyond Temple Bar, and who, he thought, would fairly support lover parts during his absence. He did not dream that the terrible cry, "A rival!" would be raised. Finally, on the 15th of Sep-

* *Tom Jones*, bk. 16, ch. v.

tember, the very night his theatre opened, he and Mrs. Garrick, with their little dog, set off for Dover.

As we have seen, nearly two years before, he had told Sterne, then starting off for Paris, that he was soon likely to visit that capital. Roscius, indeed, delighted in good company, and had long since discovered the truth, that the "finest" company is the most agreeable. The startling success of Sterne in Paris, whom the wits and "*élégans*" of Paris were loading with attentions—honours written home to Southampton Street in a sort of rapture—stimulated his eagerness; and when he heard from his friend that at "two great houses" his own gifts and genius had formed the staple of the conversation during the whole of a dinner party—all wondering how he could be so great in two such opposite walks of acting—it was very natural he should look forward to coming and receiving this homage in person.

At Calais he put up, not at the famous Dessein's, but at the Table Royal—"a good and reasonable house, with civil and obliging people." They had a very pleasant journey, met with no accidents, and were entering Paris in high spirits, when they were stopped at the barrier by the Custom-house officers; and though their trunks had been duly *plombé* at Calais to ensure through transmission, they were searched *en personne*, and having mislaid their *passe*, were led off with indignity to the Custom-house, to have their trunks opened once more. But the director of the Customs, M. D'Aguemont, treated them with great civility. This was the evening of Monday, September 19th.

In a day or two he bought a little blank book, which he determined to fill with notes of his travels; a journal, in short—"meant to bring to my mind the various things I shall see in my journey into Italy." Properly it was to be a record of his "opinions and feelings." "For," he writes, "I shall always put down my thoughts immediately, as I am struck, without the least attention to what has been said by writers of great and little repute.—D. GARRICK." Which is indeed the true plan to make a journal of any interest; but for all this official declaration, the journal began to languish very soon, and covers but a few pages. Very soon the seduction of dinners, and parties, and excursions, absorbed all his time—the pleasures past seem poor, and not worth recording, beside those that are coming on.

Undoubtedly, the most singular feature of the time was the "Anglo-mania" then raging. It now seems ludicrous. In the shops Shakspeare and Swift were to be bought, like ordinary French books; and it was almost comic to find eager

Frenchmen poring and blundering over the great English poet, and straining hard to fancy in themselves something like admiration for what they could not understand. Sterne's Count, who took the sentimental traveller for the *Yorick* of "Hamlet," was but the type of more serious blunderers.

There were many coteries or societies all ready to welcome him. First, that of Baron D'Holbach's, who gave his little dinners every Sunday and Thursday. Here was to be met the most delightful company possible, and the guests ranged from ten to twenty in number. The host's fancy was to discover clever and distinguished strangers, and this must have given his parties their charm. The regular *habitués* were remarkable; Grimm and Diderot, Helvetius and the mercurial Abbé Morellet, who was so lively in discussion. Madame D'Holbach sat in a corner, talking in a low voice; while the greater *esprits* decided greater questions. Helvetius had the Wednesdays, with very much the same elements.

The moment Garrick arrived the universal homage set in. He was at once made free of "the synagogue in the Rue Royale;" and the "little sanctuary in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs." He was heaped with honours; he was almost ashamed to write home the distinctions he had met with at their hands. Before he had been there a fortnight, he knew every one, of every degree. Naturally he first devoted himself to cultivate the actors.

On the night after his arrival, he set off for the Comédie Française, which at his first entrance seemed "dark and dirty." The play was the "Gouvernante," with Dumesnil, who, it seemed to him, had expression, but who "made use of little startings and twitchings, which are visibly artificial, and the mere mimicry of the free, simple, and noble working of the passions." A Mdlle. Doligny, "a young beginner, with a pleasing look and sweetness of voice," gave him much pleasure. But the French actors presently found out their distinguished brother, and the "company of comedians" sent their compliments, with the freedom of the house. On the same morning he called on Clairon, and spent a long time with her. With that incomparable actress and spirited woman, he had a long talk. She surprised him by telling him that her appointments were only £250, having besides to "find herself" in everything. He thought of Mrs. Cibber at home, as a comparison, who had received from the theatre as much as £700 a-year, besides her benefit, and dresses—everything found for her, excepting the "mere garniture of her head." Another night he went to see Preville, and on the first occasion thought him

a great comedian—"he certainly had comic powers." But on the second and third, he did not see the variety he expected. "He has the same looks in every part." He was struck with a peculiar "look of folly" the actor could throw into his eye, which in certain parts would have a fine effect, but was not to be used continuously.

A very characteristic story is told of one of Garrick's first visits to the theatre, when he took his wife to see the great actress. She had a great disinclination to see her; and her coldness during the early part of the performance excited the impatience of Garrick, who was in raptures.* Gradually, however, she grew attentive, then excited, and finally broke into the most extravagant expressions of delight and admiration. Garrick, it is said, *then* grew impatient and discontented, and ended by being quite out of sorts. This was not jealousy; it was more an uneasiness lest the wife he so loved and admired should admire any one more than himself. The whole, however, is characteristic, and a capital trait of human character.

Clairon, with her natural enthusiasm, took him up with *fureur*. He had known her on his first visit. A few days after his arrival was brought out Saurin's "*Blanche et Guiscard*," founded on an English story. It was given out that "the Clairon" had condescended to take lessons from the English actor, and had rehearsed *Blanche* before him; but it was also said that she had never played worse. Garrick was delighted with his new pupil, and wrote home that the "Clairon was great;" but added, that she had her faults, "between you and me." He took care, however, not to say this publicly, "for she idolises me." "*Blanche*," however, reached but the third representation. The only thing that saved it was the admirable manner with which Belcour, the *jeune premier*, vanquished the poignant difficulty—thus quieting public anxiety—appearing to transfix "the Clairon" as she lay extended on the floor. The story was that of "*Tancred and Sigismunda*;" and a large crowd of English, who were present, and had seen the original, were loud in condemning the coldness and barrenness of the piece. Even "the Clairon" was said never to have done worse. Everybody was pointing out the celebrated English actor, the original *Tancred*, and whispering his name. Every one, too, was quoting his critiques, favourable to this and that actress; but only to a few, says Grimm, did he trust his real opinions. It must have been for this performance that he tried to get

* MS. Journal. I find from an unpublished letter, that Mrs. Garrick was rather jealous of these attentions to Clairon.

tickets from "the Clairon" for some lady-friends; but every place was taken. She bade him, in a pretty little note, take them to the parterre, where ladies could readily go. "Good night, dear friend," she wrote: "you know how much I like you."

One night, at the house of an English gentleman, a Mr. Neville, a curious scene took place. He had collected many of the leading wits and literary characters—Marmontel and D'Alembert amongst others—and invited the great English actor and the great French actress to sup. What took place is well known, and has passed into all the anecdote collections. Clairon stood up, and volunteered to declaim some passage from "Athalie," which, said Garrick, she did "charmingly." But this was done, not to show herself off, but "to bring out Roscius," whom all were eager to see. It was a trying exhibition in a foreign country, with foreign eyes looking on, and foreign ears that could scarcely understand. But Garrick had confidence in himself, and with excellent tact and good sense chose such specimens of his art as would appeal to the general intelligence of all. He began with the "dagger scene" in "Macbeth," passed from that to the "curse" in "Lear," and finished with the "falling asleep" of *Sir John Brute*. These were delivered in the one common language of the human race. The effect was tremendous—the success complete. He does not mention—as Murphy, his biographer, does—his telling the company whence he had obtained the idea of his wonderful representation of madness produced by grief—suggested, as is well known, from an old man who had dropped his child from a window. This incident was said to have taken place in a street near Goodman's Fields; but Grimm, on whom the representation seems to have made a most extraordinary impression—"I saw the poor man himself!"—says that Garrick told him it was in Ireland. The philosopher was not likely to have fixed such a scene in such a country. He passed from that to another favourite delineation of his, that of the poor pastry-cook's boy who had let fall his tray of tarts in the street, and whose face expressed all the transitions from stupid astonishment to surprise, terror, and hopeless grief. These were but a part of what he called "giving his rounds." That night was long remembered. Marmontel it seemed to have haunted. Next morning he wrote the English actor a flattering, but genuine, letter, full of the most ardent admiration. *Macbeth* was what struck him; and he makes the just observation, that if *they* but followed the same principle, their scenes would not be so

tedious, and they would do more by the eloquence of silence, and by the expression of face and eye, than by long speeches. He owned that this was the only real style of acting; it was quite new to him. This was much from a Frenchman. He must have, almost then and there, sat down to commit this enthusiasm and admiration to writing; for he eagerly bids his friend look later to the "Encyclopædia," article "Declamation," where he would find his true views on this point.*

Thus welcomed, thus *fêted*, and loaded with civilities and homage of the most flattering sort, the actor set off, a little after the 28th of September, having been in Paris nearly three weeks. He was to make the Grand Tour, but promised his French friends to return to them soon.

They reached Lyons in about four days, and were treated with great courtesy by all in authority; but, as usual, were greatly imposed on by extortionate innkeepers and postmasters. In fact, a Frenchman told Mr. Garrick that when an English chaise went by, all winked and laughed, and put their tongue in their cheeks. The Savoy part of the journey was delicious, and they enjoyed it immensely, revelling in the noble scenery. They lay at Aiguebelles on the 10th of October, and found the crossing of Mont Cénis very agreeable in such fine weather. They had one little *désagrément*, in their coach breaking down. Compliments still attended him on his route. The demi-god of Ferney was gracious enough to send him a message, hoping that he might see him, and putting his little theatre at his service; throwing in, however, his old dislike of Shakspeare, who, he was pleased to say, had more of the barbarian than of genius. "The d——d fellow!" said Mr. Garrick characteristically to his friends. But to M. de Voltaire himself he wrote, almost obsequiously, as being the first genius in Europe. "Could I have been the means of bringing our Shakspeare into some favour with M. de Voltaire, I should have been happy indeed." Though the visit never took place—Mr. Garrick being obliged, from the state of his health, to post home to Paris—the great genius often spoke graciously of him to the guests who came to Ferney, and would send a sort of royal sentence of recollection, or approbation. Turin they found very neat and clean—a perfect city of palaces. Two pictures there, by Guido and Guercino, struck him greatly, possibly because of a dramatic sort—"The Prodigal Son" and "David and Goliath;" for in the former, grief, contrition, and expression were all exhibited without a feature being seen.

* We do this, but, alas! find not a word about Garrick.

Thence they hurried on to Milan. These were, indeed, but the official stages of the Grand Tour. They put up at the Tre Re, and, like a thousand travellers before and since, posted off at once to the Cathedral. There they lighted on a true, courteous, and most hospitable friend, Count Firmian, to whom they had letters, who insisted on their dining with him every day, who could talk and was deeply interested in English subjects. Mr. Garrick promised to send him over pictures of himself in every character.

On the 2nd of November they set out for Genoa by boat; and, like many a traveller who has entered that port on a gorgeous summer morning, were "ravished" with the enchanting panorama: the slow sailing on the cobalt waters, the mole, the lighthouse, and the shipping, and the coloured terraces glittering in the morning sun, as if roofed with gold and silver, or built of blocks of mother-of-pearl. "What more I think of it," writes Mr. Garrick very confidently in his journal, "shall be wrote down when I have examined it." But now came the friends, and the parties of pleasure; and not a line more was added to the little record. He visited Florence, where he met Algarotti, on whom he made a deep impression. The poet was ill; and Garrick recommended him the fashionable English remedy, tar-water. He also wrote home to England in favour of his verses. Knowing that the actor was to visit Bologna, Algarotti sent him letters to the leading persons of the place—the Marquis Monvi, the Marquis Scappi, and the Cardinal Legate. "You will see," he wrote to them, "that his amiability is on a par with his merits."

Mr. Garrick then hurried on to Rome, where he only stayed a fortnight. He got there about the beginning of December. The night before he entered it he hardly slept, thinking of the sensation of entering the Eternal City. As he drew near it, the excitement, and the thrill, and the suspense that have come on so many travellers, before and since, came on him; but the Porta del Popolo brought the established disappointment and *désillusionnement*. He only saw a "dirty, ill-looking 'Place,' with three crooked streets" branching off. His spirits sank at once. But in the afternoon he was taken away to see the Pantheon, and the sight raised him into perfect enthusiasm. He said afterwards that he "never felt so much in his life." It made him "gape" with wonder and astonishment. The Colosseum delighted him; and he made the sensible remark, how infinitely better these ruins look in reality than in pictures; while with the more modern buildings he found the reverse to be the case. The whole of his fortnight he devoted to churches,

ruins, and objects of curiosity, and not to waiting on great personages.

He then posted down to Naples—a miserable journey, having come in for the heavy rains, which attended them all along the road. They suffered inconveniences and distresses that were almost ridiculous, and with which he proposed afterwards entertaining his friends at Hampton. They arrived on the 17th, and kept Christmas charmingly, with the windows open, the Mediterranean at their feet glistening in a sultry sun, and—green peas on the table! With all their distresses the journey had improved his health, and the whole party, including the dog “Biddy,” were “in the highest spirits.” He was charmed with the climate, and with the people; and it is characteristic of so great an actor, that he should have found entertainment as well as profit, in going among the strange and highly dramatic beings that make up the Neapolitan lower class. There he found good models for eccentric gestures, picturesque attitudes, and that strange play of feature in which he universally excelled. The great theatre of San Carlo almost confounded him, filled as it was to the roof, and blazing with lights. But it was too large for the singer’s voice. There he heard the famous Gabrielli, one of the sirens of the opera, more insolent and more fickle than the “Clairon,” and not to be tempted to London by any amount of English gold.

At this gay place he met with all imaginary kindness from distinguished country people of his own. Lady Oxford, who had great influence at the Neapolitan Court, exerted herself for him in every way. With Lord and Lady Spencer, he went to see Herculaneum and its curious relics, and afterwards ascended Vesuvius. The King, who was always favourable to the English, and had a company of actors, as a mark of special favour, allowed the English actor to be present. As a yet higher compliment, he was allowed to test their extraordinary ability in this way: he was invited to write down the outline of a plot, and they engaged to fill it up, supply dialogue, and perform the whole extempore within twenty-four hours. The feat was actually executed.

He was nearly three months at Naples. He thoroughly enjoyed himself there; for, as he said, he was now “out of their clutches” in London, and was going to “make a meal, and a good one, in Italy. I shall never return.” No wonder, for never was he “in such fashion,” or made so much of by the great people, who in a *villeggiatura* like this, were more familiar and gracious than at home. This was the weak

corner of "Davey's" nature; he was supremely happy: "I laugh from morning until night. I am always with Lord Spencer, Lady Oxford, and Lord Palmerston." Mrs. Garrick took her share in their pastime, and would go to the parties, though she had a bad "rumatiz." "I scolded and phyzed; but if she can wag, she goes."* Mr. Garrick was everywhere—at Lord Exeter's, the minister's, the consul's. The only thing that annoys him is that bit of "nonsense" which some indiscreet friend sent home to be inserted in the *St. James's Chronicle*, "*about my dancing with the Duchess of Devonshire*"—again the old weakness, and "dearly loving of a lord or lady." Many such little inspired paragraphs, at which he "pished" a little impatiently, were to find their way to the papers during his life. Here he met Sir William Hamilton, later to be the husband of the fascinating Lady Hamilton. In that coterie, they had all sorts of pastimes—among others the fashionable one of "charades;" and to Sir William he addressed a little poem, called the "Charader's Recantation," two lines of which were—

"If Spencer nod, or Jersey smile,
How could I but obey!"

But he was dying to be at Rome again. He thought it, of all places in the world, "the one most worth coming to and writing of." They were back there by the beginning of April. Never was a man so much above the more debasing associates of the "shop." His whole heart was now in the antiquities, books, &c.; and he was seen from morning till night hunting up the old curiosity shops, with Mrs. Garrick "dragging her lame leg" after her. Even the Duke of Devonshire wrote out to him from England, "rallying" him on his abandonment of the drama for the more captivating attractions of *virtù*. Rome did not agree with him so well; but when the rains began to fall—which they did "in pailfuls"—he grew better. The sun came out, and he was "as frisky as the poor flies, who were so woefully damped by the wet weather, but are now as troublesome and as pert as your humble servant."

Early in May the actor reached Parma, the Duke of which Court had caught some of the "Anglomanie." He had, of course, "read Shakspeare" (the fore-ordained victim for the experiments of all foreign students), and could speak English tolerably well. The Duke of York, then on his travels, entertained the Prince at the Hotel Pallavicini, and had Garrick, Lord Spencer, and the Minister Tillot as his guests. To be

* Forster MSS.

asked to so select a party was certainly a high compliment. After the dinner was over, the Italian Prince showed a little anxiety to hear the English fashion of declamation, and expressed his wish with so much feeling and delicacy, that Garrick at once stood up. He gave a short sketch of the story of "Macbeth," to prepare them for the situation, and then went through his famous dagger scene. He did it with more than usual effect. The Duke was so delighted, that he sent him, next morning, a gorgeously enamelled snuff-box, and ordered apartments for him in the palace. Snuff-boxes indeed were to be a spécial shape of homage to his genius. Later, when he was coming home through Germany, the Duke of Wurtemberg presented him with another, in acknowledgment of the pleasure he had received from these recitations.*

He then posted on to Venice, to be in time for the Fêtes given in honour of the Duke, who had arrived on the 26th of May. That city enchanted him, as it has enchanted many, at first; but a month's stay, he said, was like a honeymoon, in bringing you to a temperate consideration of things. He was dazzled and fatigued to death with the series of shows, which transcended even the wonders of the "Arabian Nights." But the famous "Regate," a *specialté* of Venice, astounded him. At Venice were Lord Ossory, and Mr. Beauclerk again, and Mr. Arden, a clergyman, whose house he afterwards visited in England. He was now, however, beginning to grow restless, and eager for home again. His heart was beginning to turn back to Drury Lane. Even in his walks on the Rialto, he fancied himself keeping an appointment with *Pierre*, though, strange to say, not expecting to meet a *Bassanio* and *Antonio*; for when the real Venetian nobleman came by, dressed like an attorney in one of the Spiritual Courts at York or London, the Shakspearean spell was rudely broken. He was getting models of Italian scenery made, and sending them home. He was also looking out for dancers.

But he was now disquieted by the rumour of a star that had risen up in his absence, and whose brilliancy was, perhaps, magnified by distance. The name of this star was Powell, a young fellow from the Spouting Club, who, he heard, was now fascinating the town with his *Philaster*, and passing from *Philaster* through the whole round of parts. This alarming news

* Long after, when Garrick was in his library at home, showing these tokens to two of his actors, one of them, Holland, broke out a little coarsely with, "And so you went about the Continent mouthing for snuff-boxes!" Garrick, with that good-humour which was his characteristic, only laughed, and took not the least offence.

troubled him. The success had been overwhelming. The town was as "horn mad" as it had been in the old delightful transport of Goodman's Fields. Tall, thin, as he was, he was quite of the Barry order; and his voice in tragedy went to all hearts, and drew abundant tears. The pit stood up, and shouted, in spite of Foote, who sat in the boxes on the first night, and affected to jeer at the whole. Somehow, wherever there is an act of grace, such as would be the welcome of a young actor, or at the Shakspeare Jubilee later, those sneering features are sure to be seen in the crowd.

Garrick's uneasiness is plain to us. Yet he behaved admirably, and with true magnanimity. In Garrick's letter of advice to Powell, so often quoted, and his anxiety about his "doing *Alexander*," and "playing himself to rags," is to be seen that very pardonable dread which a really magnanimous mind often experiences, of being thought meanly jealous of a rising competitor. He, indeed, wrote that he had no joy in thinking of the stage, and affected to consider that he was to be "baited" if he returned there. But his heart, it is quite plain, was fluttering at the wings of Drury Lane.

CHAPTER II.

PARIS.—1764-65.

HE stayed at Venice until the middle of June. He was still longing to be at home, and nervous as to what people were saying of him. Yet Mrs. Garrick's health was still bad, and the sciatica so violent, that he could not think of returning as yet. They had tried all the fashionable and even absurd nostrums, then in vogue. Baretti, whom he had met in Venice, asked him, "Have you forgotten the black hen?"—the same remedy that was prescribed for Sterne and Smollett at Montpellier. Finally they both set off for the famous mud baths of Albano, near Padua, and which Baretti prophesied would certainly restore her. The "mud baths" had the happiest effect, and she was soon able to throw away her stick. By the middle of August they had got to Munich, but there he was seized with a dreadful bilious attack, which kept him in bed for a month. Luckily he had an English doctor near him, who kindly broke off his own tour, to stay with him, and who gave him better remedies than the "flayed cocks" and "black hens" of the foreign faculty. It wasted him to the last degree; and we can see the famous Roscius, effective even in his ema-

ciation, described comically by himself:—"I have lost legs, arms, belly, cheeks, &c., and have scarce anything left but bones, and a pair of dark lack-lustre eyes, that are retired an inch or two more in their sockets, and wonderfully set off the parchment that covers the cheek-bones." Yet his strong constitution helped him over such an attack. He did not love to whine over his sufferings. "You desired me to write," he says, "and invalids will prate of their ailments." His spirits sank very low, and he had a narrow escape, indeed. In this state he wrote some lines genuine in character, but very desponding in tone, and which may be taken to be a faithful picture of his past life. He called it "His own Epitaph:"—

"Though I in frailty's mould was cast,
By passions hurried on,
Though all my days in folly passed,
No crime has blackened *one*.
Some sins I had—for who is free?
Of pride, few mortals less;
Not those, I fear, who have, like me,
Small merit with success.
One pride that with myself shall end,
That pride the world shall know,
Much-honoured Camden was my friend,
And Kenrick was my foe."*

But there was a more significant warning in his having an attack of the malady, which was later to carry him off: the malady which came of "full port" and rich living, and which carried off so many men of letters and delightful social gifts. He was ordered the Spa waters—to "The Spaw," as it was called—then, as now, one of the most delightful nooks of Europe; but the season was too far advanced.

During his illness, two of his best friends dropped away, that Duke of Devonshire, to whom he was so sincerely attached, and Hogarth. "The best of women and wives," as he affectionately called Mrs. Garrick, strove hard to keep such distressing news from reaching his ears; but the news of the first had nearly "cracked" his nerves. He loved the painter "in the greatest confidence." Churchill, too, was dying at Boulogne. Voltaire, receiving all the travelling world at his little retreat at Ferney, had sent him, as we have seen, a complimentary message. Garrick, on his return, intended to turn aside, and pay his homage at the shrine; but the serious illness that seized him at Munich had weakened him so much, that he dared not tarry on the road. From Nancy he wrote his excuses to the "*Roi Voltaire*"—in what was scarcely one of his happiest

* Hill MSS.

letters. A friend, who later was honoured with a seat beside "the King" at dinner, said that it would be the best news in the world for Mr. Garrick to know that M. de Voltaire was in good health, and that he hoped he might write so. "No, no, sir," replied the host, "do not write an untruth, but tell him, *je suis plein d'estime pour lui*."

He reached Paris again, about October, 1764—in a very shattered condition. His pleasant French friends could hardly recognize him, until he spoke. But in the delightful Paris air he began to mend at once, to fill in, and grow round, until, in about a fortnight, he could pass for a tolerable Frenchman. It was wonderful, indeed, how he got through; for, as he said humorously, he had been under no less than eight physicians, two of whom had been English—one, perhaps, Dr. Gem, of Paris. Not much had taken place in his absence. But there were letters waiting for him, with more news of Powell's success—scarcely a pleasant medicine.

Powell had gone from one triumph to another. *Philaster* was his great part, after which came *Posthumus* in "Cymbeline." He then applied himself to study hastily, and produce in succession, a whole round of characters of which he knew nothing. It made no difference—the crowds came—it was the fashion to go and hear Mr. Powell, and there were even plenty to say, that *here was Mr. Garrick's successor*, and that the loss of that great actor was more than repaired. There were plenty, too, to let him know of this good news. Now Lacy, with an almost spiteful congratulation, recorded as spitefully by Davies, bade him by no means abridge his tour, but enjoy himself as long as possible away, "for the house was always crammed, and not even Mr. Garrick's own most principal parts had brought more money." Powell had written to him, in the midst of all this triumph, an exceedingly modest and temperate letter, in which he acknowledged his obligation to "his best friend." Garrick's answer was written in perfect sincerity. "The news of your great success," he wrote to him from Paris, "gave me a most sensible pleasure—the continuance of that success will be in your own power;" and then begs that he will give leave "to an older soldier" to hint a little advice, which he will answer for being sincere, at least—"which in a brother-actor is no small merit." The gratitude of Powell for those small hints had attached Garrick to him. "I have not always met gratitude in a playhouse;" a truth of which he was to have yet more convincing experience during the next few years. Then followed his excellent advice. He was afraid that Powell's good-nature to his brother-actors—

thus delicately did he put it—had driven him into too many characters, a little precipitately. However, he had succeeded, and now was the time to make sure, by study, of the ground he had gained. He warned him against clubs and flatterers. Should he ever sink by idleness, “those friends who have made you idle will be the first to forsake you. . . . But, above all, never let your Shakspeare be out of your hands or your pocket; keep him about you, as a charm; the more you read him, the more you will like him, and the better you will act him. One thing more, and then I will finish my preaching. Guard against the splitting the ears of the groundlings, who are capable of nothing but dumb show and noise. Do not sacrifice your taste and feeling to the applause of the multitude. A true genius will convert an audience to his manner, rather than be converted by them to what is false and unnatural.” Advice of inestimable price, and more valuable than gold, to every player, who should study and take it to heart.

The result proved his wisdom. The banker’s clerk, after doing what he could, *did* illustrate the truth that little gratitude was to be found in a playhouse. Writing to his friend Colman, he himself, said Garrick, had now lost all taste for the stage, and had grown cold. If the town wished for him, he was ready to be their humble servant again; though she was “a great coquette;” and “I want youth, vigorous youth, to bear up against *her occasional capriciousness.*”*

He wrote to Colman to have a Paris letter, full of items of news, inserted in one of the daily papers, in which the trumpet might be blown handsomely; and he actually took the trouble of writing a long letter of news, in an assumed character, to bring in this subject. He hinted to Colman to add a line about himself. It might be something in this key, he said—“Our little stage hero looks better than he did.” Colman represented the town and theatre as longing for its Roscius. But he “overdid it.” Garrick was scared. He was sure it would be set down—and naturally so—to his inspiration. He said—what was perfectly true—that he had never in his life “praised himself knowingly.”

* Here was the soreness, and again he hinted at the same thing. “I find by a poem of poor Churchill’s that the town is very angry at my leaving them. They must be pleased again.”—*Forster MSS.* But Churchill’s compliments were two-edged. He had said, indeed—

“Garrick abroad! what motives can engage,
To waste one couplet on the barren stage.”

But then, he added, that men of real sense—

“Shall own thee clear, or pass an act of grace,
Since thou has left a Powell in thy place.”

Very soon he had converted French admiration into the warmest friendship. Marmontel would sign himself "the most tender and devoted of his friends," and had written some charming lines to him, in imitation of Churchill. The finest company in Paris were invited to meet him. Naturally Garrick was proud of such homage from such a man, and sent home copies of the letter. In a few weeks, he was as much at home as any trained Frenchman. Diderot always wrote to him as "*cher et amiable Roscius*," or "My dear Shakspeare." The tradition of the agreeable Englishman was long kept up, and many little stories about him preserved. One of his friends was De la Place, who edited the *Mercur*; and one morning he found the editor busy correcting proofs for a number. Garrick offered to help, and, sitting down, snatched up a sheet. He presently started up with a cry. He had discovered that the French verses he was correcting were a translation of some lines of his own. The editor protested this could not be, as he had taken them from an old portfolio, where he kept "odds and ends," and that he himself had written them a dozen or so of years previously. The song had been translated, and printed expressly.*

Mrs. Garrick also came in for admiration from the "gallant nation;" but it was of the most respectful sort. De la Place called her *charmante épouse*, and considered her one of the most captivating women in England; but adds, with characteristic *naïveté*, "*though entirely devoted to her husband.*" Gibbon's message to her is worthy of being noticed:—"May I beg to be remembered to Mrs. Garrick? By this time she has probably discovered the philosopher's stone. *She has long possessed a more valuable secret, that of gaining the hearts of all who have the happiness of knowing her.*" Sterne, who was at the Tuileries gardens, and saw all their beauties, said she could annihilate them "in a single turn."

The list that could be made out of his friends is something wonderful. He was fortunate enough to meet Beaumarchais,

* Allowing for a little exaggeration, we may accept from the same authority another little social adventure. He had told M. De la Place the story of Hogarth's portrait of Fielding—the rather improbable story of how he had sat to the painter, and imitated the face of the departed humorist; and La Place told it to a sarcastic Intendant, by whom it was received with incredulity. De la Place went to his friend Garrick to concert a plan. The next day, when the sceptical Intendant was scoffing openly at the legend, a solemn voice came from behind a shutter, "Gaze now on the real Fielding," and the amazed Intendant saw before him a living head, the original of the portrait he held in his hand. The scene, we are told by the editor, finished by all sorts of "compliments and embraces."

who called him his dear M. Garike, and who paid him and Mrs. Garike, the compliment of saying, that they had both assisted him in his "Barber of Seville;" she by her *sourires fins*, Garrick by valuable hints for the management of the business. That of showing one of the characters asleep, was his suggestion. Ducis, the translator, confided to him that he was busy with his notorious mangling of Shakspeare. With some affectation, Garrick declined to meet the Abbé Le Blanc, who had written disparagingly of Shakspeare. Greuze, the most delicate and airy of painters, offered to paint him a picture, which, with the refinement with which Frenchmen know how to enhance a present, was to reach him *au moment que vous y penserez le moins*. Riccoboni called him "the darling of her heart." Gibbon, twelve years later—a space during which the sparkling flames of French friendship might have sunk down into ashes—still heard the *salons* echoing with regrets and wishes for his return, and sometimes heard them exclaim, with the good-natured vanity which constitutes no unamiable part of French character, "*ce Monsieur Garrick étoit fait pour vivre parmi nous*." All these good Frenchmen sing in the same key, whether they write in their own language, or struggle through comic English, and invoke Shakspeare—or address their letters to "Sous-ampton-st., à Londres"—or to "Ladelfi."

The French stage at this time was not flourishing. Most eyes were turned to "the Clairon," the wonderful actress, a true power on the stage, and whose waywardness, insolence, and extravagant behaviour off it, piqued and at the same time amused the crowd. Like her friend Garrick, she often practised the trick of sudden withdrawals and retirements, with a view of making her absence felt. Though her figure was short, also like Garrick, it was remarked, that she appeared of full height. Her voice was harsh, but she had actually trained her audience to admire the strange "*glapissements*," and "charnel-house" mouthings to which she was partial.

Garrick's friendship with this actress strengthened every day. The year before Van Loo had painted her, a poet had written verses upon her, and both verses and engraving had been published. It was now given out that Mr. Garrick, her admirer, was having a medal struck in her honour; and, as of course, verses were sent round:—

"Sur l'inimitable Clairon,
On va frapper, dit on,
Un médaillon," &c.

He himself had to sit over and over again. Carmontelle's

picture of him was a happy, and truly French, idea. He represented the comic Garrick opening a folding door, and looking in at the tragic Garrick. While he sat for this portrait, his behaviour is described as being as entertaining as a play. He very soon grew tired and impatient, and then amused himself and "intrigued" the painter by wonderful changes of countenance—passing imperceptibly from sadness to gaiety, and from gaiety to the deepest gloom. Other painters were often made the heroes of this little scene. Two years later—time enough for him to have passed from the minds of the French—his picture was in all the windows, pirated from Reynolds's well-known allegorical picture—only by an amusing blunder, it was labelled "*L'Homme entre le Vice et la Vertu*." Already Le Moine, the sculptor, was busy with his bust, which was later regularly "published" in terra cotta and other shapes. And another engraving of him by Cochin, was afterwards sent out. These were certain testimonies of popularity.

Towards the end of March, 1765, he was really meditating his return, and still nervously putting questions as to the pulse of the town: Were they talking of him—calling out for him—or "cool about their humble servant?" But the doctors were firm—loud against his ever appearing again. "*I have no maw for it, at all.*" I must entreat you to be very sincere with me." Still something should be done to restore the credit of the house. He felt, too, he was able "to play as well as ever," but still he neither "could, must, nor will." All this shows a harmless and pardonable anxiety and restlessness. He was growing more troubled about the accounts of Powell;—whether he had a hold on the town, to which he could not be indifferent. Travellers coming to Paris reported to him that the new favourite was "bawling" and "roaring." It had begun to flash upon him suddenly, that this popularity, combined with the fancied indifference to his own return, was really dangerous. The feeling at last took such a curious hold of him, that he took an injudicious step, and, as it proved, a very profitless one. On the principle called the *sifflet à succès*, well known to the French *claque*, of "hissing" a failing singer, who yet enjoys the respect of the audience, and thus provoking a reaction in favour, he had been busy at a stupid satire on himself, which he hoped would at least cause him to be talked of, and rouse the dormant sympathy of the public. This was a poor pasquinade upon his own return, "The Sick Monkey," meant to "intrigue" the town—rouse friends and enemies, or, at least, make him the subject of conversation. "Severe upon myself," he wrote of it. It was a marvellous mystery, but

“for Heaven’s sake, all were to take care and be secret!” Yet with all these preparations, when the satire appeared, it excited no notice, and fell “still-born.” Such is very often the short-sightedness of clever men. Even the letters home relating to the matter were to be burnt carefully, for “fear of wetting the powder of our squib.” After all these precautions, such a result must have been mortifying.

It was now Easter, and he was getting more and more eager to be in London. He would seem to have been quite determined to resume as manager, not as actor; for Colman had been silent as to what he thought was the state of the public pulse. When Mr. Beauclerk reported to him in Paris that when he saw Powell play last, there was a falling-off, we can almost detect a little relief, under his anxiety, at the news. “Be sincere upon that head,” he writes. “What, all my children! I fear he has taken a wrong turn. Have you advised him? Do you see him? Is he grateful? Is he modest, or is he conceited and undone?” After all, this is but human nature.

There were inducements still to keep him in Paris. The Royal Princes were heaping him with honours. His doings were of such interest, that it went round that he was busy writing a play on the model of Preville’s “Frenchman in London.”* But he did not wait to see the issue of a strange scandal in his own profession, which broke out on the eve of his departure from Paris.

A certain actor, called Dubois, had refused to pay his doctor’s bill. This came to the ears of Clairon, who roused all the comedians to resent the disgrace. When the curtain was about to rise, the next night, all the actors were in open mutiny. Molé, Le Kain, Dauberval, and finally Clairon, refused to play. There were shouts heard of “Clairon to prison!” The police had to be called in.

The haughty Clairon was carried away to prison, but went triumphantly in the carriage of the wife of the Intendant of Paris. The men actors soon struck, except Le Kain and Molé. One of them had to make a humiliating apology to the audience; every night they were brought from prison to the theatre to play, and taken back again after the performance. But the indomitable Clairon held out, as indeed she well might, for her imprisonment was a triumph.

Soon, a prey to rage and fretting over her treatment, she

* The lively French diarist, Bachaumont, took down this rumour, on one of the little scraps of paper, which went round the *salons*.—*Mémoires Secrets*, vol. ii., p. 178.

fell sick; and had to be released. She demanded her *congé*, and said she would never act again. She went from one fainting fit to the other, and her enemies then maliciously sent round to her that the great Garrick, now in London, had told "Miladi Holland" that he preferred the Dumesnil's acting. She did not believe the story; her bitter letter to him, telling her sufferings and her projects, is highly characteristic. She said she was determined to sacrifice "her vengeance" to that one motive, the enfranchising of her profession from being subject to this degrading restraint. Sooner than "give in, she was determined to die—to bear all persecutions." She inveighed against Molé and Le Kain, who had betrayed her. Le Kain was under a load of obligation to her—a pension she had procured for him—an increase of salary for his wife, with many more benefits. "Good-bye, dear friend," she closed her letter with, "think of me sometimes; make your dear wife do the same; and come back to us as soon as you can." Garrick's reply was an offer of five hundred guineas! A princely generosity. Well might Voltaire turn to his satellites, and ask if there was a Marshal or Duke in all France who would imitate such an act.

Ministers were obliged to yield in this unworthy struggle. She was allowed to retire to Geneva, where was Tronchin, the great doctor. There she dazzled and charmed Voltaire. But after this, she never rallied in health or popularity. The public found that she was determined to try the device that her friend Garrick had tried with his public, and by absence and coquetting make them miss her; but she kept it up so long that they forgot her. Then came neglect and mortification. She offered to play before the King as a special favour, who sent her word that he was very well content with the present actresses. Yet it is impossible not to sympathise with her wayward but gallant spirit, and her last letter to her true English friend is almost pathetic, showing illness and hopelessness, and a broken spirit.*

It was such natures as this that Garrick drew to him, and such natures as this that could appreciate him.

Thus had he established his name, fame, and credit in Paris.

* "Since April I have been daily between life and death; and the day that the Abbé Bontemps handed me the gauze which your sweet wife sent me, I was so bad I could not thank him. I can hardly see, hear, or move from one chair to another. Death would be a thousand times less pitiable than my condition. *But my heart is still whole, and, filled with gratitude, loves you both for ever and ever, and longs but for one thing in this world—some way of proving it to you. M. Cailhava will tell you the rest. I can write no more. Adieu!*"

There he was long after thought of, regretted, and respected. Preville, the comedian, with whom he had played droll freaks, both astonishing the inhabitants of villages near Paris with a surprising imitation of drunkenness, which brought out Garrick's criticism, that his friend "was not drunk enough in the legs," long after thought of him, and inquired about him, and gave imitations of him, and talked fondly over him at suppers, with Foote and others.* Yet from Preville he later withdrew his friendship, on account of a disgraceful life the latter was leading, and we can read the Frenchman's contrite letter announcing reform, and in warm terms imploring a renewal of the old intimacy and friendship. A nature with such influence must have been respected, as well as loved, and Garrick might well look back to his stay abroad, to the roll of friendships he had formed, to the brilliant impressions he had left of himself, as a delightful memory, honourable alike to his character and to the profession of which he was the ornament.

But if he had made new friends, he was to return, and find many gaps in the old ranks. Though he followed his friend Johnson's wise counsel of "keeping friendships in repair," it was hard to supply the place of a valiant henchman like Churchill, or of a true and early friend like Hogarth. He took infinite pains with an epitaph for Hogarth, for which I find among his papers many attempts—

"If neither charm thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honest dust is here."
"Hogarth, pride of both, lies here."

Johnson was consulted; but he seems to have condemned all in a blunt, discouraging way, except one happy expression—"*pictured morals*." Garrick adopted all hints, cut away many stanzas, and it is now to be read in the picturesque Chiswick graveyard; the epitaph is above the average:—

"Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art—
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If genius fire thee, reader, stay—
If nature touch thee, drop a tear—
If neither moves thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here."

* Angelo's Memoirs.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

THE MAN OF SOCIETY.

CHAPTER I.

RE-APPEARANCE—"THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE."—1765-66.

HE was now in London once more, arriving, as the newspapers gave out, on the afternoon of Thursday, April 27, 1765. He was infinitely improved both in health and spirits, and tone of mind; and from this time, if we can detect less interest in the theatre, and in plays, he seems to take a higher place in social life, and, with the aid of his Continental training, to assume a leading part in all the coteries and clubs. From this date, we begin to hear more of Garrick's *esprit* and Garrick's wit; and, indeed, it would be impossible for one to have come fresh from D'Holbach, and Diderot, and Morellet, without catching some of their pleasant ways and manners. But he seemed fixed in his determination not to play again. Some friends congratulated him on this resolve, others tried to dissuade him.

He spent the summer among his friends; now with Mrs. Cibber, at Woodhay, who, with her parrot and her dogs, was eager that he and "sweet Mrs. Garrick" should come to her. Her health was very bad, but she looked forward to joining him at Christmas, and "entering the favourite mare, Belvidera," an entry that was never to be made. Burke, too, was eager for his company, promising him true farmer's fare—fowls from his own poultry yard, and beef of his own rearing—early hours, boiled mutton, drowsy conversation, and a little clabber milk.

"I congratulate my dear David," wrote Hoadly, "on coming to a resolution; and, however the public may suffer, hope you will continue to enjoy the sweets of retirement with your sweet woman." Friends, who knew the actor better, were now at work. The King, with whom he always kept up a sort of relation through friends about the Court, was induced to make a most flattering remonstrance, and a request. Mr. Garrick must not retire. Would he not appear again at his Majesty's

request? Mr. Garrick could not refuse his sovereign. But he took a judicious step before his *rentrée*: he carefully reviewed such characters of his where Powell had made a reputation, and discarded any in which he found himself weak, retaining only *Lusignan*, *Lothario*, and *Leon*. Another would have entered in a wild competition, and disdained the notion of inferiority. Then came the new season, and he once more opened his theatre, on September 14th, with "The Beggars' Opera."

As he looked back, towards the close of his life, to many distant nights of triumph and glitter, on none could his thoughts have rested with such pleasure as that 14th of November, when the King sat in the royal box, and the house was crammed to the ceiling, all London having come to see their favourite reappear after his long absence and travels. The tumult of welcome that greeted him, the plaudits sustained and gradually swelling into shouts, then an unusual form of welcome, must have told him what a hold he had upon their hearts. He remained silent for a time—then advanced and spoke, with infinite point and gaiety, some lines he had written to introduce himself. They are in that vein of personality which, even when it has its own speaker for an object, is scarcely in the best taste, and must lessen respect. But the archness of his manner, and roguish play of feature, carried all off, and kept the audience in one flow of merriment:—

"I am told—what flattery to my heart!—that you
Have wished to see me—nay, have pressed it, too.
A very nine-pin, I my stage life through,
Knocked down by wits, set up again by you.
In four-and-twenty years the spirits cool;
Is it not long enough to play the fool?
To prove it is, permit me to repeat,
What late I heard, in passing through the street.
A youth of parts, with ladies by his side,
Thus cock'd his glass, and through it shot my pride—
'Tis he, by Jove!—grown quite a clumsy fellow;
He's fit for nothing but a Punchinello;
O yes, for comic secrets—Sir John—no further;
He's much too fat for battles, rapes, and murther.
Worn with the service, you my faults will spare,
And make allowance for the wear and tear.
The Chelsea pensioner, who, rich in scars,
Fights o'er in prattle all his former wars: *
Should the drum beat to arms, at first he'll grieve
For wooden leg, lost eye, and armless sleeve,
Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and swells his chest—
'Tis for my King! and, zounds! I'll do my best."

* Is there not here a hint of another pensioner, who "shoulders his crutch, and showed how fields were won"?

There is good spirit in these lines, and the "hit" at the close, with the King himself looking down from his box, must have awakened enthusiasm.

The curtain then rose on the first scene, "*Much Ado about Nothing*," with Miss Pope as *Beatrice*, and, in a moment, it was seen that there was not the least ground for that assumed consciousness of decay; on the contrary, it was perceived that in ease and elegance, and in an unaffected and natural manner, he had gained immensely by the influence of French habits and French acting; and, above all, that he had now lost that rather anxious look of expectancy and waiting for applause, which usually attended on the close of one of his "points." For more than ten nights—for prologues were repeated like plays—this prologue had to be given.

That two years' withdrawal had shown his wisdom. The spectacle of empty benches, which had driven him away, was never to disturb him again; the old charm was restored, and henceforward, to the hour of his retirement, when the ordinary attraction began to fade, the name of Garrick in the bills was the certain spell to conjure a crowded house. The town was "half mad to see him," Sir George Beaumont told Mr. Rogers; and men of condition would bribe the attendants to admit them privately, before the doors were opened, to avoid the terrific crush.*

During his absence, the Covent Garden Fund had been established for the benefit of decayed players. It was given out that he was highly indignant at such a step being taken, without his being consulted—he, the head of the profession! Davies reports, with satisfaction, that the players were glad to retort on him, that they had made so many unsuccessful applications to the management of Drury Lane, that they were now obliged to depend on themselves. It does not seem very clear what the management of Drury Lane had to do with Covent Garden players; but it is more than probable that Garrick's good sense preferred a scheme that would have embraced the whole profession; and on such a scheme it would have been decent to have consulted him. They were only too glad to pass upon him this little slight.

A similar plan was set on foot for Drury Lane, not by way of challenge or rivalry, but deliberately; for it took many years to settle the details. He was unwearied in his exertions, and played for its benefit very regularly. He and his partner

* They were directed to appear in much heat, wiping their foreheads, so as not to excite suspicion.

gave a handsome contribution by way of commencement. He paid the cost of an Act of Parliament. He presented it with some houses in Drury Lane as a place of meeting—took them back again for a handsome sum, when it was found that money would be more welcome—and once more bequeathed them back to the fund by his will. His last, long-remembered performance was given for its benefit. His return to the profession, to which he was not ashamed to show his gratitude, was thus really magnificent; and it was computed that the value of his donations amounted to nearly £5,000.*

He had added to his forces two excellent recruits—Dodd and Mrs. Fitz-Henry; and his next venture was a revival of Wycherley's "Plain Dealer," which was prepared for the stage by Bickerstaff. By cutting away about half, it was brought into some sort of maimed shape; though the humours of the *Widow Blackacre*, as given by Mrs. Clive, carried it through—in spite, too, of the absurdity of Yates, who had acted at Ipswich when Garrick first came out, then a youth of seventeen.

Mrs. Cibber's fond anticipation of entering "the mare Belvidera" was not to be fulfilled. She had been playfully rallying him as to "all their amours" being ended, but she did not think the real end was so near. She played with him, for the last time, as *Lady Brute*, and a few days later, on January 30, 1765, fell ill and died. No wonder Garrick said that tragedy was now dead on one side. A month earlier another great actor had passed away, and the stage lost the last great pillar of the old "exploded" classical style. Quin, long since retired, and given up to the enjoyment of venison and claret, and made welcome at Chatsworth, was (in the favourite histrionic quotation) "to shuffle off this mortal coil." They had several times met at Chatsworth, where they had been invited, to use Davies' bombastic language, "to fill up the large cup of social happiness which the noble owner proposed to enjoy, in the company of his friends." In the evening, when they were

* At the other house there was not the same success or harmony. The actors would not trust the manager, and the manager in return refused a free benefit to the fund. The two funds were later wisely put together; and their amount at present (1868) is about £60,000, which, under judicious management, ought to be a handsome provision for the "decayed" actors. Yet there appear to be restrictions, which interfere with the efficiency of administration—as membership for some years, before becoming entitled to the benefit, and no admission to the guild after forty years of age. A fund of this kind should be associated with a particular establishment; but as the great corporations of Drury Lane and Covent Garden are dissolved, the actors can derive the same advantages by personal insurance.

left alone, a warm inquiry after Mrs. Garrick renewed old friendship, which intimacy Garrick never allowed to slacken. From that date he was often to be found at Hampton, where he found excellent claret; and was always chosen for a visit to the cellar, to select a good bottle of Burgundy. Garrick had his picture painted for his own collection. When Garrick was down at Bath, racked with gout and endless disorders, he set himself to labouring out an epitaph for his friend, which, it must be said, reflects the dullness and languor of the sick room.* These were now early, but gentle, reminders for Garrick.

Yet he was now scarcely established at home when his old theatrical worries were to set in; and, as a matter of course, the one that harassed him was to be a friend. If there was one who, even at the cost of personal sacrifice, was bound to give him peace at last, Colman was certainly the man. Garrick had laid him under a hundred obligations. To him had been sent from abroad the gayest and most amusing letters; for him had been shown affection in a hundred little ways.

Before he quitted England, Garrick had often talked with his friend over a scheme for a comedy, a joint production, the name of which would seem to have been settled even before it was written. Upon his travels Garrick took portions of it with him. His amusements interfered with business, and he could not lay his mind to the task. But from abroad he encouraged Colman to go on.

A marked character, which has become one of the figures of dramatic literature—a bit of true comedy, *Lord Ogleby*—was originally designed for Garrick himself. And, indeed, it seemed that no one but Garrick could have given such good effect to the good-humoured old beau, so full of ardour for the sex, so checked in his advances by sudden twinges of gout and rheumatism. Garrick, however, had formed a resolution of appearing in no new character; and when the piece was ready for Drury Lane, and Drury Lane for it, informed Colman that he could not undertake the part.† Nothing was more characteristic of Garrick's nature than these little struggles, of which

* Plenty of Quin's jests are to be found in the regular collections, but the following are not so well known. When he was put to sleep at an inn with a clergyman whose linen was not very clean, he said—"What! are you coming to bed in your *cassock*, parson?" Also his saying to the turnspit who had shirked his duty, and obliged his master to procure another to roast the meat—"Ah! *you* must keep a curate too."

† It has been thought that Garrick's reason for declining to play it was its likeness to *Chalkstone*.

some very trifling occasion was the reason. Insensibly, as pressure was put on him, they gradually magnified, and grew beyond all proportion. The fact that others began to attach an undue importance to them, from his *unexpected* opposition, contributed to this odd effect; and thus, from constantly turning over this question, whether he should play *Lord Ogleby* or not, it began to appear to him a very serious one indeed, and at last he finally made up his mind, and declined.

Colman was indignant at this refusal, and returned to Bath in dudgeon. He affected to consider that Garrick had pledged himself, and burst into a whole catalogue of grievances. Garrick was much hurt. When Colman returned, good-natured friends came and reported real or fancied speeches of Garrick, and inflamed the breach; and some expression of the actor's, claiming a share in the joint labour, touched his vanity, and raised a controversy which has been often debated since, and never satisfactorily settled.

Offended at Colman's behaviour, Garrick had said, to a friend, "Colman lays great stress upon his having written *Lord Ogleby* for me. Suppose it should come out that *I* wrote it?" The other was indignant, not so much at the claim of authorship as at the betrayal of their respective shares in the work. When we read the play, it is surely the image of *Lord Ogleby* that we take away, and *Lord Ogleby* is Garrick's work. He told his friend, Mr. Cradock, that he had taken the idea from a humorous old gentleman down in Norfolk. "It is true," wrote Colman, "indeed, that by your suggestion Hogarth's proud lord was converted into *Lord Ogleby*, and that, as the play now stands, the *levée* scene at the beginning of the second act, and the whole of the fifth act, are yours." A sketch of *Lord Ogleby*, but no more, had been already given in Garrick's own farce of "Lethe;" and it was natural that Garrick should wish a character which had been so successful to have a wider field. In "The Clandestine Marriage," there is a good caricature of a Swiss valet, who flatters his lordship skilfully, and says, "Bravo, bravo, my lor'," at judicious openings; while *Lord Chalkstone* also has a henchman called *Bowman*, who flatters too, and says "bravo" at openings. In "Lethe," also, there are allusions to the vulgar taste for ornamental gardening—the serpentine walks and "capabilities" of a city-like paradise—which was a hit at "Capability Brown," the great ornamental gardener of his day. The same hint is carried on into the *Cit's* character in "The Clandestine Marriage," and very amusingly developed.

Coming to the mere writing, we can settle their shares.

They really divided the work pretty equally between them. Colman wrote the first act; Garrick the "strong" scene of the second act, and more than half the act; Colman the third act, and a portion of the fourth; Garrick the remaining portion, and the whole of the fifth act.* In fact, Garrick's share is the two great characters of the piece, the humours those characters give rise to—the capital *levée* scene, the amusing garden scene, and the bustling night adventure, which wound up the play so triumphantly; in short, all the bright portions. Colman supplied all the sober "business"—the steady mechanism—which was to help forward the movement of the piece. And yet Colman was not only prepared to assume the entire responsibility of the whole, but could have the effrontery to give out "that *he wrote Lord Ogleby* for Garrick." On the other side, having taken this large share in the composition, Garrick had actually arranged that Colman was to have the whole credit of the play!—a compliment that Colman had allowed himself to accept with the salvo, that it was to be "a means of perpetuating and strengthening the connection between them." It was to be acted as Colman's, and it was only when revised and published in book shape that Garrick's name was to appear. But when he heard that Colman was going about abusing him for not acting the part, "*he, Colman, had written for him,*" he was naturally annoyed, and had then said, "What would you say if *I* had written the part?"† The quiet logical way in which the manager disposes of the angry, peevish author; shows him that he had been wrong; then forgives all, and sets himself to bringing out of the play in the best way he could; is admirable. But Colman's great complaint of Garrick was his having declined to play in the comedy.

For Colman "to withdraw" a piece, written under such conditions, was almost ludicrous. Yet when both met in "Johnson's parlour," Garrick, having now heard of Colman's complaints and unkind speeches about him in the interval,

* He writes from abroad: "I have not yet written a word of the fourth or fifth act; but I am thinking about it." When he had returned, he wrote from Hampton: "I have read the three acts of the comedy, and think they will do special well; but why did you not finish the first act, as you would have it?"

† It is eminently characteristic of the character of both men, that when Colman was in Paris he gave a copy of the play to Favart, the poet, as his own work, without mentioning Garrick's share; while to Madame Riccoboni, in the very same week, Garrick had modestly described his share as a mere "*touch of the fingers.*" It was said later, that the leading characters were taken from an obscure farce of Townley's, which was only acted one night, and never printed. But of this there is no proof.

took another tone, told him plainly that the comedy must be treated entirely as his own, and be brought forward at the present season, or not at all. "Should I not rather accuse you of using me in a strange manner by withdrawing the piece which I had a share in, and upon whose appearance I reckoned? I have ever," he wrote admirably, "thought of you and loved you as a faithful and affectionate friend; but surely your leaving London so abruptly, and leaving complaints of me behind you, was not a very becoming instance of your kindness to me; and if I betrayed any warmth in consequence of your conduct, such warmth was, at least, more natural and excusable than your own. Your suspicions of my behaving in a *manager-like manner*, before you went to Bath, are very unworthy of you. I never assumed the consequence of a manager to anybody (for I know that fools may be, and that many fools have been, managers), much less to one whom—I leave your heart to supply the rest." On an allusion in Colman's letter to a past service, he says, charmingly—"I would wish, for both our sakes, *that no account courant* (as there ought to be none in friendship) may be produced on either side." With such a nature it was impossible to quarrel, and the matter was speedily made up.

When later Foote met with his dreadful accident; Garrick, offering every service in his power, until he should be well, took care to mention specially, how his "friend Colman has particularly shown his regard to you," in feeling and lamenting his misfortune. He had not miscalculated the effect of his message; for Foote wrote back, filled with gratitude and thanks, to Mr. Colman "for his friendly feelings." And it was this delicate and considerate kindness, always most active when his friends were *absent*—this perfect loyalty—that was the charm of Garrick's character.

It was determined that King should be the *Lord Ogleby*—for him a fortunate choice, for with his name the part has become identified. He at first declined it, but it was pressed upon him, and he accepted it.*

On the 20th of February the comedy was brought out. Garrick himself opened the night with a prologue, in which he alluded to the recent deaths of Quin and Mrs. Cibber. Then

* Garrick, it is said, took the opportunity of insinuating his own view of the character in various private interviews, and finally fixed a day for a rehearsal in his own parlour, when King went through it, but after a manner of his own, which extorted Garrick's admiration as perfectly original, and far better than any mere imitation of him. But Garrick always regretted the chance he had allowed to slip from him, and his eyes often turned back wistfully to the part.

the play began: The house was filled with the friends of the two authors; and as there was a great masquerade that night at the Pantheon, many of the company in their zeal came with portions of their fancy dresses on, under their coats, and left other portions at neighbouring taverns and coffee-houses, to be put on after the play. Yet danger was expected. The first act passed over without interruption; but in the second, when the Swiss valet said there was nothing in the papers but Anti-sejanus and advertisements, a storm broke out. Anti-sejanus—a well-known clergyman, called Scott, whose employer was Lord Sandwich—was sitting in the boxes; and when some one in the pit jumped up, and pointing to him, called out, “There he is! turn him out!” a perfect storm arose. The clergyman, who was six feet high, stood up defiantly in his place, and looked down contemptuously at the crowd. This episode had nearly shipwrecked the play. But King’s *Lord Ogleby* put every one in good-humour. The tradition of it is still kept alive. Wherever *Lord Ogleby* has been played—unhappily but rarely—it is acted as King performed it.* There is a well-known masterly picture of him, at the Garrick Club, which represents the stiff, ungainly nobleman with hard, wooden, heavy cheeks, a languishing ogle in his old eye, a wig with a comic curl over his forehead, dressed in rich finery, and taking a pinch of snuff with an air of exquisite dandyism. In the course of the play there was another rock—a scene between the lawyers, which has some humour, but which excited murmurs, from the same nicety that caused Goldsmith’s humorous bailiffs to be objected to. Anything like broad, open, healthy humour was reckoned “low,” and the lawyers, like the bailiffs, had to be very much “cut down.”

In the last act, too, so many alterations had been made, up to the very last moment, that the players did not know what they were to say, or what to leave out; and the “business” became a mass of confusion. There was a deal of rushing in and out, from bed-rooms, &c.; but the energetic “Pivy” Clive, who to the last was full of spirits and animal motion, came bustling on, and threw such life and vigour into the scene, that she restored the day, and brought the piece triumphantly through.

In his epilogue he determined to satirize the new popular fancy for English opera, which had grown up in his absence, and had taken serious hold of the public. Yet a taste that

* The late “Old Farren” must have seen King. The part has passed to his son, an excellent actor, and nourished on his father’s traditions.

brought out such fresh English music, and such truly characteristic dramas as "Love in a Village," scarcely deserved such bantering. Mrs. Quaver asks, "Pray do you know the author, Colonel Trill?"—(here was Garrick's old system of self-depreciation once more)—and the "first lady" whispers him, which makes Lord Minim break out, "What, he again! And dwell such daring souls in little men?" After that first night it had a great success, and ran for many nights.*

Kenrick attacked it openly; Hawkesworth was gentle with it; and Johnson good-naturedly sent down to Bath, to Garrick, a refutation of Kenrick's review. Even Davies, the bookseller, and friend of Garrick, had his little sling ready, and from a private corner abused the play as full of "vulgarisms," which only made Garrick smile. Now turned bookseller, the former actor had made his shop a sort of rendezvous for all who disliked the manager; and there, as Garrick well knew, were hatched half the ill-natured stories about him.

It is impossible not to read this little history without seeing how much it is to Garrick's credit in every part. "If either of us," he wrote affectionately to Colman, "had the least ingredient of some of the mortal composition that shall be nameless, we might have lost the greatest blessing of our lives—at least I speak for one." This was not likely to be a "half reconciliation." Colman was his "ever affectionate friend." Colman's little boy he and Mrs. Garrick looked after carefully. He christened him "Georgy-go-jing," and rode over often to look after him, play with him, and amuse him. He was brought over to stay at Hampton. All Colman's concerns were well managed during any absence. It was Garrick's lot that those on whom he had heaped all these good offices should select *him* as the object of some ungenerous return; and Colman was already meditating a questionable stroke of policy, which, if strictly legitimate, had very much the ugly air of ingratitude. A new La Rochefoucauld could illustrate very cynically, from Garrick's life, the folly of being strictly equitable and above worldly resentments, and of being too quick to forgive. Such behaviour is sure to be interpreted as weakness, and invites the petulance and intimidation of those who have something to gain. And this explains, in part at least, the exceptional behaviour of many of Garrick's so-called "friends," who, like

* The town, as usual, was to indemnify itself with a joke, and made merry at the joint authorship. The "Monthly Review" alluded pointedly to Tate and Brady, Sternhold and Hopkins, and other noted collaborators, while newspaper wits rhymed on them as a new Beaumont and Fletcher.

Murphy, grew at last to know his failings by heart, his dislike to give pain by a blunt refusal, and who could “wring his gizzard,” as Murphy was supposed to have the power of doing.

CHAPTER II.

COLMAN AND COVENT GARDEN.—1766–1768.

Now his old troubles began to set in. Lacy, perhaps overset by the success of sole management, was beginning to obstruct—to take airs, and claim a larger share, though it had been stipulated that he was to confine himself to his own special department. This, in fact, Garrick’s solicitors wished to have had inserted in the deed; but Garrick’s delicacy wished to spare an affront to the vanity of his partner, who seems to have been an obstinate man, with a kind of crooked suspicion in his mind. Garrick, wearied of these humours, began actively to look out for a purchaser for his share of the patent, which, though nominally supposed to be of equal value to his partner’s, was worth infinitely more, as it was his talent that brought profit to both; and when that was withdrawn, not much would be left behind. It was some such reflection that always acted as a wholesome check upon Lacy. Early in the following year he made a handsome apology, begged that things might go on on the old footing, and gave his word of honour that he would never object to Garrick’s management, except in a private and friendly way. This was his reply to a formal memorandum sent by a solicitor. Garrick at once forbore, though matters had gone so far, with his usual graciousness. “I should have quitted Drury Lane,” he said, “with reluctance; and nothing but being convinced that Mr. Lacy chose to part with me should have drove me to the step I was obliged to take. . . . I am ready to meet Mr. Lacy as my partner and friend, without having the least remembrance that we disagreed.” Thus was the matter accommodated—for a time.

The foreign tour proved scarcely of so much benefit to his health as he anticipated; for he had presently to go to Bath to drink the waters.* They did him some good, and made him, as he said, “feel like a feathered Mercury.” He found strange company there, which amused him, and the present society of Mr. Selwyn. But presently, when he was “cent. per cent. better,” the gout came back, and all but crippled him. Soon

* His name is among the “arrivals” there in March.

after he found his way down to Mistle, to the social Rigby's, who managed to combine a boisterous *bonhomie* to his friends with a reckless and unscrupulous morality at the expense of the nation. At his pleasant house there was always a welcome for Garrick; for not yet had the host been overtaken by evil days, nor had a stern morality come into fashion which made him its first victim. Rigby's letters are the most jovial and friendly, and the heartiest. They would have, indeed, "jolly" souls at that hospitable house—making songs and rhymes to be chanted at dinner.*

To Colman, then in Paris, Garrick now had to write over a great piece of news that was stirring the theatrical world. The Covent Garden patent was coming into the market; "Beard and Co." were going to sell—the price sixty thousand pounds. No one knew the probable purchasers. "There will be the devil to do;" but all was to be "mum." Foote also was spoken of as a purchaser, but his hands were now full. Garrick wrote all this to his friend, in the most affectionate of letters: "I wish to God we had you here; your letter has made me miserable. Let me beg of you, for my sake, not to let your spirits sink." Well might his spirits sink; for the foolish young man, with a folly that seems to border on infatuation, was fatally incensing General Pulteney, a relation with enormous fortune, and who had warned him that unless he gave up his stage tastes, and his connection with an actress, he should forfeit all chance of succeeding to his estates. Not content with this, he offered him a seat in Parliament; but a sort of madness seems to have hurried Colman on. Nothing can be more generously affectionate than Garrick's letters. Every scrap of news is retailed, and many a service done, to his friend, in his absence.†

The important news of the sale was quite true; but he little suspected the effect it was to leave. Colman presently told him that he had a letter from a person of fashion. "I can guess," replied Garrick, "what its subject was; it was to offer a share in the patent." It was the last thing in the world he dreamed that his friend would think of entering into opposi-

* "The Travellers," wrote Garrick, after one of these visits, "send their thanks for a week of more pleasure than they have ever enjoyed. They are going now to mortify with tough mutton, and a bottle of port." The old Duke of Newcastle was sometimes of the party.

† He told him of Foote's engaging the Barrys for the Haymarket, and gives a hint of Foote's curious temper. He began to find out that the expenses were likely to be enormous, and that his friends were not enthusiastic. "When Barry comes," says Garrick, "*he'll find Foote very cold. They say he abuses him already.*"

tion against him. The bait was too tempting. With a suspicious eagerness Colman was back in town again—having, in his correspondence with Garrick, quite ignored the subject. During the rest of that year the negotiations did not advance.

There was one night in October, 1766, which was a remarkable one. Rousseau had come to London, and was being *fêted*. Garrick was determined to do honour to the distinguished stranger, and brought him to the theatre to see his own *Lusignan*, in a piece which was likely to be the most familiar to a foreigner—"Zara." *Lord Chalkstone* was to follow. The King and Queen came also, from a curiosity, it was believed, to see the author of the "Confessions." Mr. Garrick took charge of the guest, and he was placed on a high seat in the box. It was reported that he had shown his relish of the plays, quite *à travers*—laughing at *Lusignan*, and crying at *Lord Chalkstone*; though, indeed, the last was scarcely so absurd as might appear; for the spectacle of an old battered rake of a lord, racked acutely from gout and gravel, was more an object of pity and disgust than of laughter.* The ludicrous vanity of the man was the feature of the night, and Mrs. Garrick often told of her terror, as he would stretch out of the box to show himself to the audience, and of her having to take him by the coat tail to save him. Thus, in its boxes, as well as on the stage, Drury Lane saw many a pleasant bit of comedy.

Meanwhile Colman had written a comedy, which was ready by February. It was called the "English Merchant"—a piece founded on Voltaire's "L'Écossaise," which, in its turn, had been founded in some measure on the "Douglas" of Home—through such odd shifts and suits had a good play to pass. Garrick worked hard for it, though he was kept awake all night by violent coughing. The good air of Hampton, however, set him up, and with his "warmest affections to his dear Coley," he hoped he would come down on a Wednesday, and take share of a fine haunch of venison which Mrs. Garrick promised them. He would do anything, and offered an epilogue, in which he said, modestly, he would do his best, if Colman was not already provided.

But a change which he intended in the arrangements of his theatre seems to have brought about a fresh coolness. By the recent alterations, the house was now made each night over a

* The vulgar proverb, "mocking is catching," happily applied in restraint of mimicking physical infirmities, was to be fortified by the instance of Foote, who lost his leg by an accident; and even of Garrick, who was later a martyr to the two maladies whose agonies he had so often mimicked on the stage.

hundred guineas more valuable in capacity than it was before ; and now held 337 guineas instead of 220. Such increased receipts of course brought increased expenses, and he proposed to charge an author, who took his benefit night, seventy guineas for expenses instead of sixty. He proposed a judicious change in dealing with any new play, always set down as the sole entertainment for the night. As the performance began at five and ended about nine, the audience were dismissed too early ; and as what required every aid was left to its own unadorned attractions, Garrick suggested that every new piece should be supported by a farce or light comedy. He began the system with Colman's play ; but the latter was angry, and refused to submit to the regulation. As a matter of course the manager gave way to his friend, whose resentment was inflamed by finding that Garrick's plan and Garrick's advice would have been best to follow ; for the play failed, and was thinly attended. But Colman would not forgive. When, in April, Garrick found himself once more at Bath, taking the waters, and growing "fat as a hog," Colman arrived with a French friend. They met coldly. "We pulled off our hats to each other, but did not smile." Kind friends wished hard to reconcile them—that is, to abate Colman's resentment ; for with Garrick, of course, there was no difficulty, though, he said, happily enough, that he feared it would be "only a darn."

In June a sort of infatuation hurried Colman into the scheme of taking Covent Garden Theatre. Powell—also under heavy obligations to Garrick—joined with him in the speculation. Harris and Rutherford were the two other partners. The whole negotiation was conducted with the secrecy of a plot ; but never did man pay so heavy a penalty for gratifying theatrical taste. He was supposed to be heir to the enormous Bath estates, and General Pulteney, when he heard of the plan, had fairly warned him of his displeasure ; but, with what can only be called madness, Colman persevered. Never did penalty come so swiftly ; within a few months the affairs of the theatre began to fall into disorder ; and within a few months also, General Pulteney died, and left his vast property away from him. He could not have hoped to have received the whole of this splendid fortune ; but it was always understood that Colman was in some shape to be his heir. The foolish youth fancied he had overcome all the General's scruples by a "clever letter," quoting the precedents of Sir Richard Steele, Sir William Davenant, and other persons of condition, who had managed theatres ! Clever letters have never done much beyond ministering to the self-sufficiency of their writers.

The stage has cost many of its votaries serious sacrifices of character, station, and fortune, but from none has this Jugger-naut exacted so tremendous a penalty. He seems to have kept Garrick in the dark until all was nearly concluded. Holland, another of Garrick's actors, a young man whom he had taught, and to whom he had been specially kind, joined in the affair. Many were hoping that with the new confederacy, Garrick's ruin was at hand.

Colman often came to break the matter to Garrick, but he fenced it off, and had many qualms in bringing it out. To George Garrick, his own brother, Garrick laid open his heart, and there we see his liberal view of the matter. George and Lacy were furious. "I cannot think," wrote Garrick, "that Colman's joining Powell, when he and I were at variance, and from an offer of Powell and his confederates, *blameable*; however, Colman will act under my wing if I would have him, *and so do not inflame matters, my dear George*." Thus generous was his view. It was with Powell's treachery he was disgusted; the latter had even broken his articles to carry out his scheme. "He was a scoundrel," said Garrick, and Colman would repent his connection with him "in every vein." Though some clamour was raised at his levying the thousand pounds—the penalty in the articles, which the actor had broken with such cool effrontery—it was surely absurd to expect Quixotic toleration for the man who had so treated him. He could even admit that Colman, as stage manager, was worth five hundred a year to the new partners, and that it would be worth his own while to pay that sum to deprive them of his services.

This dangerous opposition from an important theatre, having in its management skill, talent, and the prestige of "new blood," seemed to augur ill for the fortunes of Drury Lane. It was now to have serious losses, both by death and desertion. The Yates's had deserted, so had Powell; Mrs. Cibber was dead; Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Clive were on the eve of retiring. Garrick himself was "worried," and, perhaps, losing enthusiasm in his work, too much harassed, and already sighing for repose. Yet, such was the good fortune that was to attend him in all concerns to the very end of his life, that this precise moment was to be the turning-point at which a new tide of success was to set in for Drury Lane.

Now began to be heard of, two rising actresses—Miss Pope and Miss Younge—ready now to take the places left by the deserters. Mrs. Abington, who had gone to Dublin, an obscure third-rate actress, after working that excitable audience into a

furor of admiration, had come back flushed with triumph, with all the *cachet* of success. She at once fell into the leading parts. Her style was matured, her comedy elegant. He found yet stronger help in Barry and Mrs. Dancer, who, after a long interval, had appeared at the Haymarket with all the enthusiasm of a first *début*, and these he secured for the season at the liberal salary of fifteen hundred pounds. Once more the stage of Drury Lane was to echo to the melodious chime of two incomparable artists. Mrs. Dancer, by playing so much with Barry, had caught many of his tender notes, and in the round of characters, *Othello* and *Desdemona*, *Castalio* and *Monimia*, began to draw crowds. It may be doubted whether there ever was such a pair upon the English stage. Even from the prints—the little frontispieces to the printed plays, where we see “Mr. and Mrs. Barry”—his tall figure breathing anger and rage and reproach, she on her knees at his feet, passionately pleading in all the richness of the true tragedy queen’s magnificence, we catch a faint idea of the tenderness and interest which this wonderful couple excited.

The end of Colman’s venture came with extraordinary speed. Before the year was out the most complete shipwreck overtook the enterprise, with frantic dissension—bailiffs breaking in, and utter destruction. An actress was to be indirectly the cause. The whole system of management was indeed a false one. From the quantity of Colman’s writing brought out during that short space, it is not unreasonable to suspect that his vanity was what hurried him into the speculation. He served the audience with a Colman’s “King Lear,” newly adapted and altered, but which was not found as good as the detestable Tate; also his own “English Merchant,” his “Jealous Wife,” a comedy called “The Oxonian in Town,” and “The Clandestine Marriage,” in which he had a share. The prologue in the opening was his also. Much indeed was redeemed by Goldsmith’s incomparable “Good-natured Man,” which was brought out on Jan. 29, 1768. This fresh bit of open-air nature ought to have stayed the impending doom; but the wits of the time might have turned a rhyme on the significant retrenchment of Mr. Twitcher and Flannigan, the two bailiffs, who were to reappear in sober earnest, before the end of the season, and not be then so easily retrenched. Goldsmith, when Barry and his wife were passionately declaiming at Drury Lane, had pushed his way out of the Drury Lane pit, saying aloud, “Brownrigg, by G—!”—alluding to the well-known murderess. For the doctor was now ranged among the ranks of the manager’s enemies, and made common

The whole town rushed to see the pair in *Lear* and *Othello*, and chivalrous heroes and tender heroines in now and again with some of his time Drury Lane flourished unwilling to have the services of these great actors become a source of inconvenience and worry. Their success set by success; they were presenting grievances; and when aggrieved for not doing their duty.

a natural and decent excuse for him who had become Mrs. Barry, was that with this and last night's performance weak," and if the matter is pressable of going through the business position, which affected the "running play of "Zenobia," drew him also

The Covent Garden disorder, in which Macklin was quarrelling about his "Powell's Sultana." The many-tractated; and through an infatuation Mrs. Lessingham,* a fine enterprising Powell, too, a little later was cut by putrid fever; Holland, his friend, and thus the opposition, that seen away.

The season, too, was remarkable for a tounding comedy by a Dublin star

stranger to Garrick at the time, and the proceeding seemed a little "cool." But he was encouraged to go on, and the result was the highly successful comedy of "False Delicacy," which had a surprising "run," and was one of the genuine successes of Garrick's era.*

The success of this *fade* composition is one of the mysteries of the stage. It was of course given out that the piece was elaborately prepared by Garrick to gratify his spleen, and damage the success of Goldsmith's play. But it had long been in Garrick's hands, and a promise had been given. More reasonable seemed the complaint, that it had been fixed for the week of the doctor's comedy; but the manager felt he was not bound to go out of his way to serve the man who only a few weeks before, had come into his pit to ridicule a new tragedy, and make a disturbance. But later, we shall see more fully what were the relations of the great actor with that great poet and dramatist.

CHAPTER III.

DRURY LANE—GARRICK IN SOCIETY.—1768-69.

AT the end of the season the King of Denmark had come to London, having exhausted all the attractions of Paris. Having seen many of the established London shows, he expressed a wish to see the wonderful actor; and a company was hastily got together, to play "The Suspicious Husband," and "The Provoked Wife."† He was also diverted with an English farce—the humours of "Mungo"—and allowed the piece to be

* I refer readers to Mr. Forster's humorous description of the comedy in his Life of Goldsmith. The play was so successful, and Garrick said so much of it, that Lord Pembroke was eager to be back from Paris to see it, though he said, with true aristocratic pride, that he could expect very little from such a name as "Kelly," especially if there be an "O" before it. Some wonderful things, however, both in politics and in the drama, have been done by men with this objectionable "O" before their names.

† Sir John Hawkins is amusing on this. He says that Garrick "received an order from the Lord Chamberlain" to entertain his Majesty by an exhibition of himself "in six characters." "On his way to London," goes on the Knight, "he called on me, and told me this *as news*. I could plainly discern in his looks, the joy that transported him; but he affected to be vexed at the shortness of the notice, and seemed to arraign the wisdom of their councils by exclaiming, "You see what heads they have!" The truth was, Garrick was seriously embarrassed, for his performers were all scattered, and with difficulty he secured Miss Bellamy and Woodward. Yet Sir John's picture of Garrick's little affectation is not overdrawn.

dedicated to him. That strange prince, whose tour through London and Paris was one whirl of masquerading and shows, was pleased with the great player, and there is still in the family, the handsome snuff-box with a portrait, set in jewels, on the lid, a present from the King. But during these triumphs he was to hear of the death of the old partner of his triumphs—the unique *Lady Macbeth*—the incomparable Pritchard. From the strange, rough Gainsborough came the news: “Poor Mrs. Pritchard died here”—at Bath—“on Saturday night, at eleven o’clock: so now her performance being no longer present to them, who must see and hear before they can believe, you will know, my dear sir—but I beg pardon, I forgot—Time puts all in his fob, as I do my timekeeper—*watch* that, my dear—”*

Another death was that of Palmer, but forty years old, a true and airy comedian, with an agreeable figure and person, and a pleasant coxcombry in his manner even off the stage, which would have pleased Elia, as “highly artificial.” No more would he now “top the jaunty part.” The old line were dropping away slowly.

By this time the fitful Arthur Murphy thought there had been a “cool” of sufficient length between him and Mr. Garrick. That friendly Irishman, Bickerstaff, volunteered the office of mediator. Garrick had been talking with him, and Murphy’s name being mentioned, spoke with eager warmth and kindness, which Bickerstaff at once reported. He told Garrick that Murphy felt these expressions deeply, and only wished for a handsome opportunity of putting an end to all their little quarrels, and proposed that they should meet some night at his “hovel” in Somerset Place, and have a little evening together with Samuel Johnson. Garrick’s answer is frank and generous. “You are a good Christian,” he wrote. “I shall with the greatest pleasure meet the company you mention at your house. As I am almost upon my theatrical death-bed, I wish to die in charity and goodwill with all men of merit, and with none more so—as he wishes it too—than with Mr. Murphy.—P.S. Pray let us meet as if we had never thought unkindly of each other.”

But in the next month Garrick was to pay the usual penalty for Mr. Murphy’s “friendship.” The latter’s sensitiveness began to be disturbed about a loan of £100 from Garrick, the only security for which was the profit of some play to be written in future. Garrick was not able to bring out the new play,

* He signs himself—“Who am I but the same, think you?—T. G.” (“Impudent scoundrel,” adds Mr. Garrick.)

“Zenobia,” that season, and sent it back to the author for safe custody, possible alteration, &c. This Murphy resented. He did not like the air of putting his plays in pawn, as it were—“which is to work itself clear, the Lord knows when. This is the old trait of business, and I much wish to avoid it.” “What a pity!” replied Garrick, with infinite temper, “that your natural good-humour and good sense will now and then fail, when you are to judge of me!” He then shows how mistaken he was: “I think it a very small favour to lend money to a friend; and to lend it with his silver spoons in my drawer, seems to me the very spirit of pawnbroking, without the three blue balls. You are acquainted with no man who would have more pleasure in serving you in every manner he could, than myself.” With all this, Garrick strained a point, and the play was actually fixed for the first month of the next year, with a day for reading. But Mr. Murphy was “sensitive” still. He did not care about it. And Lacy had again begun to thwart him, and to disregard the articles of their late reconciliation. He now affected to be offended with George Garrick, and spoke of him injuriously. Garrick himself was weary of this petty warfare. He had made up his mind to end his theatrical life then—“Fate, and Mr. Lacy, who alone seems insensible of my services, will drive me away, and they shall have their ends . . . therefore I shall immediately prepare for my brother’s retreat, and will most assuredly follow him. I will have no more altercations with Mr. Lacy. I now see the depth of his goodwill to me and mine, and shall act accordingly.” There is disgust and weariness in this complaint, and it would seem almost a fixed resolution. As usual, excuses were made, promises of amendment given; his easy nature overlooked all that had happened, and was content to go on as before.

For the new season, he employed Bickerstaff to alter Cibber’s old political comedy of “The Nonjuror,” which had done good service as a political drama. In the new hands it became “The Hypocrite,” and it is impossible too highly to praise the tact and power with which the adaptation was made. New characters from Molière were put in, and the local and ephemeral air of the whole removed. This, indeed, is a department no less important than that of play-writing itself; and by such judicious treatment, many fine pieces of humour, supposed to be old-fashioned because belonging to an old era, can be made acceptable and delightful to a modern audience. The art lies in the adapter, generally a man of true humour, putting himself in the place of the author, and fancying how he would alter; and also, in a nice discrimination of what

is the essence of the piece, and what the mere trimmings and accessories. No one had a nicer touch than Garrick, and he succeeded in imparting the same instincts to his lieutenants and deputies—reverential yet bold, firm yet versatile. We indeed revive an old piece now and again, like Foote's "Liar;" but as all that is attempted is compression, the piece suffers from such violent handling, and becomes abrupt.

"The Hypocrite" was acted delightfully, Abington excelling herself in the *Coquette* of the piece, and Weston for ever associating his name with *Mawworm*. "Zingis," an Indian Colonel Dow's Tartar play, was an alterative, and a sign of Garrick hankering after his old love—the "Tig and Tiry" solemnities. Home's dreary bit of "Ossian," "The Fatal Discovery," and the persecuting Mrs. Griffith's "School for Rakes," with Clive and the charming Baddeley—these were the features of the season.

Then again comes another retirement—each year now seems to be marked by one of these fatal desertions. Clive, in the prime of her powers—though she spoke of herself as an "old woman"—the best soubrette the English stage has ever seen, inexhaustible in spirit, vivacity, and variety, still delighting, still "drawing," had determined, with a true dignity and self-restraint, to abstain in time. She was the true stage romp—had much of the spirit of Woffington in her; and though she often did battle with Garrick, and he rather shrank from encounters with her, there was no bitterness under that opposition—nothing like that of "that worst of bad women, Mrs. Abington." When she was making her last curtsy, she got him to play with her in "The Wonder," and her grateful letter characteristically, like all the Clive letters,* shows that when the accounts come to be closed in a long friendship, true regard may underlie much apparent bickering. "I am extremely obliged," she wrote, in November, 1768, "for your very polite letter; *how charming you can be when you are good!* . . . I shall certainly make use of the favour you offer me; it gives me a double pleasure—the entertainment my friends will receive from your performance, and the being convinced that you have a sort of *sneaking kindness for your Piry*. I suppose I shall have you tapping me on the shoulder, as you do to *Violante*, when I bid you farewell, and desiring one tender look before we part; though, perhaps, you may recollect, and toss the pancake

* In the Forster Collection are many of these letters, with their sprightly style and diverting spelling, most entertaining. These I have used in a recently published "Life of Mrs. Clive," one of Mr. Reader's useful series of dramatic memoirs.

into the cinders. You see I never forget any of your good things." Players then knew how to write as well as to act. On the 24th of April, 1769, this performance took place; and Garrick's "fine Lady" spoke an epilogue, which her neighbour, Walpole, graciously wrote for her. She carried away with her a long stretch of memory, as she recalled the old triumphs—could roam back from the last night she played with the great Garrick, to the Booth at "Bartlemy Fair." A month later Havard, another of the Old Guard, dropped away—the lines of Drury Lane, both officers and soldiers, were thinning fast. These gaps of the old ranks were hard to fill; the new actors were not of the same material; the high salaries and the competition were beginning to tell; or, perhaps, as in the case of religions or churches, adversity is the healthiest discipline for a theatre.

He was already repenting that he had not adhered to the resolution he had brought back with him from abroad. From this time also he had begun to taste in a far greater degree the pleasures of social life, the visits to great houses became more frequent, his enjoyment of club life, and the company of men like Reynolds and Goldsmith, more keen. His French training recommended him even more. To such entertainment the duties of the playhouse were a serious impediment. Indeed, it would seem one of the hardest incidents in the player's lot, that he is cut off from the time of the day most seasonable for enjoyment; that when others relax, his labour begins.* To keep his connections in "the City," he was careful to show himself several times during the winter at Toms' Coffee-house in Cornhill, which the younger merchants frequented about 'Change time; and was very often found at a club, which had been established expressly for the sake of his company, at the Queen's Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard, and where he met his friends—Patterson, the City Solicitor; Sharpe, the surgeon; Clutterbuck, Draper, and other steady business men, of sound sense—whom he consulted in every difficulty, and who were of infinite use to him with their advice. He used to be seen also at the Doctors' Club—Batson's—where he had many friends, among whom was a Dr. Wilson, who, in his old age, became an admirer of Garrick's playing, scarcely ever missed a performance, and had a special seat of his own in the pit. This

* For him the pleasant meal, the curtains drawn close, the glowing fire, the little table, which so gratefully crown the day's labours, is an unknown pleasure. He is condemned to the *early* dinner—half lunch, with the sun shining, at best a cold *demi-jour* accompaniment, so odious to that fine dramatic critic, Elia.

character was always found at the coffee-house surrounded by a party, for he was a good talker, and his theme was usually the praises of his favourite. It was scarcely surprising that Mr. Garrick should have been very attentive to this admirer. It is impossible not to commend this unwearied assiduity with which he watched and cultivated that tender and delicate plant, the favour of the public. We might, like Hawkins, call them "little innocent arts;" and it should be remembered, that he had been already scared by a loss of popularity, and that, after all, where such extravagant favour is bestowed, decency and a grateful appreciation will lose nothing to keep such favour alive.

He was a welcome companion at other pleasant meetings; as indeed must have been "the first man in the world for sprightly conversation." Boswell's gay scenes, the nights at Sir Joshua's and Mr. Dilly's, are too familiar to all to be repeated again; and they show the actor in a very pleasant light, rallying Goldsmith on the new coat: "Come, come, talk no more of that; you are not the worst, eh, eh?" Or "fondly playing" round Johnson, "the sage," as Boswell calls him, indulgently. Garrick's talk is as agreeable as any of the others'; and though his friend Colman held up some of his tricks—his never going into society "without laying a trap to get away," his going off in a shower of sparks, caused by some good story of his, and his stealing glances to see how the "Duke's butler" was affected at the dinner party—still there is a distinction between the *really* social Garrick and the great actor and manager, *en evidence*, as it were, and feeling himself "a lion" at great houses, watched, and admired, and expected to keep to his reputation. Every man of note must wear these two different dresses. Sir Joshua said the reason Garrick continued on the stage so long, and took such pains with his profession, was to retain his influence with important friends and distinguished persons, whose nature he knew well enough, to guess that, if he once lost his own consideration with the public, he should find himself deserted. The whole of Garrick's character and life indeed reveals to us a new philosophy; for the common tendency of the mere vulgar player would be to "sink" the profession—ostrich-like, hide it in the sand—forgetting that in the company of those who patronize him, he is sought and esteemed for his genius in his profession. Yet no man had such difficulties to overcome. The very calling of a player was then a serious obstacle. "Sir," said Johnson, when he, for once, did justice to his old schoolfellow, "Garrick did not find, but *made*, his way to the tables, levées, and

almost to the bedchambers of the great." The smallest witling seemed to take airs on the strength of this superiority, and Garrick seems to have felt all through that whenever he had an advantage some such hint might be insinuated to "bring him down." Many found a delight in praising other actors before him, with a sham admiration, "to see how he would bear it." His "envy" was then said to break out; he became miserable. Yet this was only "uneasiness," at the best, perhaps discomfort, at seeing the motive that prompted this praise. He *was* "uneasy" when he heard of a rival, and what player is not—especially when he knew that rival was inferior? *

He had many little arts to make himself agreeable: his verses—his epigrams for the ladies—his charades—his good things. He had a sort of passion for writing trifles known as *vers de société*, and celebrated every suitable occasion with some little light tribute of gallantry or compliment. To be able to "turn a verse" of some kind was necessary to the reputation of "an ingenious young gentleman;" and looking over Dodsley's curious six-volume collection of "occasional" poems, we are not a little surprised at the spirit, neatness, and gaiety—if not wit—which lords, and marquesses, and

* Henderson used to give an admirable representation of this harmless nervousness, in a dialogue between Garrick and an Irish nobleman, who was praising Mossop. Garrick's depreciation is very gentle:—

Nobleman.—Now, Mr. Garrick, Mossop's voice? What a fine voice—so clear, full, and sublime for tragedy!

Garrick.—O yes, my lord; Mossop's voice is indeed very good—and full—and—and— But, my lord, don't you think that *sometimes* he is rather too loud?

Nobleman.—Loud! Very true, Mr. Garrick, too loud. When we were in college together he used to plague us with a spout, a rant, and a bellow! Why, we used to call him *Mossop the Bull*! But then, Mr. Garrick, you know his step! so very firm—treads the boards so charmingly.

Garrick.—True, my lord. You have hit his manner very well indeed—very charming! But do you not think his step is sometimes rather too firm? Somewhat of a—a stamp: I mean a *gentle* stamp, my lord?

Nobleman.—Gentle—not at all. At college we called him *Mossop the ParLOUR*. But his action—his action is so very impressive!

Garrick.—Yes, my lord, I grant indeed his action is very fine—fine—very fine. He acted with me originally in *Barbarossa*, when I was the *Achmet*: and his action was—a—a—to be sure, *Barbarossa* is a great tyrant—but then Mossop, striking his left hand on his hip a-kimbo, and his right hand stretching out thus! You will admit that sort of action was not so very graceful?

Nobleman.—Graceful; no. Why, at college we used to call him *Mossop the Teapot*.

This of course is exaggerated, for effect. O'Keefe often saw Henderson give it, and it is certainly amusing.

baronets, and men about town could throw into these performances.*

Garrick's have all the air of being "dashed off." It is surprising the quantity of these little *jeux d'esprit* he poured out in the course of his life; and it would almost seem that no little incident that could occur at a country house, where *he* was the centre of all the gaiety, but was duly sung and celebrated in Mr. Garrick's agreeable rhymes. Did a lady lose her slipper or stumble over a footstool, she was sure to find on her dressing table in the morning, "Lines on the Duchess of D—— losing her slipper," or, "On Lady S——r's stumbling." We can almost trace his whole social career; following him from house to house by these agreeable trifles. They help us also to all his little social mortifications, reveal his wounded vanities—weaknesses which he wore upon his sleeve—and which he had not trained himself like other men to conceal. Four lines were sent to Angelica Kauffman, to whom he was sitting:—

"While thus you paint with ease and grace,
And spirit all your own,
Take, if you please, my mind and face,
But let my heart alone."†

This is charming. He calls on her Grace of Devonshire, at noon, is shown into the breakfast-room, to find that she has not as yet risen. He goes away, leaving a scrap of paper on the table, with these lines:—

"PAST ONE O'CLOCK, AND A CLOUDY MORNING.

"What makes thy looks so fair and bright,
Divine Aurora, say?
'Because from slumber short and light,
I rise to wake the day!'
O hide for shame, thy blushing face,
'Tis all poetic fiction!
To tales like these see Devon's face
A blooming contradiction!"

The Old Watchman of Piccadilly.

* At Bath Easton there was Lady Miller's "vase" in the pump-room for the reception of livelier verses and satires. Some of these were smart and happy, and were even collected and published. A prize was sometimes offered, and a subject proposed. Once "*Charity*" was given, and Mr. Garrick, a regular visitor, slipped in three lines:

THE VASE SPEAKS.

"For Heaven's sake, bestow on me
A little wit, for that would be
Indeed an act of charity."

These did not receive the prize; and as he wrote indignantly on, his verses "were treated with great contempt, while *Reverend Tawdry* was rewarded."—Hill MSS.

† Hill MSS.

Nor did he keep these tributes for effect, or for fashionable friends. They were part of the homage paid for so many years and so steadily, to the wife he loved and honoured. As her birthday, or some little festival of hers, came round, the copy of verses, as tender and devoted, found their way to her table, accompanied by a more substantial souvenir. A little scrap which has been preserved, helps us to know one of their little quarrels. It is called "David and Mary, or the Old Cart," and describes rather comically the falling out and reconciliation which took place on David's purchase of this vehicle:—

"But one luckless day, in his folly of heart,
 Poor David was prompted to buy an old cart;
 At a thing so uncommon, soft Mary took fire,
 Untied David's tongue, and he wagged it in ire."*

His complaint to Mrs. Bouverie, written only a short time before his death, is very lively. He threatens "The Bankrupt Beauty" with legal process for her neglect of him:—

"Four smiles a year, fair Bouverie
 Agreed to pay me quarterly;
 And though one smile would make me blest,
 She will not pay—though warmly prest—
 Nor principal, nor interest.
 * * * * *
 I'll file my bill in Chancery.
 Her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, her nose,
Mortgaged to me—I will foreclose."†

There is one "riddle" of the more formal pattern, which, though printed, is scarcely known, and certainly deserves the foremost rank among such productions. It has also a wittiness of its own, in misleading the reader or guesser, by artfully suggesting the more "namby-namby" associations of hearts and "flames":—

"Kitty, a fair but frozen maid,
 Kindled a flame I still deplore.
 The hood-winked boy I called in aid,
 Much of his near approach afraid,
 So fatal to my suit before.
 At length, propitious to my prayer,
 The little urchin came.
 At once he sought the midway air,
 And soon he clear'd with dexterous care
 The bitter relics of my flame.
 To Kitty, Fanny now succeeds,
 She kindles slow but lasting fires;
 With care my appetite she feeds;
 Each day some willing victim bleeds,
 To satisfy my strange desires.

* Hill MSS.

† *Ibid.*

Say by what title or what name,
Must I this youth address ?
Cupid and he are not the same—
Tho' both can raise or quench a flame—
I'll kiss you if you guess."

The answer is "A Chimney Sweep."

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHAKSPEARE JUBILEE.—1769.

THIS year was seen that rather absurd extravaganza—the Shakspeare Jubilee at Stratford—a show wholly foreign to English tastes and manners, and certainly not to be carried out with success on English ground. The romantic and classic little town on the banks of the Avon was not enjoying the veneration with which Shakspearean pilgrims have since regarded it. The house in which the poet was born was spoken of as "a little, small, old house;" there were no funds, and no public subscriptions to purchase the ground on which it stood, or reverently restore it. Visitors were then shown the famous bust, not yet robbed of all character by the stupid profanation of Malone, and could see the colour of the hair and eyes, as faithfully preserved by tradition; but only a few years before the great sacrilege had been committed, and a Mr. Gastrell had cut down the cherished "mulberry tree," because it shut out the light from his windows. When Mr. Garrick came to town from Bath, a gentleman waited on him with a very flattering letter from the Mayor and corporation, proposing to make him one of their body; offering, also, the present of a box made out of the sacrificed mulberry tree. In return, he was invited to present *them* with a bust or picture of Shakspeare, together with a portrait of himself, both to be placed in their new town-hall. The actor could not but be flattered by a compliment which—even at a heavy cost—placed him in such company; and the opening of this new town-hall seems to have suggested to his mind the festival that was presently to be the talk of the kingdom.

London soon heard of the mulberry box, and of the fashion in which it was proposed to return these compliments, and some lively verses were going round; for everything that "turned up," there were verses always ready. Garrick took up the scheme with ardour. The last night of his season he announced it from the stage, in one of those numerous epilogues

with which he used to illustrate and "point" the humours of the day.

No one in the kingdom would have been better suited for the organization of such a project; for no one in the kingdom so well combined the great player and the gentleman. He was the link between the stage, and the genteel world; and his name, and personal influence, actually drew the crowd of the "fine" and fashionable, which brought the festival its success.* He was the whole soul of the affair. He it was that gathered the company; and it was to be he, who had to discharge *all* the expenses. The preparations were on a large and costly scale. Everybody about the place was interested, and a noble proprietor in the neighbourhood actually cut down more than a hundred trees near the river, to open out the view.

It was determined to erect on the common near the river, a gigantic Rotunda, on the model of the "elegant" building that had been recently erected at Ranelagh, where the ceremonies were to take place. The sixth of September was fixed for the opening day. The time, however, was so short, and so much had to be got through, that three weeks before the opening almost nothing had been done. Garrick sent down his men from the theatre, with all the Drury Lane lamps, and a whole wardrobe of rich dresses and theatrical finery; but they found that not even a beginning had been made. The boards for the Rotunda had not come from Birmingham, and on the ground were lying, in a perfect wreck, all the Drury Lane lamps, which had been broken to pieces on the journey. But the most amusing part of the whole was the temper and disposition of the inhabitants, who could neither understand the projected celebration, nor its details, and who viewed the business—to be for their advantage—with open distrust and hostility. They would give nothing, and lend nothing, and Mr. Garrick's agents became anxious to get away. Even the innkeepers, who might look forward to it as to their legitimate harvest, were grumbling, and had a strange idea that their plate and furniture would be sacked by the horde of excursionists who were to arrive. It seemed to be contrived that all the management and responsibility should be thrown

* An actor, on the occasion of the Jubilee, now sent Garrick a present of Shakspeare's gloves. The original donor of the gloves, who was a glazier, said they had "been often on the Poet's hands." The glazier's father and "our Poet" were cousins; and on presenting the gloves, the glazier said, "Sir, these are the only property that remains of our famous relation. My father possessed and sold the estate he left behind him, and these are all the recompense I can make for this night's performance." Garrick actually accepted the questionable relic.

upon him.* He engaged to share the risk of loss with the corporation — the profits to go in honour of Shakspeare. Becket was appointed "Grand Bookseller to the Jubilee," and honoured with a lodging in Shakspeare's own house.

At last the great day came round. It had been put almost a month too late. The "silvery Avon," to which so many poetical apostrophes were to be made, had been gradually rising, and the weather looked threatening: still the company poured in, and came in crowds, from every quarter of the kingdom. The accommodation for the guests proved of the most wretched description; and the shifts they were put to, the sufferings they experienced, and the monstrous extortions of the townspeople, were long remembered as the real features of the Jubilee. The harpies of the place laid themselves out to pillage the visitors, in every possible way. For the most "wretched little shed, with any rags patched into the shape of a bed," a guinea was charged; a standing-place for a horse, without hay or oats, half a guinea; and in a humorous account of the affair, afterwards written to the papers, and which seems very like Foote's own hand, it was said that the English Aristophanes was charged nine guineas for six hours' sleep; and had to pay two shillings for asking a bumpkin the hour! Everybody was to return, disgusted with these townfolk of the bard they were celebrating.

At dawn on Wednesday, Sept. 6th, the visitors were roused by the firing of cannon, and disturbed in their wretched beds, by some theatrical waits, in Drury Lane finery, going round playing "gittars," who stopped before each house, and sang, with affected jollity, a Bard "Roundelay":—

"Let beauty with the sun arise!
To Shakspeare tribute pay!
With heavenly smile and speaking eyes
Give lustre to the day."

The scene at breakfast in "Peyton's" room must have been amusing; for Foote had arrived, and was sitting there, half angry, half amused, and scoffing at everything. There was a picture in the room—allegorical, according to the fashion of the moment, with the motto, "Oh, for a muse of fire!"

* Among his papers I find many memoranda showing his anxiety. He had heard of the "rumoured exorbitant charges," and was to take care that "no more should be asked than a guinea a bed, as at the races." Peyton, the landlord of the chief inn, was to furnish an estimate for an ordinary for the performers, say fifty in number. "MEM.: Boats on the Avon! Lodgings for Lord Spencer and family," who were coming. Then follows a characteristic mem.: "*A good bed for Mr. Foote*," so that the satirist should have nothing to put him out of humour.—FORSTER MSS.

“ ‘ Oh, for a muse of fire ’ and mettle,
 Cries out FOOTER, to boil the kettle ;
 Curse your little squalling souls,
 Bring us butter, bring us rolls.
 Look at Caliban’s wild picture,
 Oh, how like the poet *Victor*.
 Teacups rattle, kettles hiss—
 VICTOR ! VICTOR ! FOOTER IS VICTOR.
 Victor, do not mind the picture.
 All, all, all,
 Bawl, bawl, bawl.
 Be friends again, and kiss.”

By eight o’clock the magistrates had assembled in the open street, and had met Mr. Garrick (who was called the “ Steward of the Festival ”) at the town-hall, where they presented him with a medallion of Shakspeare, carved on the eternal, and inexhaustible “ mulberry tree,” richly set in gold. Mr. Garrick himself paid the charges of this ornament. He made “ a suitable reply : ” he had to make many such through these lengthy proceedings, and fastened this “ elegant mark of distinction ” upon his breast. Most people, indeed, who took part in the show, wore a silver medal or a favour, and it was said that the sale of the “ elegant marks of distinction ” produced a respectable sum.

From the town-hall the whole company marched on in procession to the charming church, where the Oratorio of “ Judith ” was to be sung ; written by Dr. Arne, Mrs. Cibber’s brother, who like everybody whom Garrick obliged, was presently to be dissatisfied, and “ aggrieved,” and pettish. Mr. Barthelmon led ; his wife was first soprano. The whole was dismal and dreary beyond description ; the chorus was bad, and about as meagre as the audience. The great crowd had not yet arrived. The weather was chilly : no one saw the exact connection between the bard and Dr. Arne’s “ Judith.” Still we seem to see the whole scene : the pretty church, the Mayor and dignitaries, and Mr. Garrick in the place of honour, with his medal. Mrs. Garrick beside him ; Mr. Barthelmon and his men fiddling away in the gallery ; and Foote behind a pillar turning the whole into a jest.

When the Oratorio was over, which was not until nearly three o’clock, a procession was again formed, with the steward at its head, from the church to the Rotunda, the band in front, and a chorus chanting, in would-be joyous rapture, this doggerel :—

“ This is the day—a holiday !
 Drive care and sorrow far away !
 Let all be mirth and hallowed joy !
 Here Nature nursed her darling boy ! ”

The spectacle must have been infinitely ludicrous ; and we can almost call up Foote's face, as he limped along. Here a banquet was served for some hundred ladies and gentlemen : an "elegant" dinner, says Victor, Mr. Garrick's dependant ; but other accounts are not so favourable. The guests were charged fifteen shillings, for which there was ample profusion of turtle, claret, Madeira, and such choice things. The whole seems to have broken down, as other gigantic feasts have since broken down. Some guests could get nothing, others got what "was called turtle." There was great confusion, owing to the want of seats, and from people long neglected, and whose patience had given way, rising *en masse* to help themselves.

Then some ten musicians entered the orchestra, and struck up a series of songs, catches, and glees, all tuned to the same key of semi-rapture. Many of these were written by Garrick, others by Bickerstaff, his drudge and lieutenant. The former were spirited and characteristic ; and one in particular, "The Warwickshire Lad," had a really fresh, open-air ring, that was suitable and striking. It was trolled very often during the festival, and with Dibdin's music, became popular, and is still sung in the county:—

A SONG.

"Ye Warwickshire lads and ye lasses,
See what at our Jubilee passes ;
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad—
Warwickshire lad,
All be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad," &c.

The inevitable mulberry tree came in for its share of lyrical honour ; and it would seem that Garrick himself stood up and sang to it, holding a cup "made of the tree" in his hand:—

THE MULBERRY TREE.

"Behold this fair goblet, 'twas carved from the tree
Which, O my sweet Shakspeare, was planted by thee ;
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at the shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.
All shall yield to the mulberry tree,
Bend to thee,
Blest mulberry ;
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal be."

One of the country fellows was said to have been utterly mystified by the bass viol ; a "Banbury man" told some rustic inquirers that they were about to celebrate "Shakspeare's

resurrection." Wits like Foote insisted that the popular idea was that of "a Jew Bill."

Between nine and ten the company went home to dress, and in the interval the amphitheatre was cleared and turned into a ball-room. Meantime the town was illuminated. Large transparencies had been painted, in front of the town-hall, by the Drury Lane artists; but these, which were of a Shakspearean character, still more mystified the passing crowd. The ball was brilliant, and the room handsome. Every one thought of Ranelagh. Thus the first day's entertainment concluded. Everything, so far, had been successful. But next morning came a change. The weather had been dark and lowering; the Avon had been gradually rising, and now the rain was streaming down. Nothing more dismal could have been conceived, than for a number of persons of quality to be thus shut up in a little country town, without resources or even room. The outdoor affectations of jollity, the "demonstrations of joy," had to be all suspended. The rustics were delighted. They looked on the rains, and the rising of the Avon, as a righteous judgment!

The grand feature of the whole, "The Pageant," was thus interfered with. For it had been intended that there should be a procession of characters through the streets. All the dresses had been brought down from Drury Lane. Most of the leading players were to walk. "Gentleman" Smith had borrowed Garrick's own Richard's cap. All had to hurry to the Rotunda, where homage was to be paid to "the Bard," in a formal manner, in an Ode written and spoken by Garrick, and "set" by Arne. He himself was a little out of spirits that day, perhaps affected by the weather, and the rather serious responsibilities he had undertaken. It all rested on his shoulders. There was a busy scene that morning at the Mayor's house; and to add to his annoyances, a local barber—not quite sober—gashed him from chin to mouth. Up to the last moment almost, Mrs. Garrick and the ladies were "running about" applying styptics.

The scene was brilliant. The Steward was seated in front of the orchestra, with the female singers on each side of him, in a suit of brown, richly embroidered with gold lace, and his wand and medal. The Rotunda was crowded; while the rain was heard pattering down on the roof. The Ode was considered an excellent performance. Garrick seems to have roused the audience to enthusiasm. The Ode was revised and corrected by Warton, and later much ridiculed. Johnson said, contemptuously, it defied criticism.

The airs were sung by the choir, while Garrick declaimed the "Recitativo"—a practice, it is said, introduced then for the first time, and with the happiest effect.

After the Ode came a singular proceeding. I find in a sort of manuscript "Prompt Book," the "order" of this part of the show, neatly written out, with heads for the speech he was to address to the company—"the Ode writer's zeal and gratitude has, I fear, carried him beyond his depth," he wrote with a modesty *fait à loisir*. It was his first attempt in that way, he said, and he might hope for the indulgence always extended to any one who appeared for the first time in a new character. "The only remaining honour is to SPEAK for him"—"pause," said the Prompt Book. Mr. Garrick here calculated on the audience not understanding exactly: so he was to go on. "Perhaps my proposition came a little abruptly on you. With your permission *I will give you time, by a piece of music to collect your thoughts.*" This was true stage "business."

After the music, he stood up again, when there succeeded a bit of buffoonery quite unworthy of such dignity as there was in the festivity. The famous *Lord Ogleby* appeared in the gallery, in his great coat, and calling out that he had a good deal to say *against* the memory of Shakspeare, was invited down into the orchestra by Garrick. He there threw off his coat, and appeared in "a suit of fashionable blue and silver"—as a Macaroni or Buck of the day, and then began a strain of comic abuse and satire, directed against Shakspeare. The whole had been planned, and was meant to be deeply ironical; but part of the audience seems to have accepted it as earnest, and another portion not to have understood it.*

Some were not a little fatigued by all this speaking. Towards the end there came a pressure of the crowd, many of the benches gave way, and it went about that my Lord Carlisle had been seriously hurt by the falling of a door.

Later came the dinner, the feature of which was a turtle of a hundred and fifty pounds weight. This was, as it were, the special day, and the fashionable company having now all arrived; for at night was to be the great masquerade, and the fireworks. The town was full of noblemen and ladies of quality, who were dressing in all sorts of out-of-the-way little corners. The fatal rain was still streaming down and the river rising steadily. It had already overflowed its banks, and had begun to flood the field in which the Rotunda had been

* Mr. Cradock, who was present, thought this interruption a sudden impertinence of King's. But it was all set down in the book.

built. It was determined, however, to make an attempt to let off the fireworks, under Angelo's guidance ; but they proved a miserable failure.

Hitherto Foote had been one of the features of the entertainment. He was seen going about everywhere, ridiculing everything. Murphy was with him, and there was a report abroad that the two were preparing some bit of extravagance. On the Mall he had met the foolish country gentleman, who had told him "he had come out of Essex," and whom he put out of countenance by asking who "drove" him. For some reason not known—it may have been from some quarrel with Garrick—he quitted the town after the masquerade. But he took with him a mysterious and ungenerous hostility both to Garrick and to the festival which Garrick had so much at heart—a hostility which was to break out later in bitter jests, and pasquinades, and every shape of ridicule.

The masquerade began at eleven. By this hour the approaches to the Rotunda were all covered with water, and the horses had to wade knee-deep to reach the doors. Even there, planks had to be laid down, to enable the ladies to get from their carriages. Such a flood in the river had not been known within the memory of any Stratford man.

Most of the guests were in fancy dresses, many in dominoes and masks. There were present the Duke of Dorset, Lord and Lady Hertford, Lord Grosvenor, Lord Denbigh, Lord Spencer, Lord Craven, Lord Beauchamp, the Duke of Manchester, Lord Plymouth, Lord Carlisle, Lord North, Sir Watkin Wynne, Lord Pembroke, and many more. All these were personal friends of Garrick's. For the meanest dress, four guineas was asked, and obtained. Many of the neighbouring squires, and their wives and daughters, pinched themselves severely to meet the extravagance of this festival. But there was one character, now almost historic, who attracted notice there, but who *now* is of far more interest to us than any of the fashionable persons there, or their costly dresses. This was Mr. James Boswell. He had come fresh from General Paoli in London, who was staying in Bond Street. He made his famous appearance in the character of a Corsican. He had written a Prologue, to be spoken before the masquerade, "but was prevented by the crowd." This account is from a "communication" to the papers, which, from its unconscious vanity, and delightful *naïveté*, betrays Boswell's own hand in every line. It tells us that he "entered the amphitheatre about twelve o'clock," and wore the dress of "an armed Corsican chief"—a short dark coat of coarse cloth, with a scarlet

waistcoat, and black spatterdashes. On his head he had a black cloth cap, with the golden inscription, "*Viva la Liberté*," and the cloth cap was besides decorated with a blue feather, "so that it had *an elegant, as well as a warlike* appearance." He wore, besides, a stiletto stuck in a cartouche-box, and a musket slung across his back. He had no wig or powder, but his own hair plaited into a queue, and tied at the end with a bunch of blue ribbons. To complete the absurdity of his appearance, he carried a long vine-stalk in his hand, "by way of staff," carved at the top "with a bird, emblematic of the sweet Bard of Avon." He would not wear a mask, explaining to everybody "it was not proper for a gallant Corsican." As soon as he entered "he drew universal attention." "He was first accosted by Mrs. Garrick," and had a good deal of conversation with her. In the course of the night, too, there was "an admirable conversation" between Lord Grosvenor as a Turk, and the armed Corsican, on the constitutions of their different countries; and "Captain Thomson of the navy, in the character of an honest tar, kept it up very well. He expressed a strong inclination to stand by the brave islanders. Mr. Boswell *danced both a minuet and country dance, with a very pretty Irish lady, Mrs. Sheldon, wife to Captain Sheldon, of the 38th Regiment of Foot (Lord Blayney's).*" This minuteness is truly Boswellian. "She was dressed in a genteel domino, and before she danced, threw off her mask." Mr. Boswell, it was added, had come to the Jubilee from "a desire of paying a compliment to Mr. Garrick, with whom he has always been *on a most agreeable footing.*" It is certainly one of the most characteristic figures in the whole scene. But this was not all.

The "celebrated friend of Paoli," as he called himself, contented himself with distributing copies of his verses:—

"From the banks of Golo's rapid flood,
Alas! too deeply tinged with patriot blood,
Behold a *Corsican*—in better days
Eagerly I sought my country's fame to raise."*

* To another of the magazines Mr. Boswell sent a more minute account, more characteristic than anything in the Life of Johnson. He was greatly affected by the whole scene. "My bosom glowed with joy when I beheld a numerous and brilliant company of nobility and gentry—the rich, the brave, the witty, and the fair assembled. *But I could have wished that prayers had been read, or a short sermon preached.* It would have consecrated our Jubilee, and begun it with gratefully adoring the Supreme Father of all Spirits, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift." The performance of the Ode had been "noble and affecting, like an exhibition in Athens or Rome. I do believe if any one had attempted to disturb the performance, *he would have been in danger of his life.*" He admired Garrick's delivery, who seemed "inspired with an awful elevation of soul. It

Not until four o'clock did the ball terminate. It was thought that some 1,500 persons were present, and with it virtually terminated the Jubilee. The next day, indeed, there was the breakfast over again, and a horserace for the Jubilee cup of £50; but the course was a foot deep in water. Lord Grosvenor, Mr. King, and others of note on the turf, entered horses; and the plate was won by a groom called Pratt, who declared that, "though he knew nothing of Shakspeare, or of anything he had done, he would never part with it." Then all went in to dinner, "the French horns and clarionets attending;" and the whole wound up with fireworks—for the rain had ceased—and with another ball, which must have been languid enough. Such was the Jubilee of 1769.

It was not a pecuniary success; but without Garrick it would have been a miserable failure. It cost him individually a great deal of money.* Even his own presents to the town represent a good sum. His was the well-known statue by Roubiliac, which now stands in the town-hall, and the fine full-length of himself, by Gainsborough, which Mrs. Garrick always thought the best likeness.

The theatres made capital out of this affair. Covent Garden led off with a theatrical Jubilee. Lacy, Garrick's partner, a man of plain and practical sense, had not relished the Stratford scheme, and had forebodings about his Drury Lane "properties." Still he had great confidence in the genius of Garrick, who presently had a Show ready for Drury Lane. He gave Dr. Arne the sum of sixty guineas for music to the Ode, and at the end of the month, after the "Country Girl" was played, produced it, with the stage arranged like an orchestra—he himself reciting it in the centre. This, however,

would be unpardonable should I not acknowledge the pleasure I received from Dr. Arne's music; nor must I neglect to thank the whole orchestra. *I had a serene and solemn satisfaction in contemplating the Church.* Garrick seemed in an ecstasy. When the songs were singing he was all life and spirit. At the words 'Warwickshire Thief,' *his eyes sparkled with joy.* I was witness, from my own hearing, what did great honour to Lord Grosvenor. After the Ode, his Lordship came up into the orchestra, and told Mr. Garrick that he had affected his whole frame—*showing him his nerves and reins still quivering and well agitated.* I laughed away spleen in a droll simile. Taking the whole of this Jubilee, said I, it is like eating an artichoke entire. We have some fine mouthfuls, but also swallow the leaves and the hair, which are confounded difficult of digestion." This truly Boswellian sketch would almost seem to have been thrown off after his return from the masquerade—when he was quite overset by his own performances, and perhaps by the wine.

* He took the whole charges on himself, and they amounted to over £2,000.

did not "take," and it was only performed seven nights. But he thought of producing a grander *spectacle*; he accordingly wrote a humorous little sketch, and on the 14th of October brought out "The Jubilee."

Considering the state of the stage at that time, it was a wonderful production, pleasantly written, and combining both farce and spectacle. In it was shown the courtyard of the Stratford Inn, Moody, who was the official Irishman, having to sleep in a postchaise; with all the humours which might arise from the overcrowding of the little town. It alluded to the Shakspearean names given to the rooms in the inn:—"A waiter orders one to carry eight glasses of jelly to the little thin man who is with the tall lady, in 'Love's Labour Lost,' and bids another stop the quarrel in the 'Katharine and Petruchio.' King played one of the local country clowns, whose terrors and prejudices had furnished much amusement. The procession, through what represented a street in Stratford, must have been really imposing. There were sixteen drummers leading the way, a band of music, men carrying banners, and then a long train of actors and actresses, all dressed to represent the leading parts of Shakspeare's plays—each play being apart. Garrick walked as *Benedick*, King as *Touchstone*, Mrs. Abington as the comic *muse*, and Mrs. Barry as the tragic *muse*, drawn in a triumphal car. They were divided into "the Roman characters," *Cæsar*, *Coriolanus*; "Roman ladies dishevelled, &c."

Thus, in a certain sense, he did not lose by the Jubilee, down at Stratford. But the jesting was endless, the ridicule killing. The newspapers and magazines were never weary of ringing the changes on what was considered a mere display of vanity, meant for the glorification, not of Shakspeare, but of his priest. Warburton's contempt, which spared no foe, could not restrain itself, even in the instance of a friend like Garrick. Of the Ode, he wrote to a friend, that Cibber's nonsense occasionally verged on sense; but that "*this man's sense, where he does deviate into sense,*" was always like nonsense. Worse than all, it seems to have stimulated the enmity of his old half-friend—but better half-enemy—Foote, in whose mind the monstrous "humbug" of the whole show had almost the effect of scarlet on a bull.

CHAPTER V.

SAMUEL FOOTE AND SAMUEL JOHNSON.—1769.

ANYONE sitting with Garrick at Hampton—say only a short time before his death—and asking what impression of life he had taken away, after his long experience within and outside the walls of his theatre, must have learned from him, how many mean corners of the heart had been shown to him; but what he must have recalled with most pain was, that some, whom all through his life he had striven to conciliate, who had treated him badly and ungraciously, whom he had forgiven and tried to conciliate, should again have laid themselves out to be unkind to him. There were a few from whom he bore everything with undisturbed good temper, but who could never forgive *him*, for being more prosperous than they were. No good offices could bind them. Those ungracious hearts he was never weary of trying to win, and chief among these were Samuel Foote and (it might be added) Samuel Johnson. The behaviour of these two adds something to the humiliating history of the smaller human weaknesses, and at the same time contributes to the history of a mind that raised itself to a high station, by restraint, forbearance, a kindly charity, and perhaps a contemptuous indifference to petty malice. Foote's behaviour to him, all through, was the strangest, and though he felt himself bound by no feeling of loyalty to spare any friend, he seems to have had a special dislike to Garrick.

While the manager was acting his plays, or accepting his services whenever he chose to give them—though, as we have seen, they were sure to bring embarrassment—he could hardly restrain his envy or malice. He had held him up in one of his lectures as “penurious,” and churlishly discouraging dramatic authors. But presently a dreadful shock was to fall on him, the first of the two great blows of his life. It was perhaps the lightest, as being physical,—the fall from his horse, at Lord Mexborough's, which so shattered his leg, that nothing but amputation could save his life. This mutilation was a terrible stroke for the man whose life was one broad grin, and whose jests and mimicries were set off with all the quick motions and spirited action which carelessness and good spirits could prompt. He, who jeered at the ludicrous helplessness of others, moral as well as physical, was now hovering between

life and death, and at best could only hope to emerge into the world, a maimed and helpless cripple, that would require all pity and indulgence. Weak, miserable, in agonies of pain, not being able to sleep without opiates, a kind and considerate letter from the "mean hound" he had so often slandered came to bear him comfort. It told him how deeply all his friends took his misfortune to heart. Colman in particular was deeply concerned. Garrick offered his own labour and exertions, to look after the theatre in the Haymarket, and had taken care to put paragraphs in the papers to contradict false reports. The other's acknowledgment is one of the most dismal in the world. He was "a miserable instance of the weakness and frailty of human nature." "Oh, sir," he went on, almost abjectly, "it is incredible all I have suffered, and *you will believe me when I assure you that the amputation was the least part of the whole.*" They flattered him with the hope of getting soon up to town. "Change of place to a man in my way, is but of little importance; but for one reason I wish it, as it will give me an opportunity, in person, of *expressing some part of my gratitude to dear Mr. Garrick for all his attention and goodness to me.*" Mrs. Garrick, too, had sent some kind messages which seemed to have touched him much. He could not sufficiently express his gratitude to her. When Garrick would lose her, he "would have more to regret than any man in the kingdom." We might pity him in this wretched state, did we not suspect it was the mere prostration produced by his sufferings. "Oh, sir, it is incredible all I have suffered." He should have thought of what he made others suffer; and when some years later he could drag the wretched Mrs. Dodd and her husband, on his stage at the Haymarket, he showed that such a lesson was thrown away upon him, and almost seemed to deserve the final chastisement which crushed him. A "return" of the accumulated amount of suffering and mortifications he contrived to heap on innocent persons, would be astonishing. Nearly every piece of his owed its point to such personality.

A single story will illustrate the character of these two men, who were in such curious relationship all their life long. It is told by Cumberland, who was actually present. He, Sir Robert Fletcher, and Garrick, went to dine with Foote, at Parson's Green. At the end of dinner, Foote thought the baronet had gone away, and the moment his back was turned began, in his usual fashion, to ridicule his late guest. The baronet actually happened to be in another part of the room, and, much hurt, called out to him to wait, at least, until he had gone. The situation was most awkward. The unscrupu-

lous wit was actually abashed. Then Garrick, with infinite address and kindness, came to the rescue, and set himself to reconcile the affronted guest to what had happened; and this he did with such exquisite art, and tact, and goodwill, throwing over all such a comic air, that he eventually succeeded. We know enough of Foote to guess how *he* would have inflamed the situation, and complicated the matter still more, with a malicious humour, and told the thing everywhere, as one of his best stories.

In one of his fitful returns of friendship he asked Garrick to dine with him, gave him a present of some geese, and was addressed by his guest, next day—always grateful for any signs of grace—in some pleasant rhymes. No doubt, the other had his rough jest about the “Garrick and the geese:”

“Dear Foote, I love your wit, and like your wine,
And hope when next with you I dine—
(Indeed, I do not care how soon)—
I hope—nay, beg it—as a boon,
That you will get decanter six,
Ye various wines that number fix;
So may the generous grape you give—
(To give it may you ages live!)—
From bottle to decanter pass,
And not a cloud to stain the glass.

* * * * *

I took my leave in such a hurry,
With drinking, too, in such a flurry,
With gibes and jests so crammed my mind,
Again we left the goose behind,
Which, by the bearer, please to send
To me, your very thankful friend.”*

Not a cloud to stain the glass! That very soon gathered. Nothing could change the nature of the man, and he was presently—only the next year—ridiculing and “taking off” the friend who had addressed him in this warm and kindly way. This hostility really endured through Foote’s life, and merely intermitted. The sure and steady course of Garrick’s success, his growing progress in wealth and estimation, and above all, some of Garrick’s pleasant absurdities, were all so much exasperation to his strange soul. The food of that soul was a sort of boisterous jesting, which he called good-humoured satire, or rallying, and which, in another, might have been so considered; for, as in the case of Douglas Jerrold, there can be a reputation for “bitter things,” and a kindly heart at the same time. But Foote’s *behaviour* seems to be but too consistent with his speeches. His conduct to Garrick alone would prove this.

The latter's kindness, his good-nature in overlooking the past, his assistance with money, might have been set down to fear; and it was not unnatural that the sensitive Garrick should have an almost morbid terror of this theatrical highwayman, who was stopping every one on the road. Foote's tongue was never weary of retailing stories about Garrick's "meanness." Some of these were diverting enough—as his picture of the actor and Hurd walking up and down the Adelphi Terrace, the former in an agony at seeing a waste in a candle in his dining-room, distracted between obsequious attention to the bishop, and economy. His bust was on Foote's desk, near his money; "but," said the wit, showing it, "you see he has no hands." This was good, and perhaps fair, if he did not go beyond. But from a man who had not the decency to spare his dead wife, not much restraint towards friends could be expected. Just after her death, he dined out as usual, with a large party, where he affected a sort of grotesque sorrow, which amused the servants. When he added that he had been all the morning "hunting for a second-hand coffin to bury her in," he succeeded perfectly, and sent them from the room in convulsions.*

And now freshly returned from the Jubilee, and in dearth of a subject, he was everywhere telling his ill-natured stories.† A witty but malicious speech of his—an impromptu *fait à loisir*—was in everybody's mouth. "A Jubilee," he said, "as it hath lately appeared, is a public invitation, circulated and urged by puffing, to go post without horses to an obscure borough without representatives, governed by a Mayor and aldermen, who are no magistrates; to celebrate a great poet, whose own works have made him immortal, by an *Ode without poetry*, music without melody, dinners without victuals, and lodgings without beds; a masquerade where half the people appeared bare-faced; a horse-race up to the knees in water; fireworks extinguished as soon as they were lighted, and a gingerbread amphitheatre, which, like a house of cards, tumbled to pieces as soon as it was finished."‡ His behaviour seems almost inexplicable. He must have visited the festival at the request of Garrick. Yet he had no sooner left, than he

* Taylor, vol. ii., p. 362.

† He furnished Boswell with the occasion for a pun. Garrick had a happy knack at "turning" a prologue; but Foote could not spare him even this gift, and said all Garrick's prologues had a culinary turn, and should have for a motto, *jamdudum patinis*. "He might be answered," said the Laird of Auchinleck, "Any pattens rather than your 'Piety in Pattens.'"

‡ The "Ode without poetry" was a thrust at the man who had always been his friend. Even the forethought of providing "a good bed for Mr. Foote," deserved the little return of at least forbearance.

began to ridicule it in every possible way. Every newspaper was said to contain satires and squibs directed against the celebration from his hand. At last he carried his animosity so far as to meditate a piece in which Garrick was to be brought in, and "taken off." A lady asked him, were his figures at "the little theatre" to be the size of life. "No, madam," he answered, "about the size of Garrick." To the list of those whom he had mimicked, or threatened to mimic, was now to be added the respectable name of the English Roscius.

The sensation pageant of the Jubilee at Drury Lane, with its extraordinary success, only quickened his burning desire to exhibit his friend; and he really meditated bringing out at his own theatre a sort of burlesque procession, in which there was to be a figure of Garrick, who was to be addressed by one of the mob in the often-quoted lines—

"A nation's taste depends on you,
Perhaps a nation's virtue too."

And Garrick's image was made to answer, flapping its wings:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

This coarse bit of wit quite took possession of his mind, and though he was not able to carry out his notion of the procession, he came back to the "cock-a-doodle-doo" idea very often and fondly. The project was much talked of and speculated over, a trick of his in all his "foot-pad" schemes, to stimulate public curiosity. Garrick, naturally indignant, said to his friends that such treatment did not come handsomely from a man who at that moment actually owed him five hundred pounds—a speech that was soon reported to Foote, and rather disturbed his guilty conscience. He affected to be furious at such a disclosure, and with some exertion got together the sum—borrowing it, however, of his friends—to repay Garrick. In this way he fancied he was now clear of all restraint.

Yet Garrick dreaded this public gibbeting so much, that we can readily imagine he made fresh advances to soothe his enemy. There is a story of their accidental meeting at Lord Stafford's door, and of Garrick's asking, before they went in, "Was it to be peace or war?" "Oh, peace, by all means," said the wit. That was but a truce—possibly during the dinner. Davies—no partial reporter—seems to hint that the forbearance was to be purchased by a new loan. They met at houses of their acquaintance, at whose tables Mr. Foote "rattled away." No one enjoyed his sallies more than Garrick, or laughed so much,

or applauded more heartily. But it was noticed that the latter did not shine where Foote was present, being, not unnaturally, under some restraint. It was noticed, indeed, that there was a class of men of the boisterous sort, who had very much the same effect upon Garrick. No one, the same authority tells us, was more illiberal in his attacks on the absent Garrick—in all companies “pooh-poohing” his merits as an actor, laughing at his writings, accusing him of trickery and meanness; in short, to use the reporter’s strong expressions, “rendering his conversation disgusting by his nauseous abuse of Mr. Garrick.”

At the same time, it must be admitted that there were failings about Garrick—his pride in the acquaintance of the great, his belief that he himself was the engrossing subject of the thoughts and interest of the public, his little airs of superiority—which to a man of Foote’s temper and wit were an hourly challenge, and literally irresistible. Another matter to which due weight should be given, is Garrick’s apparent placidity and endurance, which really might seem to suggest to Foote that “the hound” had not much feeling, and cared very little for such treatment. He was so accustomed to impunity, that he had literally lost the sense of restraint. This unkindness fretted Mrs. Garrick more than it did her husband; and when she was sitting for her portrait, Northcote, who was with Reynolds, could hear her complaining of this ceaseless and unaccountable persecution, which was embittering their lives. But she was to be comforted by Reynolds, who told her it was the inferior nature that always thus indemnified itself.

If there be one impartial character of this period whom we could ask to arbitrate in such a matter, it is Reynolds, the amiable painter, who, in the dialogue in which he affected to make Johnson describe Garrick’s character, but in which his own generous heart was speaking, true justice is done to both Foote and Garrick; and to the popular stories that went about as to their relations, which Davies and other slanderers were glad to repeat, that Garrick in society shrank from competition with Foote, and became silent. “The reason was,” says Reynolds, “he disdained to compete with one whose style of conversation and wit was vulgar merriment, indecency, and impiety.” Even in mimicry, where Foote excelled, he was left far behind by Garrick, who, besides beating him in the nicest and most exact imitation of peculiarities, gave the tone of mind and modes of thought. “Foote went out of himself, but without going into another man.”

He had presently discovered a fresh injury in Garrick’s playing a round of his own favourite characters, which he affected

to believe was done with the view of drawing away the public from his little theatre. Drury Lane had been kept open for a short time after its usual season for closing, which was another outrage. But, indeed, he had no title to expect consideration from a man he had so injured. He had begun by attacking him in the newspapers, in letters, fables, and such squibs—a form of annoyance to which he knew Garrick was sensitive. At that time, Garrick was suffering acutely from an infamous libel, written at him by the wretch Kenrick, and called “A Lamentation for the Loss of his Nikey,” which had just come out, and which referred to the ruin of his friend Bickerstaff, who had fled from the country to avoid the consequences of an infamous crime; and while Garrick’s friends were sorely distressed for him, and the warm-hearted Moody “hoped to God that he did not suffer this injury a place in his mind, but let it go to hell from whence it came,” the delicate Foote could choose this moment to attract yet more attention to Garrick’s name. This seems to be about the worst trait in all his behaviour.

He was to open his theatre in February of the following year, 1773, and had prepared one of his best pieces of personality. This was called the “Handsome Housemaid, or Piety in Pattens;” and he again intended to introduce Garrick on so favourable an opportunity, as it was to be in his favourite shape of a puppet show. A mask and puppet had been made as like Garrick as could be contrived, with a man concealed inside. At the proper cue, he was to clap his arms to his side, and crow loudly, and thus revive the stale jest of “cock-a-doodle-doo.” All this reads pitifully, and the jest was of the lowest sort. Perhaps it was so represented to him, for he seems to have abandoned it in *that* shape; not, however, before it had gone round all the coffee-rooms and clubs what pleasant entertainment was to be made out of Mr. Garrick.* Good-natured friends soon carried the plan to the ears of Garrick, who was thrown into agonies by such a prospect.

When the night came round, the crowd was so great and curiosity was so intense that the doors of the playhouse were broken open, and the streets about the Haymarket were impassable. Hats, swords, and cloaks, and shoes, were all torn off and lost. Hundreds got in without paying admission money. Many ladies fainted, and one girl had her arm broken. There was almost a riot. Foote excelled himself on this night

* Cooke tells a good story of his exciting the jealousy and fears with which the manager was supposed to be tortured, by telling him of a new *Roscus* he was bringing out; and of his then having this puppet brought in. Garrick was still uneasy. “What, jealous of Punch!” said Foote.

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pleased." We can scarcely belie

not with the greatest truth say that I am most sincerely and affectionately yours, SAMUEL FOOTE."

He was growing impatient of the slow gains which his trade brought him in, and of the weary journeys and endless labour it took him to earn his crust. A kind of despondency had come over him, which almost seemed the shadow of the calamity that was travelling on behind him. If he had not heart for bitterness against his more successful friend, it was from no awakening of generosity; if he wrote warmly and gratefully, and offered his hospitalities, it was from the ordinary decencies of gratitude, for money security just undertaken, and kindness, and, perhaps, want of spirits for attack. The "stingy little hound" had just endorsed his note to pay one Sowden, who was pressing Foote, and in return received a copy of a compliment to Mrs. Garrick, in which she was likened to Madame De Maintenon.*

Garrick, always indulgent and good-natured, received all these advances tolerantly, and puts the maimed and dispirited satirist in good-humour with compliments, telling how his speeches had quite upset Mrs. Baddeley, the actress, who, on the strength of them, wanted an increase of salary. "My wife sends her best wishes, and begs you will not keep too much company, nor make your pelly too pig with *entremets* and *hors-d'œuvres*. It is a bitty you are so bleasant to so riot yourself to teth."† A good-natured jest against Mrs. Garrick's foreign pronunciation.

Yet, after all this sham sympathy and affected gratitude, his old envy could not be restrained. It was exhibited even at his own table, not very long before Garrick's death, and a curious scene it was. It shows that the old envy was incurable, and "speaks volumes," as the phrase runs. Young Mr. Lyttleton, Lord Lyttleton's son—a fashionable scapegrace—was dining with him with two other gentlemen, and mention was made of Garrick. Mr. Lyttleton, to please his host ("For you must know," said Garrick, telling the story, "*that Foote hates me*"), struck in, on the usual tack, "Garrick is so mean." He was at once stopped—not by the host, but by one of the gentlemen present—"Sir, I shall hear nothing against Mr. Garrick; he is a man of honour, my friend, and you do not know him."

* Garrick's tone about Foote was always friendly. "Foote is in great spirits," he wrote to Colman, "but bitter against the Lord Chamberlain. The Duchess has had him in her closet, and offered to bribe him; but Cato, though he had one leg more than our friend, was not more stoically virtuous."

† Forster MSS.

And his spirited defence was seconded again, not by the host, but by another friend of Garrick's, who was present. The young man said, in reply, that this was not his opinion merely, but that of his father, Lord Lyttleton, who knew Mr. Garrick better than he did. They—not *Mr. Foote*—told him that if his father had said so, he knew about as little as his son did. This painful discussion at a supposed friend's table was reported to Garrick, and caused him deep pain, so much so that he could not give Mrs. Garrick the pain of knowing it. Lord Lyttleton was an old friend, and the speech may be dismissed as an invention of the son's. "*For you know Foote hates me!*" There was the truth at last, and a humiliating one it was.

Yet all this could pass from Garrick's mind like a cloud, when a second and more terrible misfortune than the loss of a limb came to overwhelm Foote—the terrible charge of which indeed, he was acquitted, but which ended his jesting. No sooner had this blow fallen than all was forgotten. The sense of a hundred ungracious, unkind acts had passed away. The heart of the true Samaritan—that could see only the spectacle of distress and suffering, and nothing else—was there. He was unwearied in his exertions. His great influence with the papers, with the *Chronicle*, with the *Morning Post*, and others, was exercised. "There was not a step in the preparation of his defence," says Mr. Forster, "that was not sedulously watched by Garrick." The unhappy man, whose unlucky destiny it was to require some such trial to make him sensible to the common claims of gratitude, wrote, in a tumult of acknowledgment, "God for ever bless you, my dear, kind friend! Ten thousand thanks for your note. I shall make the proper use of it directly. May nothing but halycon days and nights crown the rest of your life, is the sincere prayer of S. FOOTE."

He was saved, perhaps owing to the exertions of this kind and forgiving friend. Garrick himself was that year quitting the stage, and it was a little curious that the two men whose relations had been so strange should have died the following year, within a few months of each other. But their end was very different. For Garrick's was the procession to Westminster Abbey, and the pall upheld by friends he had found and attached to him; but the poor jester, hurrying into exile, a lonely death at Dover: his last moments were watched by a servant, and a stage treasurer came down to see him interred.

Turning from this painful picture of human weakness and malice, we might at least hope that with Samuel Johnson—old friend, almost schoolfellow—he might have found true comfort and a hearty sympathy—possibly a kindly, and perhaps rough,

admonition and correction; but in that quarter at least, no meanness of envy or petty spite. Since the failure, or at at best, the *succès d'estime* of "Irene," he had scarcely seen or heard of his old friend, whose play, however, he had taken care should be successful—at least, so far as profit went. Yet Johnson appeared to be dissatisfied. Justice had not been done to his play. He had been busy with his periodical, "The Rambler;" and though for a time he used to come behind the scenes and mix with the actors, he soon withdrew himself, his contempt for players, with his roughly expressed opinions, not being likely to make him very welcome there. His excuse to Garrick of its temptations, was a mere *plaisanterie*. The man who wrote of the stage as "a condition which makes almost every other man, for whatsoever reason, contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish, and brutal," could not be popular with the profession.* There was so much that was fine and noble in Johnson, so much that has endeared him to us, that even when duty to Garrick makes us dwell on this strange behaviour, we may have the excuse that all this was mere ebullition. But when ebullition takes the shape of action, extenuation becomes more difficult. Garrick had such ebullitions, but he never allowed temper to vent itself in the shape of action. Once, indeed, Johnson gave way to a generous burst, and did hearty and cordial justice to his friend. "Sir, it is wonderful to see how little Garrick assumes. Garrick had applause dashed in his face, sounded in his ears, and went home every night. . . . Garrick has made a player a higher character. All this, too, was supported by wealth of his own making." He added that he himself in such a position would have had a couple of fellows walking on before him with long poles, to knock down any one that stood in his way. Cibber and Quin would have jumped over the moon.

When Garrick was talking of retiring, it was plain to every one who knew him that he was "tired," mentally and physically. Yet Johnson was the one to say coarsely, "Garrick begins to complain of fatigue! Sir, the man that bawls turnips may complain," &c. This hostility was indeed surprising and unaccountable. The tranquil affluence of Garrick was a daily irritation. Sometimes he would break out, in a mixed company, with a malicious and over-coloured allusion to their

* "Now, sir," he said to Boswell, "to talk of *respect for a player!*" (smiling disdainfully). . . . "What, a fellow who claps a lump on his back, and a lump on his leg, and cries, '*I am Richard the Third!*'" He was clearly thinking of Garrick. "A ballad-singer," he said, "was a higher man."

early trials—to that “three halfpence in your pocket on coming up to London”—reminiscences which made Garrick wince before his friends. But Garrick bore such ill-bred reminders with unvarying sweetness of temper. From Garrick was to come the capital compliment to his friend on the completion of that marvellous monument of labour and knowledge, the “English Dictionary,” a work, it may be said, as entertaining and amusing as it was instructive:

“And Johnson, well armed, like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French, and will beat forty more.”

In return Johnson’s surly remarks were perpetually travelling to Garrick’s ear. It was said, indeed, that he would allow none to abuse Garrick but himself—at best a very questionable shape of attachment, and to be perfectly explained by his favourite principle of arguing in support of a proposition, which he would oppose if any one else brought it forward. Warm admirers of “grand old Samuel,” as he had been affectedly called, will feel something like pain at coming to a harsh conclusion, as to this behaviour to his early friend. Does Boswell repeat to him a saying of Garrick’s, that if he were now beginning, he should not play low characters, like *Abel Drugger*, Johnson sneers, that he was not in earnest. “Then why did he say so?” “Why, sir, to make *you* answer as you did,” and Johnson added that he had probably made the same speech some twenty times before. When it was said, that a little compliment of Garrick’s to the Queen, introduced on the stage, was “mean,” he broke out, “How is it mean in a player—a fellow who exhibits himself for a shilling?” But Sir Joshua calmly, and admirably, set him right, and defended the profession of a player. Instances would be endless. He had to own that his “enemy,” as we may call him, was liberal, and gave away more money than any man in England that he knew of. But then—no one’s liberality depended so much “on the humour of the moment.” He came in to Davies’s house, loud in his complaints of Garrick’s stinginess, who had refused him an order to the theatre for Mrs. Williams, because he thought the place would be worth three shillings on that night! When Boswell incautiously said, he was sure Mr. Garrick would not refuse *him* such a trifle, Johnson told him, haughtily, that he had known Garrick longer than he had, and therefore knew him better. Knowing him, then, so much better, and so long, he might have recollected, that a short time before, Garrick had given this very blind Mrs. Williams, not three shillings, but two hundred pounds! But it was Garrick’s lot that he should

be called "stingy" by exactly the persons who had least title to do so.

This depreciation was constant, and can be traced through the whole of their relations. When Garrick, after his marriage, had moved to his new house in Southampton Street, and was engaged with all the trouble, and pleasant cares, of a new establishment, he had rather lost sight of Johnson, and meeting him one day, "gently complained of his neglect"—how like Garrick!—and insisted he should fix a morning to come and breakfast. The manner in which he was then welcomed, Johnson chose to interpret as "condescending" and patronizing; and his sensitiveness was so touched, that he sat down, and in one of his "Rambles," sketched a character so personal that no one could mistake it. Prospero had invited his blunt friend Asper to breakfast. He came, but found that the impatience of his host arose, not from any desire to communicate his happiness, *but to enjoy his superiority*. Asper gave his name at the door, but the time the footman was absent, gave him reason to suspect there was deliberation going on. He was then shown up the staircase, "carefully secured by mats *from the pollution of my feet*. The best apartments were then ostentatiously set open, that I might have a distant view of the magnificence which I was not permitted to approach; and my old friend receiving me with all the insolence of condescension at the top of the stairs, conducted me to a back room, where he told me he always breakfasted, when he had not great company." The floor was covered with a cloth, which the servant was ordered to lift up. "I did not gratify his folly *with outcries of admiration*, but *coldly bade the footman let down the cloth*." They sat down. Then, as Johnson absurdly says, "he had hoped that pride was glutted with persecution"—when his host, restless and anxious, observed that the cover of Johnson's chair had got awry, and begged he would let the servant arrange it. He added, that he had ordered some chairs for ordinary use, but they had not come home. Johnson, restraining himself, praised the tea; but the host said he had a much finer sort, of which only a little was left, which he must keep for those "whom he thought himself bound to treat with particular respect." Another time, however, his guest should taste *that*. He then observing his host's attention wandering, he gave his servant directions about the jeweller and silversmith, and that if "Lord Lofty" called, he was to be shown into the best parlour. Some rare Dresden china was then produced to be admired, which the visitor determined not to look at; but his curiosity getting the better, he was en-

treated to set them down, "as those who were accustomed only to common dishes seldom handled china with much care." Asper was philosophic enough at this insult "not to *dash his baubles* to the ground." The host then fell into a quiet fit of meditation on what was, after all, the vanity of these things—they did not add much to human happiness; that he still recalled the old old days, when they began this struggle together, mutually assisting each other in their exigencies—"when he and I were upon a level." The guest was meditating some "bitterness of reproof," when the host suddenly recollected he had an engagement to attend some ladies in the Park, and offered to take his friend part of the way; but the other took his leave "without any intention of seeing him again, unless some misfortune should restore his understanding." Johnson then makes some reflections to qualify these bitters, that it could not be intentional, and that it was better to take no notice, &c.

Some five-and-twenty years later, when talking over the actor—grumbling at him, "his reputation for avarice saved him from hatred: you despise but do not hate an avaricious man;" he then added, "Garrick might have been *better attacked for living more spendidly than suited a player. That might have galled him more.*" For the moment he forgot Prospero, and that he himself had actually attacked him in that weak place. At the same time, it is plain, he did not mean more than to satisfy his own private resentment by this little bit of spite. It might be a good hint to his friend, and show his anger; but he did not expect that the whole town would discover, and apply, the likeness, and was really shocked when he found it was so.* Long after, he affected to complain to Mr. Thrale that Garrick had never forgiven him. That surprisingly even-tempered nature forgave not only that, but much more—and even a second ungracious attack.

When Johnson was preparing his edition of Shakspeare, he announced that the principle that would guide him, would be the collation of all the early printed editions. Garrick was known to have an unrivalled collection—certainly not to be matched in England—and Johnson knew the special advantage he would have in the use of these treasures. Garrick, when he heard of his seriously taking up the plan, sent word that his library was open to him—the key left with the servant, and that a fire would be always kept ready—perhaps the most welcome and unrestrained way in which the use of books

* Cradock.

could be offered. Will it be credited that Johnson saw here a fresh attempt to *patronize* him, "the fellow wanted to be courted."* He should have collected those rare and priceless books, packed them up, and sent them to be strewn about the garret, where Johnson worked.† Johnson nursed his fancied injury. When the Shakspeare appeared, every one wondered at seeing no allusion to the Roscius of the age—who had done so much for Shakspeare—the *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Richard* of the era. When asked about this omission, Johnson would say, in his easy way, "Garrick, sir, has been liberally paid for anything he has done for Shakspeare." On another occasion he was again pressed for the reason. Did he not admire Garrick? "Yes—as a poor player that frets and struts his hour on the stage, as a shadow. My dear sir," he added, impatiently, "if I had praised him, I must have praised many more," which was a poor pretence, as Garrick stood quite apart from all the rest. But this was nothing: merely a matter of taste. He went further. He tortured Garrick's offer of his books into a refusal, and Garrick, to his astonishment, found himself again held up to the public in such a passage as this: "I collated such copies as I could procure, and wished for more; but have not *found the collectors of these rarities very communicative*. Of the editions which *chance or kindness* put into my hands," &c.

Garrick never forgive him! Only a few months later, there was a dinner at Boswell's, in Bond Street, "where he played round him with a fond vivacity, taking hold of the breasts of his coat, and, looking up in his face with a lively arch-

* Garrick, after this injustice, actually called the man-servant in to Hawkins; and made him repeat the instructions so carefully given to him. "I was told, sir," said the man, "to let Mr. Johnson have any books he wanted." But Sir John "conjectured" that Garrick's "object" was thus to get "thanks, and perhaps some additional compliment."

† The latter's treatment of books was notorious. Garrick found Johnson one day in his private study, where was his choice collection of elegantly bound presentation copies, busy throwing the books down one after the other, and strewing the floor. The owner was naturally angry, and said it was his private cabinet. "I was determined to examine your collection," said the other insolently, "and find it consists of three sorts—stuff, trash, and nonsense." There must have been great sweetness, on Garrick's side, that could put up with this treatment. He used even good-naturedly to take off his friend, asking him, in his solemn tones, "David, have you a Petrarcha?" "Yes, sir." "Don't sigh, David. Send it to me." Burney tells us the handsome volume was lent; and Boswell, later, described the doctor holding that very book up, at full arm's-length over his head, in a sort of rapture. It slipped and fell on the floor, with its back all strained and dislocated. This little point shows how minutely accurate—even to the name of a book—was Boswell.

ness, complimented him on the good health he then seemed to enjoy." Boswell had set a passage in the "Mourning Bride" above anything in Shakspeare; and Garrick, in alarm, defended his demigod, saying, we must not make the poet suffer for the badness of their memories—making "the sage" smile at his eagerness. This little scene—one of the prettiest in Boswell—shows Garrick in his most charming guise—playful, affectionate, and forgiving. Perhaps, after all, we may have a faint hope that this was only Johnson's "way," and that the two understood each other. Yet there is more to come; and Johnson's singular behaviour about the Literary Club shows the same secret grudge. That society was founded in the year 1764, with Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, Langton, Goldsmith, Chamier, Nugent, and Hawkins, as original members. Garrick did not return from abroad until a year and a half later, and with such friends, might fairly claim admission—at least as well as Hawkins or Chamier. When no proposal was made, he began to be a little restless and fidgety, would stop at Hawkins's on his way to Hampton, and ply him with questions—Had he been at the club last night?—Did they talk of him?—Was Johnson there?—Did he say that Davy was a pleasant fellow enough in his way, but no poet or scholar? When he first heard of the plan, Garrick said, "I like the notion. I think I shall be of you." A light speech, but not an unnatural one. It was scarcely prudent of the placid and friendly Sir Joshua to repeat it. "*He'll be one of us!*" roared Johnson, delighted to have him on the hip. "How does he know we will permit him?—the first Duke in England has no right to hold such language." This was his tone to Reynolds. To Hawkins, who was willing to admit Garrick, he objected, "*he will disturb us by his buffoonery.*" And finally, when Mrs. Thrale started the subject, he broke out with: "If Garrick *does* apply, I'll blackball him. Surely one ought to sit in a society like ours, 'unelbowed by gamester, pimp, or player.'" Here are three distinct significations of hostility, addressed to three distinct witnesses. Hawkins adds, that he so contrived matters, that the actor was never formally proposed, and by consequence, never admitted. In this he is a little mistaken: Garrick's admission did not take place for eight or nine years, and Johnson's opposition and influence may have been at the bottom of this long postponement.

Boswell, reporting his "vanity" and Johnson's "envy," said the actor "was always *jealous* that Johnson spoke lightly of him." Hawkins adds, that Garrick used to complain that

Johnson "was capricious in his friendship, and, as he termed it, coquettish in his display of it; and when Boswell good-naturedly reported to him some little praise by Johnson of his knack of writing prologues, Garrick could not conceal his delight and joy at the unexpected encomium. Stockdale brought tears into his eyes by reporting to him a poor compliment of Johnson's. These are trifles; but they show a surprising evenness and sweetness, a kindly and simple nature—an amiable return for such behaviour. When Garrick would give a good-humoured imitation of his friend, even here he showed his anxiety as to this one matter. Taking him off, he would make him say, "Davy has some convivial pleasantry about him, but is a futile fellow." In return, Johnson, after coming from behind the scenes, would tell his friends, "I met Davy behind the scenes last night, dressed for his part. I was glad to see him, but I believe he was ashamed to see me." Johnson repeated this story in various shapes. It was when Garrick was dressed for *Scrub*, or *Drugger*, and I think we can see in it, a harmless delicacy—a wish not to disturb the more dignified image of his histrionic self, which he wished to rest in the mind of the friend he so respected—that of *Lear* or *Richard*. Indeed, the presence of Johnson could have been no welcome addition behind the scenes. When every eye in front is wet with tears at the sorrows of *Lear*, and even Clive, at the wing, is sobbing out, "D—n him, he can act a gridiron!" the great actor is disturbed by the loud voices of Murphy and Johnson, laughing and talking over something else. As he comes off, he remonstrates gently, and tells Johnson he distracts his feelings. "Pshaw! sir," says Johnson, coarsely, "*Punch* has no feelings!"* This to the manager, before the other players, and from a friend, was unkind. The speech was recollected and enjoyed.†

* Johnson, though he had a contempt for players, did excellent justice to his acting. *Who can repeat Hamlet's soliloquy. 'To be, or not to be,' as Garrick does it?*" said Boswell, foolishly, and with that misplaced praise which really depreciates. "Anybody may," said Johnson. "Jemmy, there, 'a child,' will do it as well in a week." Garrick was no declaimer; yet he was the only actor I ever saw whom I could call a master both in tragedy and in comedy; though I believe him best in comedy. A true conception of character, and natural expression of it, were his distinguishing excellences." This was his real excellence, and not the poor recitation "To be, or not to be"—perhaps his weakest point.

† Garrick and his associations were always, by some fatality, unpleasant for Johnson. Thus, when Walmesley's old letters of introduction to Colson, now nearly forty years old, came to light, having been carefully treasured by Abraham Newling, a friend wrote to Garrick, "If I had called, as I sometimes do, on Dr. Johnson, and showed him one of these, where he is

Wilkes, repeating the stupid slander of stinginess, said, in Johnson's presence, that Garrick "would play *Scrub* to the end of his life;" then, brought on a discussion, which extracted from Johnson an admission that Garrick gave away more than any man in England.* After a fine panegyric on Garrick's liberality, and his wonderful self-restraint under the tempest of praise "dashed in his face"—"Sir, a liberal man; a little vanity, indeed; but he has shown that money is not his first object," he might seem liberal. Yet, when Boswell quotes Foote's stupid jest about his going out with an intent to be generous, and its all vanishing in the street at the ghost of a halfpenny candle, Johnson agrees complacently, "*That* is very true, sir. No man ever so much depended on the humour of the moment." It would be far more true to say, that it was *not* on the humour of the moment that he was generous; that he reflected, and perhaps wrote a letter; and thus, his benevolence was measured, and infinitely superior to a charity of impulse. No "ghost of a halfpenny candle" had come between Foote and his kind assistance. No. It was a humour that lasted all his life—a humour not by any means of the moment: as most applications for money came to him by letter, he had time to deliberate. We can mark every year of his life by a series of generous actions and of thoughtful aid.

From the same hostile quarter came the grudging testimony that he was the first man in the world for sprightly conversation, though he thought that conversation was light. Even after the actor's death, as will be seen, Johnson's encomiums were conventional and ill-applied. What were Garrick's real faults escaped him, and it was reserved for Goldsmith's nicer observation to hit off those social histrionics, the blemish of Garrick's life. "He had friends, sir," Johnson said, after the actor had passed away, "but no friend. He was too much diffused. He found people always ready to applaud him, and for the same thing, and so saw life with great uniformity." He ought, at least, to have found *one friend* in his own school-fellow and companion—whose failure—the school and the play—he had helped to the best of his power.†

mentioned as *one* Johnson, I should have risked, perhaps, the chance of *one of his ghastly smiles*."

* The kindly Reynolds made this excuse for him, that Johnson considered Garrick as *his property*, and would allow no one to attack or praise him without contradiction. He wrote the two well-known dialogues in Johnson's manner to show this.

† Even in trifles we see instances of Garrick's thoughtful kindness. Boswell and Johnson pay a visit to Lichfield. Johnson was scarcely at home

And yet, after all, it seems as if Garrick's regard and affection for him, are his best extenuation. We know what a struggle was always going on in that fine, strong, powerful nature—how Johnson prayed and wrestled with himself and the meaner passions, which so often overpowered him. Sometimes, therefore, in dealing with Garrick, the generous feeling prevailed, and he did him more than justice; but the next moment he was thinking of the success, and of Garrick's social artifices, which to him were contemptible, and then the less worthy feeling seemed to prevail. After all, this may be the solution; and all hearty admirers would be delighted that such strange behaviour could be reconciled with Johnson's really fine temper.

At the end, when Garrick had passed away, some such better influence prevailed. "Garrick was a very good man," he said; "the cheerfulest man of his age—a decent liver in a profession which is supposed to give indulgence to licentiousness." There is something pretty and appropriate in that epitaph, something so nicely describing Garrick, something so inviting, that we condone all, and fondly believe that Johnson, his old schoolfellow, *then* understood him—but, alas! too late.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ADELPHI—COUNTY VISITS.—1770.

THE same old taste for high life, and this rather foolish ambition to do as those did who were above him in rank and wealth, made Mr. Garrick now prepare to leave his house in Southampton Street, where he had lived more than twenty years. They were but two—their house was large and handsome enough; well situated, too, for one of his condition. But he was eager for something grander, and more "fashionable." Four brothers, of the name of Adam—two of whom were architects of repute, who have left admirable works behind them—had entered upon what was then considered a colossal undertaking. They had bought the old Durham yard—where Garrick long before had his wine vaults—with the

there; but a letter arrives to Peter Garrick, enjoining him to pay every attention to the visitors. When a great honour was paid to Garrick in being sent for to read for the King, Johnson chuckled over the coldness which the Royal host had shown at the entertainment. He dwelt on Garrick's mystification and disappointment; then went off in the old stock charge—avarice and love of praise.—*D'Arblay's Diary.*

sheds and buildings about it, and conceived the daring scheme of throwing out a handsome terrace, raised on a series of arches, over the river side.* In a spirit of Scotch nationality they had brought all their masons and bricklayers from Scotland, and the work was stimulated by the monotonous drone of the bagpipe. The Adelphi was then considered a splendid undertaking. The name was given in compliment to the brothers; and the two dingy approaches, John and Robert Streets, were named after them. The arches are solid and substantial; the houses handsome, and decorated with Italian tracery, that was then considered in the best classical taste. Garrick was taken with the situation, and through Lord Mansfield's interest obtained the promise of one of the houses, even before it was completed. These mansions are really sumptuous in their finish. It proved to be a costly venture, and was much above the resources, perhaps above the position of "a player;" for the other houses were taken by men of rank and wealth—like Beauclerk and Mr. Hoare. But one of Mr. Garrick's little weaknesses was to do as people of rank and wealth did.

What is now number four, was the one he chose, and he fitted it up almost with magnificence. The *plafond* of the drawing-room was painted by Zucchi, with Venus and the Graces; and a rich Italian marble chimney-piece, said to have cost £300, adorned the fireplace. All his choicest pictures hung round upon the walls. Yet, like many a house built to be "architectural," it turned out a failure. There was too much light in front, from the river and the sun; and the back rooms, where the pictures were, were dungeon-like, from the shadow of the neighbouring houses. It is conceivable that the situation had a charm—from the gaiety and animation of the river, the passing boats, and the hum and bustle of the Strand close by, yet shut out, and remote. Even now, that deserted terrace—lonely and grass-grown as it is—has a quaint air; it belongs not to our age; the houses, with their Italian arabesques, seem like a scene from old Drury Lane; and it did not take much imagination to conjure up that not unpicturesque evening when Boswell and Johnson strolled there, and leant on the rails, looking over the river, and talked of the friend that had once lived in the house they had just left.†

* It has never been noticed that this was a realization of a dream of Diocletian's Palace at Spalato, which Adam had visited and drawn.

† It was the office of the Literary Fund, and business was conducted in Garrick's fine drawing-room. It would have made him "turn in his grave" had he thought that David Williams's Society was to have its home in his house.

In the March of this year, an act of friendship was to draw him into one more unpleasant conflict with the public. Kelly, the *ci-devant* staymaker, had brought him a new piece, which Garrick's tact must have told him could not have been brought out without danger. Kelly had written bitter satires on the players of both houses in succession, in feeble imitation of "The Rosciad." He had talked of "Clive's weak head or execrable heart," and spoken of Mrs. Dancer as "a moon-eyed idiot." This was mere scurrility. Garrick, with infinite difficulty, had smoothed away these green-room resentments; but the author had since enlisted under Government, and had been writing down the popular side, and Wilkes's friends had determined not to let so tempting an opportunity go by. The friends of the manager, and even those who had some terror of the "hack's" pen, mustered strongly, and the first scene of "A Word to the Wise" was the signal for an outrageous riot. Through the combined efforts of the two parties, not a word was caught of the piece. When it was concluded, the author himself was anxious that no more should be heard of it, and that a new play should be announced for the next night; but an alarming deputation of some gentlemen, supporters of the manager, waited on him behind the scenes, and threatened to *sack the house* if the new play was not given out—which was accordingly done.

It may be conceived what a promise of riot this held out; and as soon as the prologue began on the following night, both parties rushed to the attack. In vain Garrick appealed to them, with a *request* from the author that his play might be withdrawn. His "friends," with an embarrassing partisanship, insisted it *should* go on. In vain the author himself implored that his piece might be withdrawn. He was not listened to. The night closed in utter riot and confusion.

We presently find him setting off on a visit to friends in the Isle of Wight. These were the Fitzmaurices, who were the centre of a pleasant *coterie*, with Lord Clanricarde, the admiral of the station, and others. The Governor, Mr. Stanley, who did not know him, sent his compliments to Mr. Garrick, with a hope that they would come to stop with him at Steeple; and offered his yacht during their stay. They were indeed made much of. They left behind them memories of a delightful gaiety and badinage. Mrs. Garrick was pronounced "the queen," and her health was drunk every day after her departure, with a fond recollection.*

* It was insisted by the little *coterie* that Mr. Hewson, the clergyman, when giving prayers at Shanklin, laid a special stress upon the words "our

His mode of life seemed to change with these high pretensions. The visits multiplied. Many entertainments were given at the new house. They were seen at balls and masquerades—at Mrs. Cornely's famous one in 1770, where the great actor was dressed as a Macaroni Doctor, and his "lady" as an Italian peasant. Now he was to be asked down to Wynnstay, in obedience to many a pressing invitation. Going down to this house, he met some flattering proofs of his popularity. For at Shrewsbury the whole town was in a ferment, and the Raven Inn, where the party put up, was besieged with the curious. When he appeared, there was a crowd, who made free and rustic remarks on his person, eye, hair, &c. He travelled quite *en seigneur*, with six horses and four men-servants, which seems a state more befitting a man of rank than even a wealthy player.* Whether it was that he was thus absorbed by fashion and pleasure, or that a real theatrical decay was slowly coming, the affairs of the theatre seemed to lose much interest.

Now came an event which to his sensitive soul must have been like a shock, and have robbed him of his rest at nights. One day a terrible letter reached him. It was only a few lines long, but it warned and threatened, and was signed "JUNIUS." When we know that in his heart he shrank from the cheapest and meanest anonymous rascal who wrote to him, we may imagine the effect of this awful power, who was striking in the dark. He had done a foolish thing. Woodfall, the printer, had mentioned carelessly, in one of his letters, that *Junius would write no more*, and Mr. Garrick had sent this joyful news with all speed to the King, by one of the Court pages, Ramus, whom he knew very well.† The King, however, mentioned the matter to his friends, and perhaps to those whom it most seriously concerned; and it thus speedily came to the knowledge of the *unseen* power. His warning to Garrick ran:—

"I am very exactly informed of your *impertinent inquiries*, and of the information you so busily sent to Richmond, and with what triumph and satisfaction it was received. I knew every

gracious Queen *Charlotte*," to prevent his friends making any mistake as to the queen they were to pray for. Wherever they went, they always left behind them the same playful memories, and affectionate regard.

* Forster MSS. There are many little hints of this growing taste for gaiety—more verses, more letters. I have seen his hair-dresser's—Gast's—bill for the last year of his management, for wigs, dressings, "pomadums," and it is very large.—*Bul. Col.*

† Woodfall received this SECRET, alarming warning: "Beware of David Garrick! He was sent to pump you, and went directly to Richmond to tell the King I would write no more."

particular of it next day, through the indiscretion of one who makes it a rule to betray everybody that confides in him. *Now mark me, vagabond!* Keep to your pantomimes, or be assured you shall hear of it. Meddle no more, thou busy informer! It is in my power to make you curse the hour in which you dared to interfere with—JUNIUS."

Woodfall, who had much regard for Garrick, remonstrated humbly with the tremendous writer. But he received a stern order—"the letter to D. G. must go forward;" all he allowed was that "impertinent inquiries" should be changed into "practices." But Woodfall went further, and quietly took out the allusion to the King, through fear it would compromise himself. Garrick was aghast. "Mark me, vagabond!" was offensive enough. After some deliberation, he wrote to Woodfall a curious letter, which was dignified and confident, and yet seemed to appeal to Junius's forbearance, with many artful compliments of superior strength, talents, &c. "However mighty may be the power with which he is pleased to threaten me, I trust, with truth on my side and your assistance, to be able to parry the vigour of his arm, and oblige him to drop his point, *not from want of force to overcome so feeble an adversary as I am.*" He then explains the matter, and justifies himself. This was sent forward by Woodfall, and it elicited a half-satisfied acceptance from Junius. "If he attacks me again, I will appeal to the public against him; if not, he may safely set me at defiance." This was thrown in contemptuously, in a letter full of more important subjects; but from such a quarter it seemed a good deal, and must have comforted Garrick's sensitive heart. Junius had also alluded to Wilkes, no friend of Garrick's, though he wrote him letters full of false *bonhomie*, and compliments, and a jovial affection. Horne Tooke had accused him of having sent Garrick a threatening letter, telling him not to play "Jane Shore." Wilkes replied, denying the accusation. He said, indeed, that it was noticed that Mr. Garrick had altered his manner of playing *Hastings*, and leant with undue emphasis on certain passages which could be applied to Wilkes's case; and also that some "warm friends" talked of showing their disapproval, and had waited on Mr. Garrick. This looked very like "intimidation." Garrick replied simply, and with spirit, that he had made no alteration, and would continue to play the piece in the same way. This furnishes a glimpse of the true character of the demagogue, and of the sort of "liberty" that was meant by "Wilkes and Liberty." How Wilkes and

Johnson could talk together over their dead friend has been seen.

All this was vexatious enough ; but his enemies were now to be delighted with news of a fresh trouble, which must have tried him, and his gentle wife, sorely. It was hard for him, certainly, to be gay and diverting at those great houses, where he was made so welcome.

For, happy as the manager of Drury Lane might be considered, wealthy, prosperous, enjoying the friendship of the best and noblest natures in the land, few knew what secret trials he had to endure, and what persecution his own yielding, or perhaps weak, temper invited. The brigands of Grub Street, the scoundrels who found a profession in publishing, or suppressing, libellous pamphlets ; the tribe of Kenricks, Purdons, Smarts, knew that in his complacent or timorous nature they were sure to find their account. Of these Kenrick, or *Dr. Kenrick*, as he was always deferentially called, was the most unscrupulous and infamous. He stands apart from his fellows, is a marked character of the time, and like one of the bullies who sometimes infested the taverns, is seen striving to fasten on men like Goldsmith, Johnson, Colman, even Boswell, and on Garrick himself. A manager who had influence and riches was a far more profitable object than needy poets or journalists. He began with the usual advance, a play, which Garrick, on his return from abroad, brought out at once. It was called "*Falstaff's Wedding*," and intended as a continuation of "*Henry IV.*," but was promptly damned. Later he came with another piece, which Garrick could not bring himself to refuse. A few years later, he came again with a comedy ; but here Garrick was obliged to make a stand. He gave excuses about being pledged to other plays, promised that he would consider it carefully, and if suitable, would accept it. He then declined it, and turned the man he had been trying to conciliate into a furious assassin. At the first opportunity a scurrilous and unscrupulous onslaught might be looked for, and that opportunity came speedily.

Bickerstaff, a man of undoubted talent, and with a true vein of pleasant comedy, who has given to the English stage many fresh agreeable pieces, was, as we have seen, one of Garrick's most useful aides-de-camp. The manager found him serviceable in a hundred ways. He could alter an old comedy like the "*Nonjuror*" with fair skill, and fit it to the fashion of the day. Garrick always treated him with true kindness, a perfect equality, and a delicacy, quite characteristic of himself, towards one who was really a dependant.

Yet he, too, was following the desperate calling of the hack, now begging, now borrowing; and at last, in this very year, it became known on town that Bickerstaff had fled suddenly, to avoid the certain penalty which would have overtaken him, for a shocking and monstrous crime. There were, no doubt, plenty who thought this was no more than incident to the degrading life of such creatures; but the scoundrel Kenrick was on the watch. He knew of their friendship, and in a few days a malignant and scurrilous pamphlet, full of dark, yet unmistakeable hints, had appeared, entitled "*Lamentation for the Loss of his Nykey.*"*

The insinuations in this production there could be no mistaking. It was followed up by another, entitled "*Love in the Suds,*" which seems to have gone through four or five editions. In this there was an attempt to explain away the meaning put in the first libel, while even worse was insinuated. He ridiculed the actor's defects—pointed the general decay in his gifts, and said that he had been hissed, he had "died" so tamely in *Richard*, and made Roscius gloat over Foote's accident:

"Curse on his horse! One leg, but one, to break!"

Yet there was a crafty and tortuous scheming that accompanied this open ruffianism—a secret by-play, which is a highly curious feature in the business. In the papers appeared some queries, coming, as it were, from a friend of Garrick's, accusing the libeller of cowardice, and saying that George Garrick had waited on him to demand the satisfaction of a gentleman. The libeller then replied to himself, saying that the challenge was general, with no time or place spoken of. Nearly at the same time an anonymous letter was sent to Garrick, warning him, as "a sincere friend," against "that desperate villain Kenrick," which "cowardly villain," to

* From the miserable wretch who was hiding at St. Malo came a piteous appeal to Garrick, in which shame and despair are strangely blended:—"Si votre cœur a conservé jusqu'à présent, la moindre trace de cette prévention que vous avez autrefois avoué pour un homme, qui est aujourd'hui le plus malheureux qui soit sur la terre, je vous supplie de me faire la connoître par trois ou quatre mots. Pénétré avec un chagrin le plus amer, qui peut blesser le cœur, soyez persuadé, que je n'ai rien de demander de votre bonté, que de vous écrire plus au long: si vous n'êtes pas dans ce sentiment de me permettre, imaginez que cette lettre vient d'un mort au vivant: jetez la dans le feu, et n'en pensez plus. Je n'ai pas le moindre doute que mon chagrin me hâtera au tombeau, mais par un chemin peut-être plus longue que je ne le souhaiterai . . . J'étois loin de soupçonner que la dernière fois que j'entrois dans votre libraire, serait la dernière que j'y entrerais de ma vie, et que je ne reverrai plus le maître." Garrick endorsed this appeal, "From that poor wretch Bickerstaff. I could not bring myself to answer it."

retrieve his reputation, was going about, declaring in all places that he was now ready to give Mr. Garrick the satisfaction of a gentleman. Kenrick was indeed going about, bragging that the player was afraid to meet him. He himself had a wife and children; but if Mr. Garrick would settle half his fortune on his family, in case of an accident, he would meet him at once. This effrontery was quite in keeping. Yet Garrick had the inconceivable folly to think of temporising and privately remonstrating. "Sir," he had written, "I am really sorry for the figure you made in the late transaction with me. Could not you have finished a little better, for the sake of that honour which so readily drops from your pen? . . . Do you imagine I would have risked my reputation to have acted unlike a man, even to him who has been ungratefully vilifying me? No, sir. I would have honoured you by giving the satisfaction of a gentleman, *if you could* (as Shakspeare says) have screwed your *courage to the sticking place* to have taken it." Fortunately, his better judgment made him change his intention, and this paper was never sent.* In the whole transaction he seems for once to have been goaded out of his usual self-restraint; and the sending such a fellow a challenge, which he seems to admit he did, was a grave mistake. He took the more sensible course of an appeal to the King's Bench. But here again the indulgence, or perhaps weakness, of the actor intervened, and his prudence deeming conciliation more profitable than punishment, interposed, and he accepted the rascal's humble apologies. The whole is, indeed, curious; as showing a class of annoyances and persecutions, against which the public man had to defend himself as best he could; and which, indeed, seem to have been, as it were, licensed.†

Barry, whose health was now failing, and who was indeed a martyr to infirmities, the delicacy and kindness of the manager considered in every way. His and his wife's joint salary had been raised by two hundred pounds; he was left free in the choice of parts; his ease and health were consulted; and he was never called on to do anything which would displease or degrade him.‡

* It is endorsed, "This not sent to that scoundrel Dr. Kenrick. . . . It was judged best not to answer any more of Dr. Kenrick's notes; he had behaved so unworthily."

† Mr. Forster has given the story of Goldsmith's persecution by this ruffian, at length.

‡ There is one scene connected with Barry's decay, which is almost pathetic. When he was playing, and, tottering to a chair kept at the wing for him, said, in allusion to his infirmities, "I am now old —," there was a jeer, from the galleries, and a coarse laugh. Sheridan was present.

A new question was about the play of "Alzuma," which was then actually in rehearsal. Murphy wished the leading part to be taken from Mrs. Abington, and given to Mrs. Barry. His morbid fancy saw a conspiracy between the manager and the actress, and that Garrick and she were plotting to revenge themselves on him, by destroying the chance of his success. He at once sent to recall his play; nothing would change him; he raked up all his old griefs; no business of his, he told Barry, was ever done in a candid manner, except that of "The Grecian Daughter." "My peace of mind on that occasion I owe to you and Mrs. Barry: upon every occasion Mr. Garrick *has been a thorn in my side.*" This was an ungenerous and unjust imputation; but he thus artfully tried to draw Barry into the quarrel, and actually told a whole string of old accusations against Garrick. "If the intention of this crooked dealing *was not to thwart Mrs. Barry*, the whole is pointed at me. The attempt to hinder me from writing a comic character for her is new; but the public universally admire her genius, and I beg to be one of the number." The parts were then sent back. Garrick did not lose his temper, though he said, "I am too old and too happy to love altercation." He was in hopes, he wrote to Barry, "that after eighteen years' acquaintance, we should at least have finished in harmony and goodwill. I am afraid that he has unwarily got into some misunderstanding with Mrs. Abington; and thinking a quarrel with an actress about her part would be too trifling a reason for taking away his play, he has chosen to exhibit a complaint against me; but I defy the malice of my most inveterate enemies to prove the least intentional injury from me to him, since our first knowledge of each other: *can Mr. Murphy do the same?*" But, always temperate, and with an eye to bringing the matter to a practical issue, he offered to refer the matter to any legal friend—not mutual—but *Murphy's*; to Wallace, Bearcroft, Cowper, Tighe—or any of his Lincoln's Inn friends—the condition to be, that if they decided the matter against Garrick, he should forfeit a sum equal to the profits of a new play; but if otherwise, Murphy should ask pardon "for his unjustifiable, unfriendly behaviour, and unwarrantable suspicions." To this fair, and, it must be said, very unequal proposal, the only answer was a furious letter of recrimination for Garrick:

"If Mr. Garrick considered it as his duty to forget what he thought former injuries, how did it happen that he told a relation of Mr. Murphy, at Bath, two years ago, 'Yes, I could do great things with his play; *but you know he has written against*

me'? If I remember former injuries, it is because the wounds are opened by the hand that gave them. To store up resentment for occasional use was the black character of Tiberius." He then declared the reference "ludicrous." "I have much esteem for the gentleman named, but must take leave to think myself a competent judge in my own affairs." Garrick had reminded him of their eighteen years' acquaintance, and of the quarrels and penitence, and the reconciliations which Murphy himself had sought, as Murphy's own letters could prove. This last allusion seemed to sting him to fury. *He* had hoarded no man's letters! *He* had written none that he could be ashamed of!

We shall have but one more glimpse of Mr. Murphy; and it is a relief to be able to finish with one who has played so unworthy a part in Garrick's life—whose own life was such an alternation from bullying to fawning, from bluster to obsequiousness. There is no more unpleasant figure to meet the eye, as we look back on all that time. Even as we turn to his portrait—taken when he had grown elderly—we can discover this air of false good-humour, overlying a something that is ill-conditioned and vicious. For the twenty years or so during which he survived his old enemy, his life was much of the old character—now dedicating to Lord Lauderdale, or "animadverting severely on his lordship's character," now doing hack-work for the booksellers; translating "Tacitus," which he modestly styled "a gaol delivery from Gordon;" slavishly obsequious to Johnson, who in return was said to have pronounced him the *beau idéal* of a fine gentleman. Later, he actually contracted the doctor's overbearing manner in conversation. Gradually his necessities became more pressing; but the adventurer's good luck often came to his rescue. Now he is left a legacy; now a "Mrs. Plunkett" gives him an allowance; but his most curious piece of fortune was, that one who had been held up with him in "The Rosciad," the

"Pert prim prater of the Northern race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,"

and who is represented as urging Murphy's claims to promotion to the chair, should long after—as Lord Loughborough—have come to his aid substantially, and given him the profitable, but temporary, office of Commissioner of Bankrupts. A better "thing" was a small pension, procured by Lord Sidmouth, for this "steady friend and supporter of our unrivalled Constitution." But nothing seemed to help him, and to the end he was always to be the old Arthur Murphy. Before he died, "he had eaten himself out of every coffee-house

between Temple Bar and the West-end." From Mr. Rogers he obtained money; and when payment was talked of, assigned him over all his works as a security, which the creditor presently discovered to have been already assigned away to a bookseller. To the end, too, he had always the satisfaction of abusing Mr. Garrick. If it was asked in a club why did not Mr. Garrick acknowledge that amusing farce, "High Life below Stairs," he could explain it: "Sir, he stole it from me. I sent it to him; and afraid of detection, he got that clergyman Townley to father it." To the end he maintained that singular estimate of the merits of Garrick: "~~Off the stage, sir, he was~~ a little sneaking rascal; but *on* the stage—O, my great God!"*

From this point to the end of Garrick's management it does seem as though Drury Lane had begun to languish a little: a sort of respectable monotony seemed to set in. Nothing striking or novel in the way of drama or actor seemed now to rise, though there were new actors and new plays in plenty. The manager, growing more and more *recherché* by his friends of high rank, acted only at intervals, to bring up the receipts—and it must have been flattering to him to think his name was *always* a talisman—or else to oblige his noble friends. He would play scarcely about twenty times in the season; a great change from his old industry, of over a hundred times. Yet he was not left idle. His hands were full. Vexations and worries behind the scenes were setting in. The fine old school of players, who had been trained under contempt, and in adversity, had nearly all passed away. The newer generation wanted docility and humility, and had excessive ideas of their own worth and consequence. He himself was beginning to lack the energy and spirit necessary to deal with such pretensions; and there was now rising a decided insubordination, principally led by the actresses. The actors, indeed, gave trouble, though they were amenable to reason, and in the end submitted; but the withdrawal of Pritchard and Clive had left him completely at the mercy of that "worst of bad women," the unscrupulous Abington. There was no one to take her line of parts, and no one so popular in special characters. Hence set in for him a new class of troubles, which he must have detested—wrangles with women. This disorder was to be inflamed by the ever-troublesome Murphy, who, not content with his old taste of doing battle singly with the manager, was now to get into the green-room with a play; contrived to

* "I have heard him," says Mr. Taylor, "utter these words several times during the evening, without any variation." Mr. Forster told me he had often heard Mr. Rogers relate the story.

fight with Garrick about Abington; then fought with both Abington and Garrick together.

We may therefore hurry over the dramatic incidents of the remaining period of his connection with Drury Lane. The good comedy of the "West Indian," by Cumberland, in 1771, introduced a good writer to the stage.* There was also the turgid "Braganza,"† considered by many excellent judges of the day to be quite equal to Otway and Shakspeare,‡ and a dreary "Almida," by a lady he had met abroad, and whose civilities became a claim for the bringing out of a play. There was also Burgoyne's cheerful piece—a soldier dramatist—"The Maid of the Oaks," which, strange to say, was a dramatic reproduction of a *fête* at Lord Derby's, and for which he was obligingly lent the decorations, dresses, &c., used by the noble host. A new claim for his judgment was the introducing of the cheerful "Runaway," in which Mrs. Cowley tried her powers before attempting the better known "Belle's Stratagem," a piece written in a good key, and belonging to a good school, but not of the first rank.

There was one act of folly in his life to which Garrick might look back with compunction. This was that famous and Gothic mutilation of "Hamlet," the outrageous hewing to pieces of the noble play, which seems inconceivable in one who had such reverence. His excuse was that there was no guide, even for the best intentioned. He himself had always been busy with alterations, and in the best faith. There was scarcely a stage play of Shakspeare which he had not touched, and, it must be said, with some delicacy. But with regard to "Hamlet," he had a sort of feeling that was almost morbid, and which had grown stronger every year. It was with him a kind of diseased hobby; and stimulated by confederates, and cautiously reflecting over it, he had brought himself to think that the later acts of "Hamlet" were a mass of hideous deformity, and so much rubbish.

Steevens looked forward with delight to the hacked and hewed "Hamlet." The alteration was "a circumstance in favour of the poet," which he had been longing for. There might be variety in this play; but in his humble opinion that variety was often impertinent, and always languishing, on the stage. After the

* "D—n his dishclout face!" Northcote overheard Garrick say, as he rattled on when sitting to Sir Joshua; "only that I touched up his plays, and wrote prologues and epilogues for them, they would never go down." Between the painter and actor there was the freest speech.

† Produced in 1775.

‡ "Vigorous and warm he comes from Shakspeare's school."—Murphy.

third act, the genius of Shakspeare "retires, or only plays bo-peep through the rest of the piece." He suggested throwing the remainder of the play into a farce, to appear after it: it might be called "*The Gravediggers*," with the pleasant humours of *Osrick*, the Danish macaroni. His friend Dr. Hoadly enjoyed the prospect also. He was afraid too little was going to be done, "and only twenty-five lines added!" He too had turned over the folios, and proposed to aid in the "tinkering." When *Ophelia* talked to her father of "repelling *Hamlet's* letter," would it not help the action to have one produced, which he might take to the king? All which could be done by the insertion of the following mock Shakspearean:—

"*Oph.*— There's his last letter to me ;
This packet, when the next occasion suits, I shall return.
Pol.—Go we with this to the king.
This must be known."

Then *Hamlet's* behaviour to *Ophelia* was always unmeaning and cruel. Would it not be better that he should show that he was discouraging her love purposely, as he had other dreadful purposes on his mind? Here was the Hoadlyan version:—

"Softly now,
The fair *Ophelia* ! I have made too free
With that sweet lady's ear. My place in Denmark,
The time's misrule, my heavenly-urged revenge,
Matters of giant stature, gorge her love,
As fish the cormorant.

* * * * *
My heart ! Could I, in my assumed distraction,
Drive her sad mind from all so ill-timed thoughts
Of me, of mad ambition, and this world !"

It was suggested that a good deal of the "rubbish" had been put in at the suggestion of "the Hopkins of the day"—Hopkins was Garrick's stage manager—to suit various seasons and actors; and the whole had been printed, without discrimination, on the authority of that officer. It is melancholy to read of such critics, who may be fairly placed in the profane band whose pleasure and occupation is knocking noses and fingers off old statues, like barbarian tourists. Mr. Malone's white-washing the coloured bust at Stratford was only symbolical of the greater Goths, who treated Shakspeare's works in the same outrageous way. Some of Garrick's folly may therefore be fairly apportioned among the "judges" who encouraged him.

In December, 1772, this precious composition was brought out. A more extraordinary medley could not be conceived. The dreamy inaction of *Hamlet* was got rid of by plenty of exclamations and "business." He was in perpetual motion.

The *King* defended himself bravely, and what Garrick himself called the "rubbish of the fifth act," which included the grave-diggers' scene, was all shovelled away, with the diggers' own mould. An acute Frenchman, De la Place, who knew the English mob, owned that he trembled for their temerity in depriving the stage of the "*Fossoyeurs qui de tout ont fait ses delices*."* A happy compliment to the despised groundlings! But the whole was received with indifference and languor in the performance. It was a pity indeed that one of Garrick's last acts should have been, at the lowest, a blunder. It caused much amusement in the town, where it was considered to approach a burlesque.†

Murphy, *his friend*, had prepared a ponderous satire of great length in ridicule of these alterations, which he was wise enough not to publish—a series of scenes between Garrick, George Garrick, Hopkins the stage manager, Johnson the property-man, and Becket the bookseller. It is a poor and laborious piece. The usual defence for attacks of this sort directed by "friends," against Garrick, was that they were all mere "squibs," and full of good-natured "fun," and that they could do no harm. This was also Foote's excuse. But in all these attacks is to be found a malicious sting, which cannot be so defended. In Murphy this meditated attack was treacherous, for, as we have seen, he approved of what had been done.

This wonderful composition held its ground for almost eight years; was acted even after Garrick's retirement, then gave place to the purer Shakspeare in 1780, and will never be heard of again. But Garrick's *Romeo*, Cibber's *Richard*, and Tate's *Lear*, are not to be so easily got rid of. As it was at this point that the slow decay of the stage seemed to set in, we may now take a glance at its fine company—the grand, strong cohort which Garrick trained and directed—the noble procession which was fast beginning to grow thin, and fade out in the distance. No such procession ever came again.

* I possess the original prompter's copy of this sacrilegious work, with all Garrick's changes. It is, I believe, the only copy; for it has never been printed.

† One of Garrick's projects, of which he had spoken to French friends, was an edition of Shakspeare. For this end he had made that wonderful collection of "old plays," which are now in the Museum, and which Elia pored over with delight, and the gems of which he picked out, and set so daintily.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GREAT ACTORS.—1772.

ZOFFANY, the theatrical artist, has painted a very characteristic scene of Drury Lane green-room, in which are grouped all the leading performers.* The manager himself sits to the left, in an easy attitude, his legs over the arm of a chair, declaiming some part for their instruction. Hogarth is in the middle, pointing to the instructor; while Mrs. Garrick sits with the rest, demurely listening—as though she belonged actually to the company. Even their little dog is there, and George Garrick, the faithful henchman, stands obsequiously, with his hand on his brother's chair, and, characteristically enough, is the only one of the company who is not seated. The whole has an almost domestic air: the manager's wife always came down to rehearsals—brought her work—listened—and was deferentially asked her opinion by her husband; and though this devotion was often smiled at, and his favourite excuses to a claimant, "Well, well, I'll speak to Mrs. Garrick," often mimicked, there can be no doubt but that her presence and interest in the business was founded on good policy, and had the happiest effect. For it brought order, dignity, and self-respect; and as the chief and his wife imported these courtesies and decencies of life, so they had insensibly the effect of bringing about a similar tone among their subordinates.

Yet Zoffany's selection seems arbitrary. It does not fairly represent the strength of Drury Lane—that wonderful company, which, for nearly thirty years, continued so strong, sterling, and varied in its talents, with an almost classic solidity in their dealing with a part. This was indeed the merit of this excellent set, who were a perfect "school," with all that honest work, labour, study, and talent could train them in. No clap-trap would be endured, and if we look at their portraits—such, at least, as have been done by the skilful touch of Reynolds and Zoffany—we shall see what a power of highly developed expression they could infuse into their faces.

* There are also present Beard, Baddeley, Woodward, Aicken, Smith, Macklin, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Abington, and O'Brien.

Garrick, while he ruled Drury Lane, might be said to have controlled two different generations of actors. The older one was by far the most remarkable, and was the choice and brilliant corps with which the splendid successes of Drury Lane were achieved. It included Macklin, Barry, Woodward, Mosop, Sheridan, King, Foote, Smith, Yates, Shuter, and Ross; with Pritchard, Clive, Cibber, Woffington, and Yates. The newer generation, who came during the last years of his administration, were Parsons, Dodd, Bensley, Shuter, Weston, O'Brien, Powell, and the two Palmers; with Miss Pope, Miss Younge, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Abington, and perhaps Mrs. Siddons. Towards the end of his reign, when his retirement had been talked of for some time, a sort of insubordination and irregularity set in; the indulgence in "airs" and humours, which have always been the curse of the stage, the good salaries, and the petting of the town, began, and tempted the overbalanced histrionic soul to kick. Nothing, indeed, can be clearer than that it was Garrick, and Garrick alone, who did all for the stage. At the other house, where there was no such control, there was constant disorder and decay; the moment he retired the gradual decadence which has continued almost to the present time, set in.

What a company to act great plays! what a green-room! It was, indeed, a fine classical school, where all were masters—not rude, raw creatures, taken, as it were, from the plough—but who had served long years in the ranks. What full, round, brightly coloured figures! They stand out—we seem to know them—like historical characters. The parts in which they played filled the minds of the playgoers who were fortunate enough to see them, and came back as something wonderful and satisfactory to think on. It is in looking over the wonderful series of theatrical portraits of that time—those noble mezzotints of McArdell, Smith, and others, who worked under the inspiration and direction of Reynolds and Zoffany—that we catch an idea of what true expression, and dramatic character, was then. As we look on these incomparable works, we seem to be looking at the play itself; the stately, sumptuously dressed women; the wonderful faces and figures (figure, as well as face, teeming with expression) of the Kings, Woodwards, Footes, Westons, and of Garrick himself. We turn over these old prints, and find the secret; see Woodward as the *Fine Gentleman* in Garrick's farce—a figure most characteristic, in dress least of all, but in attitude, face, motion, all he meant to be; and Foote's curious and half-Irish face, earnest, mischievous, and a little malevolent about his drawn

mouth; his eyes earnest, his head on one side. Or King, with Mrs. Baddeley, in the scene from "The Clandestine Marriage"—a noble scene, so true and dramatic that we seem to be looking on at the play. Everything about the old lord: his hard, old, bony face composed to a leer of hopeless admiration; the stiffness of his old joints; the sumptuousness of his embroidered suit; the spasm of adoration, seen even in his wrists: all this in fine contrast to the stately Baddeley beside him, smiling and amused. The picture itself seems as true as the play itself. In such times well might the Chelsea china works send out little statuettes, of that precious material, of Clive, Woodward, and Garrick, in all these characters; for the china had then something to express.

The women, too—the Clives, Bellamys, Cibbers, Woffingtons, Pritchards, and Yateses—what finished, trained creatures, each in their own walk; each something to look at, and study; each having a style, a force of her own.* Here was the unique *Lady Macbeth*, Pritchard, with a plain yet intellectual face, "of whom we should entertain a very high opinion, had she left us nothing but the face in her portraits," said Leigh Hunt. She was vulgar, certainly—"Pritchard's genteel," Churchill's ironical compliment settled the question—though not "a vulgar idiot," as Johnson, with characteristic bluntness, called her. He heard her talk of her "gownd," and declared loudly that she never travelled beyond the "lengths" of her own part.

We hear the enchanting tones of another of Garrick's heroines—Cibber. It was curious her face should resemble his, so remarkably that she might have passed as his sister. Never were there such tender, melting notes, such passion, such grief, and in the true pathos of Otway she was at home, and unapproachable. Her tenderness was natural, for it was said that in pathetic parts she wept genuine tears; and that her agitation turned her face pale, even through the rouge. She was not what is called "a fine woman;" but she had that look of interest and sympathy, which is a superior charm. Later playgoers gathered an idea of Cibber from Mrs. Siddons, for there was thought to be a likeness between them. Miss Seward heard both, and seems to have preferred the latter, as having more variety, and less monotony. But there was a "sensation" about Mrs. Siddons, which carried away every one; and subdued tenderness and exquisite pathos are not so

* Mr. Chaloner Smith, of Dublin, possessed a collection of these treasures, all in "choicest" condition. Turning them over we see, far better than any tradition or description could show us, what those great players were like in expression and attitude.

likely to impress the crowd. Cibber was the unique *Cordelia*, the unique *Ophelia*, the unique *Mrs. Beverley*, and represents a type of acting unhappily too rare.

Garrick was indeed rich in his heroines; nor did the line ever fail him. When Pritchard and Cibber were gone, there was Mrs. Yates, still at her maturity, and Mrs. Barry; and when they began to fail, Mrs. Siddons rose at the right moment. With an antique cast of face, and a stately magnificence in her figure and bearing, Yates was a true and gorgeous auxiliary. In parts where good sterling tragedy was wanting, or rage, jealousy, and fury conspicuous, these gifts served her, and gave her a distinct department. She had more warmth and emotion than Pritchard. Her voice was strong and powerful. She transported with delight two veterans who were alive a few years back, and who had seen her in all her days of glory—John Taylor and Mr. Godwin.* Here, too, was Mrs. Barry, who could put surprising and piteous tenderness into a voice naturally a little unmusical, whose *Rosalind* was charmingly playful, animated, and loving to a degree; and who could play the *Widow Brady*, sing her Irish songs, and dance, with singular versatility. She had to feel the painful reminder of decay, the most cruel trial of the histrionic world; and Mr. Taylor was present at a memorable scene, when she and Mrs. Yates, then almost veterans, met for the first time, on the same stage, in “Jane Shore.” This wonderful combination crowded the adjacent streets with a crowd larger than any known on “royal nights.” But it was a sad change for the heroine of the silver-toned Barry. Instead there were only two elderly women—the enchanting Mrs. Barry, with a coarse, croaking voice, and the “face of an old man,” and Yates, weak and faded.

Here was Woffington, “dallying and dangerous,” faithful and loyal, with a surprising spirit that carried her through everything; and Clive, like Shakspeare’s toad, “ugly and venomous,” but with a jewel of liveliness and spirit in her head—a bustle and animation, the established titular chambermaid, and hoyden; which in our time might have privileged her to lose all restraint and self-respect, and allowed her to play any trick or buffoonery. But with her it was all nature;

* The former told Mr. Campbell that he thought her the most stately and dignified actress he had seen, until Siddons came. Godwin, so late as 1834, rapturously recalled, as the perfection of acting, the admirable reconciliation scene between her and Garrick in “The Wonder”—the “mixture of majesty, condescension, and love, which brought both the Court and audience to her feet.”

and the stage to her was a room at her own lodgings. There, too, we see Miss Pope, the real link between the palmy Garrick era and our day—between Churchill and Leigh Hunt. "Pope," says Lamb, "a gentlewoman ever, with Churchill's compliment still burnishing upon her gay Honeycomb lips." Leigh Hunt, too, saw her with delight, and recognised the old excellence that had drawn forth the praise of "The Rosciad." How strange, and what a stretch of time it seems to cover, to have been criticised by Churchill and also by Leigh Hunt!

"Her genius," says Hunt, in that pleasant criticism, valuable because criticising Garrick's school, "is of a very lasting nature, for *it does not depend upon bodily exertion*. She never talks to her audience. One of her great beauties is a most judicious emphasis of speech, that unites the qualities of reading and of talking; for it has all the strength of the one, tempered by all the familiarity of the other. . . . This is peculiarly observable in her performance of *Mrs. Candour* in 'The School for Scandal,' in which her affected sentiments are so inimitably aided by the natural turns of her voice, that it is no wonder her scandal carries perfect conviction to everybody round her." These are precious and true principles of acting. She was trained from a child under Garrick's own eye, and she thus gives us a faithful idea of his school.

There, too, was Miss Younge, "with a voice," says Elia, in a fine passage, as he gazes at the Garrick Club pictures, "which might have competed with the silver tones of Barry, so enchanting in its decay do I remember it; of all her parts exceeding herself in the *Lady*. There earth touched heaven!" The oldest in the service were perhaps the Yateses; he, an admirable and solid actor, with a solemn manner, full of humour, unassisted by twist or grimace. His manner was "of the dry or grave humour, but perfectly natural; his speech slow; he knew he had his audience, and therefore took them at his leisure." There were those who recollected seeing him at Bartholomew Fair, on the platform of a booth. But he rose from this, and found his way to the little Ipswich Theatre, where he had played long, long ago, with "Mr. Lyddal," in "Oronooko." That acquaintance brought him great profit; for Garrick never forgot his friends. Drury Lane was their home. Yet they took airs; and when Garrick wished Mrs. Yates to help him in his hobby of the Jubilee, she went and acted at Birmingham without his leave. Latterly he heard—and we may be sure there was truth in the story—that they furnished ridiculous notes of him to Mrs. Brooke, who was writing a novel. Yet he was glad to welcome them back to his theatre when they wished

to return. Drury Lane was fortunate, too, in the training and principles of its company at this era. Her husband had caught so much of Garrick's theory as to "think out" a conception of a part. When he received a new one, he set himself to recall some living model which he had met; and taking this for a basis, thus worked it up.

Sometimes is seen there, though fitfully—chiefly when he comes over from Ireland to play for his intelligent daughter's benefit, charging her, however, with the expense of the journey—a hard, strange figure, the oldest of the old actors—Macklin. That curious face—the nose and chin gradually drawing together, as he grew old, like that of Punch; features which seemed to disdain each other; that harsh voice, which "largely deals in half-formed sounds"—were familiar to Drury Lane green-room. To the end Garrick was willing to befriend him, to give him or his daughter an engagement, or to act his Plays. But nothing could conciliate him. There is no more unpleasant picture than the old age of this player, who is said to have died at the age of 97, and in whose old age all the old ill-nature was developed.* To the end the name of Garrick would quicken his faculties, and he contrived to pour into the ear of the two persons who wrote his life the story of his unforgiving hatred. Among the old man's papers they found some sketches which he had no doubt failed in getting into newspapers or magazines, and which are shocking from the concentrated malignity they show.†

* Angelo describes him instructing a professional candidate, putting his dreadful face forward, as who should say, "Look at me." "First, sir," he would croak, "you should have a *silvery voice*; and, secondly, sir, a pleasing face." Even when his memory began to fail, he, unconsciously, would make his host and admirer uncomfortable by taking one of his guests for his entertainer, and addressing all his remarks to him. Mr. Taylor has some curious stories about him.

† "*Garrick's Character*.—His eye was dark, but not characteristical of any passion but the fierce and the lively. To friendship with man, or love and friendship with woman, he never was disposed; for love of himself always forbid it. Envy was his torment—ever dreading merit in the lowest of his brethren, and pining at the applause and fortune that their labours procured them.

"He had a narrow, contracted mind, bounded on one side by suspicion, by envy on the other, by avarice in the front, and by pale fear in the rear, with self in the centre. Out of these limits he never expatiated, unless fear and ostentation exerted their functions conjointly.

"He never could enjoy the convivial felicities of society, especially with those persons who were most capable of tasting and contributing the free inquiries of ingenious minds. He had read that the more refined minds of all ages had a particular pleasure in the mental intercourse of the ingenious few. Of this custom he was resolved to avail himself; but it was just as

It is impossible not to admire the power and vigour of this terrible description.

In the green-room they must have been often merry at the pompous enunciation of that great Dublin player, Sheridan, who thought he was quite equal in power and gifts to the manager. A smile must have gone round, as he talked of a servant as "a minion!" Even in the days of "*The Rosciad*," when he had been playing nearly twenty years, his was pronounced "a doubtful name." A doubtful name it still remains, like that of many other players, whom jealousy or wounded sensitiveness has overset. Self-restraint is as necessary to an actor, as elocution itself. Sheridan was always in

an hypocrite avails himself of religion, by ostentation and imposture; for he herded constantly with wits, and was, in letters, a professed *Tartuffe* to all.

"He had a hackneyed kind of metaphorical, theatrical, tinselled phraseology, made out of tags and ends, quotations and imitations of our English poets; and, indeed, from the Greek and Latin authors, as often as his memory served him with the scraps and mottoes it had quaintly picked up; for he knew no book of antiquity, nor, indeed, of modern note, Prior, La Fontaine, Swift's poetry, and a few more of that kind excepted; these he constantly imitated, plundered, disguised, and frittered in occasional prologues, epilogues, and complimentary poems upon parrots, lap-dogs, monkeys, birds, growing wits, patrons, and ladies. But what he most excelled in was writing epigrams and short poems in praise of himself and his productions, and in defamation of a rival actor, or of any of those poor people of the stage whom he wished to be unpopular. With such shreds and patches he constantly fed the daily papers, the reviews, and magazines. Each of his associate wits had a peculiar quaintness of phrase and greeting, such as 'My sprig of Parnassus, let me pour my incense!'

"He laboured for private esteem, but always in vain! Fear, envy, and avarice were seen even in deeds that appeared convivial, benevolent, and liberal! He was a maker of professions, but a slave to interest! He was honoured as an actor, hated as a man, and despised as an author! He ever made friendship a footstool to his interest and ambition. The two men that he was most obliged to, he always hated and feared. He ruined the one and planned the destruction of the other! He could have no lasting intimacy with anybody. He was totally void of any kind of address to men or women, in any rank or circumstance of life, that the judicious, and those who had thought on that art, called genteel or well-bred.

"In private life, had this man been interdicted the use of mimicry, of simulation and dissimulation, he would have appeared what in reality he was, a superficial, insignificant man. But with the help of those arts, he was entertaining, and appeared sagacious, learned, good-natured, modest, and friendly to those who had no dealings with him; but to those who had, he was known to the very heart; for his attachment to interest in dealings made him as obvious as if Nature had made a window to his heart. The paltry actions of this man are well known: his intimates I need not describe. The tree is known by its fruit.

"A stronger instance of its influence—i.e., envy—sure never was known, than in the person we have now under consideration; for, not satisfied with endeavouring to destroy the fame of every contemporary actor, he

battle or discontent. As we look at his picture, "Mr. Sheridan in his great part of *Katto*," with his bare throat, his wild face, we call up exactly his style—the untiring lung, the swinging arm—

"Why must impatience fall three paces back?
Why, paces three, return to the attack?
Why is the right leg, too, forbid to stir,
Save in motion semicircular?"

Simply because he wanted warmth and sympathy, and the true histrionic fire, worth all elocution, its rules, and whole manual exercise. Nothing could be more mortifying than this decay of popularity. Macklin's rude tongue was the first to tell him: "Poor Sherry has been acting mad, haranguing mad, teaching mad, reading mad, managing mad. . . . England soon found out his incapacity, the dissonance of his voice, the laboured quaintness of his emphasis, the *incessant flux of his speech*, his general appearance. He has been de-

attacked even that of the actresses, and succeeded. Nor was the traduce-ment of the living fame of male and female, of every age and rank upon the stage, sufficient to gorge the maw of envy; it flew to the dead! and insidiously broke open the hallowed tombs of Betterton, Booth, Wilks—Nature's favourite children; these very spirits would he slyly bring upon the carpet; mimic, though he never saw them; tell anecdotes of them, and traduce their immortal fame, by stigmatising them as mannerists, and denominating them as persons who spoke in recitative. Thus would he serve them up to ignorant people, who believed and wondered; and to dependants and flatterers, who retailed the libellous anecdotes, invectives, and quaint conceits, and concluded that the art was never known but by the narrator, who, with an apparent modesty, and a concealed impudence, made himself the hero of the historical criticism.

"His mind was busied upon the external and partial looks, tones, gaits, and motions of individuals in their ordinary habits. Of the passions, their degrees and kinds, and of their influence upon the organs, and their impressions upon the body, he knew but little, very little indeed! His mind and knowledge were, like his body, little, pert, acute, quick, weak, easily shocked and worn down, subtle, plausible.

"By this external partial imitation of individuals, he continually exercised his mind and body. This wretched buffoonery comprised his knowledge, his humour, his learning, conversation, wisdom, virtue, elegance, breeding, and his companionable qualities.

"Whenever a manager sets up his own power, taste, or avarice against the power, judgment, or entertainment of the people, he forfeits every right to their favour; nay, he merits their contempt and resentment. Garrick never obliged the public in any one article during the time of his management; on the contrary, he took every step by which he could erect himself into a tyrant, to crush the spirit and genius of merit both in actors and authors; to corrupt the public taste; to fill his own coffers; and to make his own judgment the standard of every species of dramatic merit.

"His wit always wanted strength, his descriptions humour, his manner pleasantry, his conduct integrity, his disposition good-nature, and his deportment decency."

spised as an actor. His audiences laughed him to scorn; he has tired out Bath, and every theatre in London. The public would not attend him." "If any one has a doubt about his insanity, let a subject be started, and let him be drawn into a conversation. Observe his confidence, his haughtiness, his peremptoriness, his utter inattention to what others advance in argument, and I think they will conclude that he will die in a madhouse."* Angelo recollected this mortifying neglect when Sheridan and Henderson joined in public recitations—the delight of the audience at "John Gilpin;" but their unconcealed impatience as the old actor made his way through the crowd, to give Dryden's Ode. To the last, however, he believed in himself.

Here we see the lively Abington, with a small *piquant* face, rendered smaller by the loftiest head-dress, a sly *under-look*, and an arch manner of speech. The true *Lady Bab* or *Lady Betty Modish*. "Worst of bad women," as she was to Mr. Garrick, in her own line she was irresistible. It must have been some whim that made her so earnest in taking up Dr. Johnson, and forcing him to her benefit, and to her house. No one could deliver a smart speech with such severity. Yet she could not touch the highest point of airy comedy. She had been fetched out of the dregs of the town, and lived four years as a tavern girl. Mr. Murphy could tell a curious story or two about Beau Tracy, and this era of hers.† It was infinitely to the credit of her tact and *esprit* that she should have raised herself, and, like Woffington, have learned refinement and accomplishments. She could tell of the strange society in Dublin, when ladies of first fashion were at her feet, imploring hints about their dress. The "Abington Cap" was in all the milliners' shops. Her manner was bewitching. No one could play a fan so delightfully; and it was noticed she had some odd little tricks in her acting, such as turning her wrist, and "seeming to stick a pin at the side of her waist." Mr. Abington, "a neat, gentlemanly little figure," played in the band, and Mr. Needham, then a Buck of the City, was the favoured admirer behind the scenes.‡ Poor Mr. Abington was playing away in front, and perhaps indifferent. This curious lady, when she was flush of money, hired her own house in Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park; but when a worse season set in, accepted a mean lodging cheerfully. For her the praise

* This indecent attack was published by Macklin in Dublin.

† The gossiping Taylor also picked up a good many anecdotes about her.

‡ "Abington caps for those that need 'em," was the jest of pleasant Dublin.

of being the first *Lady Teazle*, and of having sat often to Sir Joshua. When her acting life was over, we see her at her house receiving company, and out of the season carefully closing the shutters, but still living there, so as not to be suspected to be in town. At her little parties, where came Dora Jordan, it was noticed that she was unwearied in dwelling on the praises of Garrick, and his gifts. Those were the old glories which had made hers, and she had long forgotten the hours of mortification and vexations she had caused him.

Now sweeps in the splendid Hartley; whose face, with a small chin, seems to recall that of Emma, Lady Hamilton. "A finer creature," said Mr. Garrick, in raptures, "I never saw. Her make is perfect!" Moody, who had gone down to report on her, was not favourably impressed, and gave a portrait of what seemed to him a mere country actress. "She is a good figure, with a handsome small face, and very much freckled; her hair red, and her neck and shoulders well turned. There is no harmony in her voice; but when forced (which she never fails to do on the least occasion) is loud and strong, but an inarticulate gabble. She is ignorant and stubborn. She talks lusciously, and has a slovenly good-nature about her that renders her prodigiously vulgar."* We leave her and Abington in their gorgeous dresses, spread over with rich coloured rings of lace and embroidery, sweeping past us, to go on. Then comes Bellamy, so "very beautiful," as she seemed to young O'Keefe, "with her blue eyes, and very fair." "I often saw her splendid state sedan-chair, with superb silver-lace liveries, waiting for her at the door of Liffey Street Catholic Chapel." Her house there was in Kildare Street. With all her pettish insolence and airs, we may suspect Mr. Garrick was good-naturedly partial to her, and made allowance. And next her, the charming Baddeley, whose gaudy and fitful career reads like a troubled dream, and robbed the stage of a graceful actress. No stranger picture of life can be conceived than her singular story; her short and showy course, across which flit royal dukes, infatuated lords, rough and rude colonels, strange elopements, "settlements," quarrellings, and the gradual fall and degradation, when a footman winds up the procession. Even the dull and decent George Garrick she drew into a duel with her own husband. The well-worn saying that "truth is stranger than fiction," certainly holds; but infinitely more does it hold behind the scenes.

* The reader will note in what a good graphic style the players of those days could write.

Here was Ross, a large, plump, unwieldy man, with solemn and "proper" manners, giving out, and with truth, that he came of one of the best families in Scotland; Love, the admirable Falstaff, who was thought to surpass Quin; Smith, "the genteel," "a fine gentlemanly man;" and Lewis, of whom it was written, with a nice distinction, that his line was the gentleman of "that *higher kind* of comedy, which hardly now exists, *which Smith has in the exterior*, and which O'Brien might have attained." There was Shuter, whom, it was said, Mr. Garrick pronounced the greatest comic genius he had ever seen. Yet he must have been disfigured by what is known to stage slang as gagging. According to Churchill,

"He never cared a pin
Whether he left out nonsense, or put in."

Nothing, indeed, gives a better idea of what actors were, and what the stage was—when Garrick's influence still reigned, though he had passed away himself—than Elia's retrospect, and fond recalling of *his* palmy days of the drama. His description of Bensley's playing—an exquisite analysis itself, and almost a bit of acting on paper—shows what a world of indicative expression, meaning—of *acting*, in short—has been lost to us. What actor now would be made to follow, or even comprehend, that delicate reading of *Malvolio*? "He was magnificent from the outset; but when the decent sobrieties of the character began to give way, and the poison of self-love gradually to work . . . how he went smiling to himself! With what ineffable carelessness would he twirl his gold chain—what a dream it was! You were infected with the illusion . . . you had no room for laughter . . . the man seemed to tread upon air, to taste manna, to walk with his head in the clouds."

Dodd's wonderful face the same skilful touch paints for us, the face that "looked out so formally flat in *Foppington*, so frolicly pert in *Tattle*, so impotently busy in *Backbite*, so blankly divested of all meaning, or resolutely expressive of none, in *Acres*.* . . . In expressing slowness of apprehension this actor surpassed all others. You could see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over his countenance, climbing up by little and little, with a painful process, till it cleared up at last, to the fulness of a twilight conception. . . . He seemed to keep back his intellect. . . . *A glimmer of under-*

* "Dodd, in *Acres*, who had the most extraordinary way of hitching in a meaning, or subsiding into blank folly, with the best grace in nature."—*Hazlitt*.

standing would appear in a corner of his eye, and then go out, for lack of expression. A part of his forehead would catch a little intelligence, and be a long time in communicating it to the remainder." Here, again, is the lost art—which excited the house and brought tears of laughter; not the grimace—the speaking with a twang out of the mouth corner, which is the height of humour now. If we look at the wonderful *Abel Drugger* face, by Zoffany, we shall have a glimpse of this facial struggle, this picture of emotion.*

So with the Palmers, admirable comedians, with a real style, a fashion of giving the airy gentlemen of comedy—what Lamb called "the highly artificial manner" of "Jack Palmer." Now these nice refinements seem lost. There is the one conventional way of giving the gentleman of fashion, the one way for the villain, for the comic fellow, and the rest. "In sock or buskin," says Elia, "there was air of swaggering gentility about Jack Palmer. . . . When you saw *Bobby* in the 'Duke's Servant,' you said, what a pity such a pretty fellow was only a servant. . . . Jack had two voices, both plausible, hypocritical, and insinuating; but his secondary or supplementary voice was more decidedly histrionic than his common one. It was reserved for the spectator. . . . The lies of young *Wilding* and the *sentiments* in *Joseph Surface* were thus marked out, in a sort of italics to the audience."

There, too, was Davies, always whispering and plotting. This bookseller actor had his grievances too—was dissatisfied that he was not allowed to mouth *Bajazet* as "curs mouth a bone." The manager was often, as he said, "agitated," and thrown out, by his habitual want of readiness in his parts, and had to reprimand him severely; but the unlucky Davies explained that once, during the run of "*Cymbeline*," he caught a

* Elia's observation was always nicely accurate. Hoadly's sketch of Dodd—some thirty or forty years before—is also good. "He has more the stalk and *ménage* of a dancing master than the ease of a gentleman. . . . I speak of his legs. He has a white, calf-like, stupid face. . . . His voice is good. . . . He seems sensible, alive, and attentive to what is going on, and properly so. He sings agreeably; though there is a formal kind of parade kept up by his singing gently (not to be easily avoided in the strange, unnatural circumstances and attitudes that the songs and their symphonies place him in, in the front of the stage), that hides and disguises nature, but *which he reconciles better* than I remember anybody. His pauses are sensible, and filled with proper action and look." His etching of Mrs. Dodd in *Mrs. Oakley* is equally good: "She was not a moment out of the character, and amazingly proper and ready in the repartee, and *taking up the half-sentences before they fell to nothing, which abound in that natural comedy, as in all easy discourse.*" When there was such nice criticism, no wonder there was good playing.

sight of the awful apparition of Churchill's face in the pit, which quite overset him. He went to Dr. Johnson, and told all his grievances—how Mr. Garrick's persecution had "driven him from the stage." Yet, as a matter of course, he had been lent money by Garrick, and seems to have deeply resented that more was not lent. Nothing can be better than Garrick's expostulation in reference to Davies being driven from the stage by Garrick's temper.* "But why would you expose my infirmities at a time when you were asking and receiving favours from me, and when I was exerting all the little interest I had in your service? . . . I am ashamed to mention these things, but I repeat them to you, as the last words of a dead acquaintance." Davies had the "last word," however, and satisfied himself by a torrent of reproaches and bitter recapitulation of his wrongs. In another sense he had the last word too; for when his foe had passed away, and could neither lend nor demand back his money, he sat down and wrote his "Life," without the fear of a reply before him.† He does not seem to have ever forgiven Garrick. Even in his later trouble with the jealous Henderson, he was whispering that Garrick had only made a feint of recommending him; which was refuted by one who was present when Garrick praised his acting, and had warmly pressed on Sheridan the duty of engaging him at once. The "Life," by which he made money, was full of insidious strokes at his former patron, though at the end, when he came to sum up the character of his hero, he found himself obliged to do him justice.‡ Yet Garrick had generously allowed him a benefit night, for old acquaintance' sake.

* It was notorious that it was Churchill's attack that preyed upon his mind. Stockdale says he lost £500 a-year.

† I have seen an obsequious letter of Davies', venturing to suggest that the coronation of a French king would be a more effective pageant on the stage than that of an English one; and also thanking him for his "generous subscription to Wanley." Garrick endorsed it "Mr. Davies—once an actor—now a conceited bookseller; nor is that all, *Anti-Mendax*."—(Bullock MSS.) "*Anti-Mendax*" was the signature to some personal attacks on him, in the papers. We can conceive Garrick—knowing the secrets of these false friends and their false compliments—making this bitter endorsement. No man ever had such material for being sarcastic on human nature. Children alone he could except: kindness to them was always a feature in his character. Angelo, the fencing master's son, used to be invited for the day to Hampton, with a companion; and the good-natured actor—then *en retraite*—would read stories to them after dinner. In time he would fall asleep, and they recalled Mrs. Garrick cautiously and jealously guarding them against disturbing him, and fondly putting a handkerchief about his head. It was like *Lady Easy* in the comedy.

‡ He was greatly surprised that Mrs. Garrick was displeased at his attacks. The *Life* was read aloud in portions to a select club of booksellers.

Here was the odd "Dagger Marr," who thought himself equal to Garrick, and would fold his arms scornfully, and look after him with a scowl, saying, if he had but his eyes, he would play him for any sum. And here was the useful Cross, long prompter at Drury Lane—and Hopkins, the stage manager—old retainers, who worshipped their captain; with Waldron, who played in *Scrub*, and who, long after, in the Kemble days, used to praise that great actor—but always added: "But Mr. Garrick, bless my soul! *that was quite a different sort of thing!*" Here was Havard, a good, useful actor, with "an easy, vacant face;" and Holland, who copied Garrick. "Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan, he borrowed, and made use of as his own." Isaac Sparks, Packer, and Ackman were all humble and serviceable players, useful as rank and file.* Havard was one of his "Old Guard," and was always faithful and true; and when leaving the stage, had the unusual grace to write his old master a grateful and kindly letter. He was linked with the old days. Garrick had been truly kind; and after his last benefit, made him a present of a horse.

at the Devil Tavern. He once played *Fainall*, in "The Way of the World," when Mr. Taylor and many friends were present. He seemed "an old, formal-looking man, with a dull gravity in his acting, and a hollow rumbling in his voice." He made a speech, owning his inability, but hoping his goodwill would be accepted. He seemed to decay gradually, and it was not a little singular, that all those who had profited by Garrick's friendship, and then turned against him, should have gradually sunk and ended badly. He died in 1785, in reduced circumstances—the "pretty wife" in 1801. It is said she became actually destitute, and spent her last days in the workhouse.

* Here is a glimpse of one of the strange creatures that hung about Drury Lane. Garrick employed an oddity called Stone to pick up "supers," as they are called:—

"SIR," he complained, "Mr. Lacy turned me out of the lobby yesterday, and behaved very shabby to me. I only ax'd him for my two guineas for the last Bishop, and he swore I shouldn't have a farthing. I can't live upon air. I have a few Cupids you may have dirt cheap, as they belongs to a poor journeyman shoemaker who I drinks with now and then.—I am, your humble servant,

"W. STONE."

Garrick answered: "STONE—You are the best fellow in the world. Bring the Cupids to the theatre to-morrow. If they are under six, and well made, you shall have a guinea a-piece for them. Mr. Lacy will pay you himself for the Bishop. He is very penitent for what he has done. If you can get me two good Murderers I will pay you handsomely, particularly for the spouting fellow who keeps the apple stand on Tower-hill; the cut in his face is quite the thing. Pick me up an Alderman or two for 'Richard,' if you can; and I have no objection to treat with you for a fat, comely Mayor. The barber will not do for *Brutus*, although I think he may succeed as a Thief in 'The Beggars' Opera.'

"D. G."

The Bishop had rehearsed the part of the *Bishop of Winchester* in "Henry the Eighth," with such good effect, that Garrick often addressed him as

The grateful actor wrote to him in language not familiar to those whom Garrick was in the habit of loading with his favours. He had given him all thanks behind the scenes, yet he must formally, and upon paper, express all he felt. The style is that inflated style to which all actors have a leaning, and which they seem to catch from the scraps of dramatic "fine" language floating through their brain. "Believe me, sir," he said, "these feelings are wrote upon my heart, and must continue as long as the frail tenement that contains it. May your health and Mrs. Garrick's continue perfect—at least, *with so small a difference that it may only add a relish to the future enjoyment of it*, as the absence of friends the more endears their next meeting. May every circumstance of your lives be easy, and every wish completed! And now my heart is somewhat lighter." The prayer of this excellent old actor and really grateful retainer is original and ingenious—namely, wishing one's friend only just so much inconvenience in the way of sickness as to give a whet to the enjoyment of health. This kind benediction could not, however, secure such a tempered indisposition for Garrick, who was to suffer acutely by and by.

Here too was Woodward, great master in "science of grimace," as Churchill a little unjustly puts it, taking only one side of his humour, which could be tempered by the sound association of the school around him, and exhibit fine comedy in such parts as *Bobadil* and the *Copper Captain*. Smith, "the genteel, the airy," was a type lost to us now, invaluable in those gay comedy gallants and men of fashion, who indeed are not on the stage now. "I fancy," says Elia, "he was more airy, and took the eye with a *certain gaiety of person*." King, too, that admirable and solid actor, Elia had seen, and admired for that *artificial* air which he imparted to *Sir Peter*.* It would be tempting to dwell further on this fine cohort, as well-disciplined as they were fine. These little sketches will just give us a hint of what characters they were who moved round Garrick.

"Cousin of Winchester." He, however, never played the part; the reader will see the reason from the two subjoined letters:—

"SIR—The *Bishop of Winchester* is getting drunk at the Bear, and swears he'll be d——d if he acts to-night.—I am yours, "W. STONE."

"STONE—The *Bishop* may go to the ——. I do not know a greater rascal, except yourself. "D. G."

* "His acting left a taste on the palate sharp and sweet, like a quince, with an old, hard, rough, withered face, like a john-apple, puckered up into a thousand wrinkles, with shrewd hints and tart replies." There is a perfect picture in this description.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE GREEN-ROOM.—1772.

IN those days, too, the principles which regulated the administration of the stage were of a dignified kind, and worthy of a great profession. Nothing, as I have said, was more surprising than the respect enjoyed by actors, or their importance. Garrick went regularly to Court; and this was expected, and commented on, if omitted. Here was an official recognition of a great theatre. In those days, too, the Drury Lane players had a scarlet dress—as being attached to the Royal Household. Baddeley was the last who wore this uniform.

The great actor's own behaviour showed the respect that he felt was owing to himself and to the public. In his green-room, in the intervals between his scenes, he never gossiped; but kept a little apart, as it were living still in his assumed character. This was, of course, set down to pride and self-importance. He told a friend, who was by no means inclined to conceal his faults, that he was never free from a certain nervousness and sense of responsibility. On the days that he was to play, he never dined out, but remained at home quiet and undistracted, taking some light repast at two o'clock, and admitting no visitors.* It was remarked that none of the great players, such as Barry or Clive, could be induced to show themselves in the boxes during the after-piece; but went home decorously, so as not to impair the impression left on the audience. Here was a wholesome and significant principle. Once, and once only, he owned that he had come on the stage intoxicated. He had been persuaded to dine at a great house, and had taken too much liquor. When he came on as *Lord Chalkstone*, he appeared all exhilaration and spirits, laughed as he tried to act, but could not utter a word. Friends in the house tried to cover this exhibition with exaggerated applause, and the greater part of the audience did not perceive what had happened; but he was dreadfully mortified, and it was a lesson to him never to be betrayed into such a failing again.†

On the stage, then, there was an admirable tone and discipline—a perfect respect for the audience, more than repaid by that audience by a respect as perfect for the actor. The fami-

* Stockdale.

† Cradock.

liarity known as "gagging" was kept under an almost ascetical restraint.* Tolerant in most points, Garrick was known to be rigid in matters like this. Once, however, when playing in "The Way to Keep Him," with Mrs. Clive, that lady whispered some private joke, which so completely upset him that he could not finish, but was obliged to "make his bow, amid a roar of electrical laughter." But this was an accident.† It was often repeated how Roscius had told Shuter "*not to be too comical.*" Advice for a whole line of Shuters.

He was unwearied in "drilling" his actors, whatever their rank; and they had learned the custom of taking instructions from him with docility. Indeed, it is surprising to see what infinite power his prosperity and success in direction, his wealth and good gifts as an actor, gave him in the theatre. How much a play gained by this *unity* of conception may be conceived. To this was owing the unequalled success of "Every Man in his Humour," which was rehearsed for months; and the manager was known to rigidly apply the same principles to himself. *Benedick* he had studied and gone over patiently for many weeks before he could please himself. Other parts he studied as long, and then abandoned, being doubtful as to their success. It is the old story—labour and study make up a good portion of what the world calls genius.

Through his life we have seen much of what seemed his "finessing." Yet he was at the head of a great establishment, with a serious responsibility. A false step—a sudden and hasty quarrel with one of his corps—a dismissal in anger—would be a fatal injury. He had to deal with, literally, hundreds of complainants, suitors, and grievance-mongers. He, besides, felt their power; if they combined, they could injure; even their little idle stories wrung his soul. It is inconceivable what he suffered through his morbid nature. He was, besides, precipitate in temper, and he knew this. From all these composite dealings he had *learned to believe that his only safety* was in a sort of diplomacy, in letter writing, and hearing of private

* "O, comical actor!" exclaimed Tate Wilkinson, "it is a debt, and a dangerous debt, not easily forgot or forgiven; for how can the performer think that though, perhaps, *the town last night laughed*, and gave indulgence, that he is free? Far from it; he has lost the golden ore—their good opinion—and it will take a long time to regain it. For the actor is dreadfully wrong who thinks, because himself and friends laugh at what is termed jokes, out of *all time, place, and character*, it is forgiven in general." There is admirable truth as well as philosophy in this.

† Wilkinson owns that, something of the same sort having happened to him, he tried it again, *on purpose*, on the next night—when there was a general hiss. "And I have remembered the lesson," he says. "ever since."

reports and rumours, and being directed by them. This was foolish, and it grew to be an incurable habit. Such eager craving to know what was said of him brought him infinite suffering. Small, low creatures found their account in this failing. It was one more physical than moral. As Davies, who often had a happy turn of expression, says, "all sorts of news he greedily swallowed, though, at the same time, he was laying a plot to hurt his own mind. Many things will be said of every man, *that no man should be solicitous to know.*" Certainly, as we have seen before, no one could have had such strange points of contact with the odd side of human nature, and never, before or since, was the player's world so large, important, and full of vitality. He was in the very centre. On the whole, he treated the dependants on him with the most surprising *justice*. Sometimes, indeed, in this direction, he gave way to temper, and used language he was sorry for. He was now and again "worried" by something into heat, but, says Davies, "of this impropriety he was generally sensible, and *made ample reparation to the person whose mind he had disturbed.*" It was said he was "jealous" of other actors. I have no doubt that he was—taking it in the sense of "uneasiness" at the success of rivals, which in any profession is the first step towards decay. Who must not feel this—and how much greater the honour for him who forces himself to aid and honour those from whom such danger is to be apprehended? To Mossop, Barry, Sheridan, and Powell—all put forward offensively as rivals—he behaved ever generously.*

He had many ways, besides that of actual money assistance, of helping those under him. He would buy things from them—china, books, and the like.† His players ought to have

* Davies says, "I never remember to have heard him speak warmly in the commendation of any actor, living or dead." Others, however, heard him praise Barry in the warmest way, saying, "he was the only lover on the stage." Of Sheridan he said, "he had never known so able a collaborateur." Powell he instructed and praised to every one. But Davies knew him very little.

† In this way he offered to take from Davies a copy of the *Museum Florentium*, in satisfaction of a debt. The following little receipts will be interesting:—

"DAVID GARRICK, ESQ., to E. SHUTER.

		£	s	d
"1760.				
"Aug. 4.	To a set of Table China . . .	13	13	0
	To a Bottle and Bason . . .	1	5	0
	To a p ^r of Candlesticks . . .	0	16	0
	To two Caudle Cups . . .	0	10	6
		<hr/>		
		£16	4	6

"Rec^d y^e contents in full, ED. SHUTER."

loved him. Yet it is curious the gloss that was put on everything he did. His "greed of praise" was said to be so great that he would accept it from the humblest hanger-on of the theatre. Stockdale, saved from ruin by his patronage, dwells on this ungratefully, and tells how he would ask some underling of the theatre, "Well, Hopkins, what did they think of me last night?" "Oh, sir," the answer would be, "you were never greater!"* This was a practice of his, and seems to show rather a compliment and a kindly courtesy to those who were in subordinate place—to appear anxious to have their opinion. For on the stage, beyond any other profession, *praise is success*; nay, praise and success seem a fixed quantity: when one is praised, it is withdrawn from another. When praise begins to grow faint, success is failing also. The confidence, too, that he had in his own unsurpassed gifts, made him utter incautiously such speeches as "that when he left the stage, the stage would be in a very low state indeed"—a prophecy that he saw fulfilled.†

"Received of David Garrick, Esq., the sum of eighty-four pounds (read eighty-four), being the value of a Diamond Gold Buckle, as by appraisement.—B. VICTOR."

"London, May 25, 1757."

Of course it would be said that the "knowing Davy" found his advantage in these transactions; but the reader will note that the article was duly valued.—*Bullock MSS.*

* What the great manager was accustomed to do in his green-room may be conceived from the following:—"Well, now; hey, Cross! don't you think my brow and eye as *Bajazet*—how do you think I should play it?" "Oh, sir," said the prompter, "like everything else you do—your *Bajazet* would be incomparable!" to which we all bowed, and assented.—*Wilkinson.*

† A curious little scene once took place at his house. On the York circuit, a Mr. Frodsham had a high reputation, and played the whole round of light comedy and leading tragedy. He was so petted and admired that his conceit became amusing. One year he went up to London for a holiday, to the great concern of the York audiences, who were certain that if Mr. Garrick once saw him, it was all over with the York stage. He sent in his card to Garrick, as "Mr. Frodsham, of York," a free and easy description that amused Garrick. Garrick asked had he seen *him* play. The other answered that he had seen Mr. Garrick himself in *Hamlet*, and added, airily, "that it was his own favourite character." "Well, now," said the other; "pray, now, how did you approve, Frodsham? I hope I pleased you." "Oh, yes, certainly, my dear sir," the other answered; "vastly clever in several passages—but, as a *whole*, I can scarcely endorse the public opinion of London." Garrick was a little taken aback at this candour.

The country actor arrived next morning to breakfast, and was welcomed by his host and hostess. Carrying out his rather rude and ignorant *tac-tique* of *nil admirari*, he made no allusion to the play he had seen, until Garrick himself asked him what he thought of his *Sir John Brute* last night. "Now, no compliment; but tell Mrs. Garrick. Do you think it

This was the pleasant side ; yet it is inconceivable the sum of troubles, trials, and cares, the control of his histrionic corps brought him. No one can have an idea of all that went on behind the scenes of Drury Lane—the sulks, the pettishness, the vanities, the open revolts of the regiment, a hundred strong, that served under “King Davy.” A great deal of all this, it must be owned, he brought on himself. He wished everybody to think well of him, and to think him right. He could not resist listening to the whispers and stories of his inferior dependants.

The cloud of players’ fanciful wrongs and miserable complaints and whinings, to be found in a hundred little episodes in his “Correspondence,” is a sure proof of his capacity and exquisite tact behind the scenes. During those thirty years, all through those grievances, rejoicings, defiances, wounded sensibilities, open attacks, secret insinuations, to be followed almost invariably by the most servile and degrading submis-

would have pleased at York ! Tell what you think.” “Oh, certainly—certainly,” said the other. “I was highly delighted. But, you know, I had been told *Hamlet* was your best character, though I flatter myself I play it almost as well. But your *Brute*, Mr. Garrick, was excellence itself. You stood in the drunken scene flourishing your sword. I am sure you saw me in the pit at the same time, and seemed to say, ‘D—n it, Frodsham, did you ever see anything like that at York ?’” Garrick laughed a little affectedly at this candour, to which he was so unused ; and to change the conversation, “Well, now, hey !” he said, “for a taste of your quality, and, Mrs. Garrick, bear a wary eye.” The other, without the least concern, struck at once into *Hamlet*’s first soliloquy. He spouted it in his own York way ; while Garrick darted his fiery eyes at him, and seemed to search his soul. This was a favourite habit of his in presence of inferiors, and was a little homage which he paid to those wonderful orbs. When he had done, the great actor told him there were some “tones” in his declamation which he did not relish. The other answered, with some tartness, that Mr. Garrick was not accustomed to his style. “I can assure you, when I first heard you and Mrs. Cibber, I thought you had very strange ‘tones ;’ but I suppose I should get accustomed to them.” This was free speaking indeed. “Why, now,” said the great actor, wondering, “this is—why, now, really, Frodsham, you are a d—d queer fellow. But I tell you what, you shall have a fair trial on my stage, in any part, and then we shall talk of terms. “Oh, my dear Mr. Garrick,” said the other, “you are quite mistaken if you think I am come to beg an engagement. *I am a Roscius down at my own quarter.* I just came up to see a few plays, and thought it only a becoming compliment to call on a brother actor ;” and then, with a negligent bow, took his leave. There was true comedy in this little scene.

At Liverpool were two actors, Gibson and Ridout, who were considered there superior to Roscius. A deputation going up to London on local business, were charged to see this London player, who was so much talked of, and reported that he was not to be compared with Gibbon and Ridout.

sion—in short, the player's traditional programme—we see him the same always—calm, temperate, and with right upon his side; masterly in discussion, firm where he feels that his goodness has been too far tried, and, above all, generously making no account either of their angry menaces and haughty language, or of the grovelling submission with which that language was sought to be atoned for. No man was ever less likely to exact a humiliating *amende*. The annals of this theatre, as preserved in the "Correspondence," are a record of the pettiness behind the curtain; and the manager could nowhere else have learnt such capital lessons in human character. No matter what motives were imputed, or even what language was used, he was sure to forgive, and "think no more of it." Every one was flattering him and intriguing for his favour. There were those, too, who knew well his morbid sensitiveness, his nervousness as to what was said against him, and at the same time his eagerness to hear it. Did King the actor express himself hastily in the green-room about a new play—there was Mr. Hopkins, the prompter, ready to carry these remarks straight to the manager, who, much hurt, and no doubt brooding over it, required an explanation in writing: "Mr. Garrick's compliments to Mr. King, though he is seldom surprised at what may happen in a theatre, yet he should be obliged to Mr. King if he would let him know, by a note, what he was pleased to say about him and the farce of 'The Invasion,' to Mr. Hopkins. Mr. Garrick assures Mr. King that he will not send his answer to the prompter, but to himself." King, an excellent actor, but knowing his own value, indeed gave him infinite trouble. He would periodically break out in an enormous letter of peevish grievances, firing, as Garrick said, a long gun at him. Garrick had talked in a friendly way of his always staying at Drury Lane, and had added, "O damn it! never fear, I'll take care of you"—this brought out a whole catalogue of wrongs. Mrs. King had been engaged, "not with good grace;" he himself was made a sort of "hack of," thrust in after "command nights," made to fill gaps, where other actors were allowed not to play, actors who were "shamefully better paid," and who were "periodically sick, or impertinent, about the month of April." He was put into unfit parts—Woodward, of Covent Garden, "had more," Smith more, and both less to do. He could only agree to certain haughty conditions. He was not, he hinted, to have an unworthy advantage taken of his friendship towards Mr. Garrick.

Garrick sent an answer which is admirable for its modera-

tion. He summarises the complaints. "These," he says, "are the allegations of my friend, Mr. King, in the midst of our friendship, and when he was possessed of my entire confidence; however, all these hardships do not seem to yourself insufferable, for, with only an exception or two, you are willing to submit to them, if the manager of Drury Lane *will give you your price*. Have you not, Mr. King, been conscious of some breaches of friendship to me, and are you not producing these allegations as excuses for your own behaviour? Have you not, instead of an open, manly declaration of your thoughts to your friend, whispered about in hints and ambiguities your uneasiness? All which by circulation have partly crept into the newspapers; and though you have disclaimed being privy to their circulation, yet you have certainly been the first cause of it; while I aver, so lately as a fortnight ago, you came to my house at Hampton, showed no signs of displeasure, but rode with me to town with all the cheerfulness of ease, and in the warmest spirit of confidence. Was your friend to be the last to hear of your complaints or to suspect them?" The other renewed what might be called his "whine." He fell back upon the "disinclination" shown to receive Mrs. King. His name in the play-bill had been squeezed into a line, or huddled away too close to the large capitals of the play-bill.* Such were an actor's grievances.

Smith, the comedian—the "Gentleman Smith," who had been brought up at Eton, with noblemen and gentlemen, and who stipulated with managers for a regular furlough every year to go to Newmarket, and who really loved Garrick—would also take his turn at trying the manager's temper. He had been always saying that he was dying to be at his theatre, and would come to him upon any terms. When a place was found for him, he then began to "haggle" about guineas instead of pounds, and finally said he would accept, but that he would be "miserable." Naturally Garrick did not relish this tone, after what he had meant to be a compliment. As usual, he had all the reason and argument of the case upon

* Yet with these troubles and anxieties Garrick could bear generous testimony when it was deserved, and in a preface to a little farce he wrote for King, he told the public he did it to show his regard for a performer, "who during a long engagement has never yet, unless confined by real illness, disappointed the public, or distressed the managers." Whatever had been their little private bickerings, it was "handsome" in Garrick to make this avowal. Indeed, he was delighted always to convenience, help, indulge, those who were at all gracious to him. So, too, Miss Macklin, daughter of his old enemy, he was delighted to oblige, telling her that she had every claim on him, from her behaviour to him.

his side. He had even offered to make up the difference "out of his own pocket." The other was presently penitent, and "would not offend him for the world. If to have idolized you deserves your resentment, no one can be more guilty than yours," &c.*

Garrick then engaged him on handsome terms; but in a few months the old dissatisfaction broke out. A lady was at the bottom of it. On a Saturday he assured Garrick that no terms or offers from the other theatre had anything to do with the separation; but Garrick discovered that on the Thursday he had been making up a sort of contingent treaty with the manager of Covent Garden. Thus on all sides he was met by this underhand deception. He was allowed to stay at the theatre, but only to break out again. The manager had good-naturedly given him leave of absence for some days, and on his return Mr. Smith was indignant that a certain play had been played in his absence. Garrick's tone shows how much he was worried. "I shall not describe my distress and troubles for many days past on fixing upon plays. . . . Indeed these frequent billets of complaint betray an unsatisfied mind; and I am as little able to account for this dissatisfaction, as I find that no art of mine is able to remove it." Even at a revival of the Jubilee, when Garrick asked him to walk in the procession he refused, begging piteously to be let off, saying it would make him "miserable."† The manager had certainly crosses of his own in dealing with all these humours.

But his relations with the ladies of his kingdom, whose lively insubordination and pettish mutinies required delicate and diplomatic management, were more serious. The men players had, to a certain degree, to be humoured like women, but the women required a firmer touch. Their airs and grievances are almost amusing; but they always found the manager, while calm, and even gallant, firm as a rock. The lively "Pivy" Clive, the stately Mrs. Barry, Pope, the "established" Hoyden of the theatre, Miss Younge, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Abington, all tried the effect of a modified revolt upon the manager's good temper; and it is instructive to see how skilfully he managed these useful, but refractory, ladies. Mrs. Clive, whose ringing

* Gentleman Smith was almost amusing as "a humbug," with a little of the *Joseph Surface*, in his playing on the boards of real life. In this "airy" way he made that scandalous elopement to Dublin with the handsome Hartley. His letters on the subject of this "fall," are really comic.

† In a letter to Taylor, Smith long after wrote, "I never can speak of him but with idolatry, and have ever looked upon it as one of the greatest blessings of my life to have lived in the days of Garrick."

laugh and almost boisterous activity was invaluable where a piece had to be "carried" through by bustle, was perhaps the most difficult of all to deal with.

For so valuable an actress, Garrick had her services on easy terms—£300 for one hundred and eighty nights. On so mercurial a lady a "light rein" was necessary: the least indulgence would develop into licence. In a good-humoured way Garrick would warn her that any neglect of theatrical duty must be severely punished. "Take care," he said to her, "or you will be surely 'caught'." On the following Saturday this lively creature went down in a friend's carriage to a merry-making at Greenwich. In her absence "The Devil to Pay" was suddenly put up, and she was sent for. Her maid, like herself, was out for the day, and had the keys of the wardrobe. Nor was there *in* the wardrobe, the proper dress for the part. Down at Greenwich she was disturbed by the messenger of the angry manager, and one of the gentlemen was so obliging as to relieve her mind, by sending in one of his grooms to say, that she would come after all, if she was wanted.

For this offence she was heavily fined, and she wrote a pettish, indignant letter of expostulation, which was *all* bad spelling. It must be said she made out an excellent case, that it was *never before expected* of a performer to be in waiting, when their names are not in the *papers* or bills; and she reminded him that "she had never disappointed him four times, that she *always had good health*, and had been ever above subterfuge." "I hope," she goes on, "this stopping of money is not a French fashion. I believe you will not find any part of the English laws that will support this sort of treatment of an actress." His dislike to her was as mysterious as the reason he gave the Rev. Laurence Sterne for it, who was behind the scenes often. The Rev. Laurence, of course, told the actress what Garrick had told *him*. No one, of course, kept confidence with the good-natured manager. She had done everything to oblige him. Did it not cost her five pounds in coach hire, coming up and down to school Mrs. Vincent when she came out in *Polly*? "I have never envied you your equipages nor grandeur, the fine fortune you have already, and must still be increasing. . . . I have great regret in being obliged to say anything that looks like contention. I wish to be quiet myself, and I am sure I never laid any schemes in my life to make any one uneasy or unhappy." At the end she gives him warning that "they are *people of consequence*, who know the truth of what I say, and who will be very much surprised to hear how I have been treated."

It would be hard to be wroth with this true woman's letter. We may be sure the fine was taken off. No wonder that a little later she should think that he always had "a sneaking kindness for your 'Pivy,'" and she could own that he could be charming when he was good.

But a more dangerous rebel than "Pivy" was Mrs. Abington, whose insubordination was not relieved by the good-nature of Mrs. Clive. Mrs. Abington was an actress of great effect, in the good standard comedy parts; but she was always captious, making difficulties. "Could I put you on the highest comic pinnacle," he said to her, "I certainly would do it; but indeed, my dear madam, we shall not mount much, if your cold counteracting discourse is to pull us back at every step." When it was discovered that the play for the night must be changed to "The West Indian," as Reddish was ill, the lady took the usual airs. She was weak and ill: at three o'clock it surely was too much to expect her to read her part, get her dress ready, and find a hairdresser. She wrote to him hotly that he behaved with such incivility, that her health and spirits are quite hurt by it; if Mr. Garrick really thinks her such, as he is pleased to describe her in company, he can readily find the remedy, by relieving her from her engagement.

The manager, however, as usual, has the best of it. She had played the character before in the season, he said, therefore she could not want much preparation. The message had been sent to her in the morning, not at three. "You knew our distress yesterday almost as soon as I did, and did not plead the want of a day's notice, clothes, hairdresser, &c. Though you were in spirits, and rehearsing a new farce, you suffered us to be obliged to call on the lady of another house, to do your business, when neither our distresses, the credit of the theatre, or your own duty and justice, could have the least influence on you. These are serious truths, madam, and not to be described as the lesser peccadilloes of a fine lady." And as to her releasing him, his only hope was that he would be soon delivered from "the capriciousness, inconsistency, injustice, and wickedness of those to whom I always intended the greatest good in my power." Well might he recall the old loyalty, the sense of *duty*, of Woffington and Clive.

Another time, she finds she has enemies about Mr. Garrick. She was called on to play to empty benches. Then she was jealous that Mrs. Barry was to have a better part, and appealed to the man whom she had so worried, to stand her friend. He answered her, "Let me be permitted to say, that I never yet saw Mrs. Abington theatrically happy, for a week

together. I am willing," he concludes, "to do you all the justice in my power; and I could wish you would represent me so to persons out of the theatre, and indeed for your own sake; for *I always hear this tittle-tattle again, and have it always in my power to prove that I am never influenced by any little considerations to be unjust to Mrs. Abington, or any other performer.*"

This tone had the best effect. For the lady wrote back, that his letter was "very cross," and there was in it "a coldness and severity" which added greatly "to the afflictions of your distressed humble servant, Frances Abington." It was no wonder that his heart was sickened with these discussions, recurring over and over again; for the same grumbling was sure to turn up presently, and the old unreasonableness had to be refuted all over again. Later on she told the prompter—"You will be pleased to let the manager know, that I am ill, though I thank God *I have not lost the use of my limbs, as he has been pleased to tell the public.*" The actors and actresses fancied that everything in the papers was inspired by Garrick.*

His opening of a treaty with Mrs. Yates was characteristic. "If you have no objection to enter into a treaty with me, be pleased to name your time and place, and I shall be as punctual as I ought to be to so fine a woman, and so good an actress." The lively Mrs. Yates answered in the same sprightly tone, but with a perfect eye to business. Considering her "novelty," to say nothing of her beauty, she required £700 a year; and as she loved to be well dressed—£200 a year for clothes. He agreed for £800 a year, including everything; and "Dickey," her husband, was to have £12 a week for one year. But in a few months came the usual airs. The first night she was announced she did not play, without giving any reason; and during the season she appeared about thirty times in all. Reasonably annoyed, Garrick wrote forcibly to her husband, protesting against having the business destroyed by these fancies. Only the night before, he had heard her acting with all animation; yet in the morning a message was left with the prompter, that they were "to think no more of her"—or that "she would send to let them know." At one time she expressed a wish for some comedy parts, and those she named were at once given to her. Then she declined them, "because they were in possession of another actress, and she was not indelicate enough to interfere with that lady." Yet the very next thing the manager hears, is her seizing on the part of *Belinda*, though it

* "If you imagine that I in the least countenance, or am accessory to, any scribbling in the papers, you are deceived. I detest all such methods of showing my resentment.

had long been the property of a leading actress in the theatre!

About three weeks later, she again took offence, and unreasonably refused to play *Almeria*. Garrick sternly rebuked her, as he could well do, when he pleased. The players had taken a fancy for playing a particular part, only on the night of their benefit, by which the house suffered. "I hope, therefore, Mrs. Yates will not be the only one to oppose so reasonable an order of the manager. I must, therefore, entreat her to comply with my request." The answer was in an extraordinary tone. "In respect to *Almeria*, I think it a part unworthy of a capital actress; but if my playing it for a few nights will oblige you, I am ready to do it. I cannot help concluding with a few lines from your favourite author:—

'O! 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength,' " &c.

This insolence, indeed, and the constant trouble in removing such fanciful grounds of offence, it is quite plain, had a great share in disgusting him with the stage. Even in this instance, he had come home ill, and, worn out with six hours' rehearsing, was trying to restore himself by a sleep in his "great chair," when this petulant note was brought in, and had to be answered.

It was nearly the same with all the ladies. Miss Younge, "the idol of Bristol," had been also in revolt. She refused to play *Viola*. "Madam," wrote the manager, "if you are able to play *Viola*, I suppose you will, as his Majesty of England—not the copper one of Drury Lane—commands it. If you should not find yourself fit, I will do the best in the power of yours, &c.—D. GARRICK." This, though a little ironical, was still good-humoured, and did not deserve the angry answer: "I do not understand what you mean by his Majesty of England, or the copper one of Drury Lane. I have on all occasions, without airs or *finesse*, come out to do my business, and felt it my pleasure, as well as duty; and therefore cannot think myself humanely treated, when I complain and feel the bad effects of a cough, that you should send me this haughty style of letter"—with more to the same point. Garrick wrote back bitterly, and thoroughly disgusted—"I am very warm, and sincere in my attachments; but if I find any actor or actress distressing me, or the business, unjustly or fantastically, I will withdraw my attachment the moment they show me *they* have none." He then complained, justly, that the theatre was growing quite demoralized by this new fashion, and reminded her,

with great truth, of the conscientious drudgery and sacrifices by which he had won his position :—"I was long the slave of the stage. I played *for everybody's benefit, and even revived parts for them, and sometimes acted new ones.*" No one was gracious enough to make such sacrifices for him. He might well be pardoned for reminding her that "there was a time when, by myself, I could fill a house ; that favour, luckily for me, the public still continue, or we might play to empty benches."

It must be confessed, however, that he dealt out a little hard measure to Miss Pope, so long one of the pillars of Drury Lane, the original *Polly Honeycomb*, and creator of a host of gay parts. After many years' service she proposed a new engagement, with an increase of salary, which Garrick declined in some polite letters. The managers would be very sorry to lose her ; her place would be with great difficulty supplied ; but they hoped she would continue with them at her present agreement. She took their compliments impatiently, and wrote back hastily, that, as to her merit, it had been more than overpaid by the public, "*without even a paragraph to prejudice them.*" She was determined, she said, to shake off affection, and, like the Swiss, perform only with those who pay best. It is not surprising that the answer she received was a cold one—a reminder that they had lost Mrs. Barry to keep her, and a refusal to engage her.

But some months after came repentance—at least, the repentance that arose from want of an engagement elsewhere. She sent Raftor, Mrs. Clive's brother, to intercede ; but Garrick was firm. She then got an offer from Ireland, which she shrank from, as it cut her off from all her friends. She implored of him to forgive an error, not proceeding from a bad mind, but a foolish one. This was their first disagreement in fourteen years ; and with humiliation she laid it to the account of the little vanity which is inseparable from the profession. "As I know no excuse to palliate my wrong conduct, I must rely upon your generosity to forgive, and still to be my friend." It seemed hard to resist so piteous an appeal ; but Garrick, with a sternness not common with him, was immovable. The expressions, want of affection, *turning Swiss*, he said, were as harsh as unexpected. Her letter had given him great pain. Still, after her final answer, he had given her two months, in the hope of her seeing her mistake, and returning to her business ; "and let me add, in spite of your frequent incivility to me, to your best friend," for he had always tried "to be not only just and friendly, but fatherly, to Miss Pope." Now it was too late. Her parts had been given away—new engage-

ments had been made. It was, therefore, impossible to give her a situation "at the theatre that could possibly be agreeable to her." This might seem a little harsh on the manager's part; but he was tired out with these vagaries, and perhaps disgusted by ingratitude.

She went off to Dublin, miserable. But she left behind her a faithful friend and intercessor. Kitty Clive, no longer fair and young, but old and raddled, pleaded hard for the exile, her poor unfortunate friend, Miss Pope. She remembered only that fine, just, upright heart, so little sensitive to the shadows of an old grudge or spite. "By this time, I hope you have forgot your resentment, and will look upon her behaviour, as having been taken with a dreadful fit of vanity, which, for that time, took her senses from her; and having been tutored by an affected beast, who turned her head: *but pray recollect her in the other light, a faithful creature to you, on whom you could always depend*; amiable in her character, both in her being a very modest woman, and very good to her family; and to my certain knowledge, has the greatest regard for you. Now, my dear Mr. Garrick," pleads hard the good-natured being, "I hope it is not yet too late to reinstate her, before you quit your affairs there: I beg it, I entreat it: I shall look on it as the greatest favour you can confer on your obliged friend, C. CLIVE." This was not to be resisted. The poor actress had been writing humbly from Dublin, that as "every interested view" was at an end from his leaving the stage, "she could lament that without suspicion of flattery, and own that he had been the father of it. I am not sorry that this was my year of banishment, since it would have given me much greater pain to have been present." She did not know what was in train. A few weeks later, the glad news reached her. Garrick, whatever he did, always did it handsomely, and bade her name her own terms now. Her heart was too full, and words could only faintly express her joy. If she should have once more the pleasure of seeing him, he will receive her as his prodigal daughter. "Pardon my detaining you so long; but I am so happy, and in such good spirits, I had quite forgot myself."*

This little picture is creditable to all. Clive is the real figure of the situation—a woman of true stuff and true heart, and whom Garrick's fine temper could appreciate at her real

* Perhaps I also ought to make some such apology to the reader; but these little touches are of real interest, and are all the time working out the view of Garrick's character.

worth, in spite of many outbursts of temper and serious insults; for such discrimination and allowance was one of his real virtues, and real charms. Yet there was something disheartening in this ceaseless struggle with women—this endless remonstrating against airs and humours, which began again in one so soon as they were baffled in another. At his time of life, such contests became inexpressibly wearying and dispiriting. And though “three women did not drive him from the stage,” they sickened and fatigued him.

Clive must have been most diverting in the green-room: her gifts, her temper, her humours, her airs, her noise. Every one was delighted to note how the manager quietly slipped out of her way when she was in one of her “fits;” and how she was seen rushing here and there, looking for him. For she thought he planned everything on purpose to annoy her: as when he added a new character to his farce of “*Lethe*,” and which he introduced to set off her benefit, his name only was given—“the new character of *Lord Chalkstone* by Mr. Garrick.* Her hostility was, indeed, often carried beyond decent lengths, as when he entered, on the first night of “*Barbarossa*,” in a “glittering silver-spangled tissue shape.” I shall give the amusing Wilkinson: “when Mrs. Clive, *instead of Court adulation*, cried out, ‘O, my God! room, room! make room for the royal lamplighter!’ which rudeness disconcerted him much for the remaining part of the evening; and certainly it was

* This was most pardonable in the case of an after-piece. Yet in the bill her name is set down! Wilkinson gives the scene in a few dramatic and spirited touches. “Madame Clive at noon came to the theatre, and furiously rang the alarm bell; for her name being omitted was an offence so serious that nothing but Blood! was the word. Could she have got near him, and he had been severe in his replies, I dare say she would have deranged King David’s wig and dress, as adorned for *Lord Chalkstone*. Mrs. Clive was a mixture of combustibles: she was passionate, cross, vulgar; yet sensible, a very generous woman, and, as a comic actress, of genuine worth—indeed, indeed, she was a diamond of the first water. When her scene of the *Fine Lady* came on, she was received with the usual expression of gladness on her approach, as so charming an actress truly deserved; and her song, from the Italian opera, where she was free, with a good ridiculous take-off of Signora Mingotti, was universally encored, and she came off the stage much sweetened in temper and manners from her first going on. ‘Ay,’ said she, in triumph, ‘that artful devil could not hurt me with the town, though he had struck my name out of the bill.’ She laughed and joked about her late ill-humour as if she could have kissed all around her, though that happiness was not granted, but willingly excused; and what added to her applause was her inward joy, triumph, and satisfaction, in finding the little great man was afraid to meet her, which was of all consolations the greatest.” There is a singular charm of quaintness and simplicity in these pictures of Wilkinson’s which will make the reader excuse me for quoting so much of them.

too free, and not well timed, as he was tremblingly alive all over, on the first night of a new play." Yet Clive had the good old honest loyalty to her profession.

CHAPTER IX.

MOSSOP'S END—GOLDSMITH—HENDERSON.—1772-1775.

THEN came the ill-fated Mossop, who was so celebrated for the expression of anger, and for strange breathings and blowings, and rolling eye. After his death, one of his play-books was discovered "marked" with "much breath," "eyes upwards," "surprise and peevish," "breathe out," "slow step," and "head declined," and "*G-tone*." But we ought not to laugh at the old tragedian. He had fallen on evil days. At Dublin, during his brief reign, it was his stately practice to light his theatre with wax whenever the august genius of Shakspeare was invoked. Then with his brief struggle and slender prosperity, soon came decay, in spite of the "Lady Patronesses, the Countess of Brandon, Lady Rachel Macdonnell, sister to the Earl of Antrim," and the rest. His story seems almost piteous: his desperate difficulties, his arrests, his dismal end in London.

In this episode Garrick was to appear in a character full of dignity and compassion, and in which, too, from one whose life had been spent in vilifying him, was to be wrung a death-bed *amende* and acknowledgment of repentance.

He had for some time lost sight of the tragedian, whose very name must have always brought back unpleasant associations to him. When Mossop quitted Drury Lane, we have seen that he went to Dublin, where the fatal craze for "managership" took possession of him; and the desperate and costly struggle between him on the one side, and Barry and Woodward on the other, is one of the most exciting chapters in the history of the Irish Stage. We have seen, too, how Garrick helped him there. In the end, the fortunes of all were wrecked, and after a miserable contest of some years, the combatants dispersed, overwhelmed with ruin; while Mossop found himself back in London, quite broken in spirits, health, and fortune.

He had some friends, who strongly pressed him to appeal once more to Garrick; but the tragedian had still his pride to support him, and disdained to make such advance. He said that Garrick knew very well that he was in London. No

man had less pride of that sort than Garrick; but he knew what was due to his own dignity and interest. In this state of things no application was made, no offer came, and the season went by.

A friend then proposed that he should go abroad with him as a sort of companion, which he did, and he enjoyed the luxury of the Grand Tour. He returned in about a year's time; but, it was noticed, was now quite changed, having grown shattered, dilapidated, wasted, solitary, and gloomy. The lustre of his eye, which had been so effective in tragedy, was dimmed. Again it was pressed on him that he should make overtures to Garrick; but he once more declined to stoop to what he thought such a humiliation. We may have some sympathy for this dignity in the broken actor; for he had been born a gentleman, and educated as such, and something must be allowed for the stiff old "Irish pride." Among the friends who interested themselves for him was a certain young fellow "of parts," Welsh, later to be a Dissenting minister, and who frequented the theatres. He was always with Mossop, hearing from him the story of his wrongs. He was known to Goldsmith, and others of that coterie; but most frequented the circle where the small snarlers and sneerers at Garrick's reputation were busy. It was said, indeed, that he had sent in a drama, on a Welsh subject, to the manager, whose rejection—and the rejection of a play seemed to be the grossest of known human injuries—inflamed the author's enmity. He took up his friend's case, and in the most bitter and personal pamphlet, made a savage onslaught on Garrick. It was quite plain that in the materials he was prompted by Mossop, as he himself was a mere youth, and his memory could have furnished him with but few stage recollections. There was something violent and impetuous in his nature; and those who not so long ago could recollect the placid, unimpassioned face of the Unitarian minister—his tall figure, in its deep purple velvet suit—would hardly suppose that he had figured in the fierce theatrical wrangles of a past generation.*

This production was entitled "A Letter to David Garrick, on his conduct as a principal manager and actor at Drury Lane Theatre (1772);" and there were portions of it so *near* the truth, or so near what the world thought to be the truth, as to give Garrick sore annoyance. It told him, how strange it seemed that every actor was "shot at" in the public papers, from some corner, while Garrick always escaped. When, too,

* Taylor Records.

any article dealing severely with Garrick was offered for insertion, it was curious how it was always declined. He had discovered the secret. Mr. Garrick was the proprietor, or part proprietor, of most of the journals. There was a grain of truth in this. "Hence, I am afraid, the inimitable Mr. Garrick, the faultless actor," &c. But he forgot that enemies could indemnify themselves in pamphlets, as *he* was doing. How unworthy were the arts by which the manager and actor tried to crush every one with talent. First, he resorted to mimicry. It is well known that Quin was long the object of this ridicule; but he was too strong. Others of less power and ability were crushed and ruined. "You will recollect the cases of Ryan, Delane, Hallam, Bridgwater, Giffard, Sparks, Sheridan. If a brother in the profession is praised in company, either his face, figure, or virtues, you are *stretched on the rack*." Their private character was misrepresented by an adroit anecdote. In this way were treated Mrs. Yates, Woodward, Smith, Abington, all to please fops and persons of quality, "who admire everything from the mouth of that dear Garrick." His conduct as a manager was all to the same end—depreciating others. The best actors were huddled into processions and raree shows. This was to feed his vanity and avarice—though more his vanity than his avarice. "I have laughed to hear you say that you wished to retire at once if any successor could be found; but there was no one else who could draw a house."* How unworthy was his depreciating the splendid abilities of the departed Cibber, "and the chorus of wits who listen, take up the cue, and say she whined and walked with her elbows stuck close to her sides. Why, she was all nature and tenderness. You are mere stiff acting, and excite only admiration. I have seen you in 'Romeo and Juliet,' you all correctness and formality, she all melting tenderness; and yet they tell me, you talked in a room of acting your *Romeo* 'to a post.' Why is Barry thrust into parts wholly unsuited to him? Is it to exhibit him to contempt as the ruins of a great actor? *Why was Mossop excluded?*"

Then it went off into a very plain and personal account of the great actor's defects and peculiarities. This was done in a shockingly gross manner. It dwelt on his manner of grasping his forehead, and on his "strange twitches." "You are perpetually in the extreme," always struggling to show the whole face and "glare of your eye" to the audience. That face was

* It was true, nevertheless. If there was any falling-off in the houses, his name was sure to draw them again.

now all wrinkled. The motive of this attack might seem apparent. It was popularly ascribed to zeal in the cause of his friend. But when Garrick's desk and pigeon holes gave up their stores, a paper was found among them, addressed to Garrick, just after its publication, which shows the treacherous and Condottieri spirit that was at the bottom of all party warfare of the time. It was written, as it were, in a sort of friendly tone, and had the air of friendly warning. It was anonymous, and spoke of the new pamphlet just published, and of the danger to be apprehended from it. For it was "elegantly wrote," by a young man, who was "making himself a first-rate genius." He then gives the grounds of his suspicion as to the author, "whose name is Williams." He had been in his company, and heard him say that "he intended to revise you in the winter; that he was sorry to think you a thorough bad man; and that he thought it the business of every one to prevent you debauching the public taste and manners. This piece was elegantly wrote, and, to do you irreparable mischief, only wants to be generally known. I really think he intends to pursue his blow. You will fall into unmerciful hands; and I, who know your merits as well as your faults, would *wish you would take some method to undeceive this young man.*" Mr. Garrick might suppose the adviser might have some interest in this caution, but "it was all from regard to the young man. *He might be better employed, and his humanity better directed.*"*

This clumsy device was almost transparent. It actually came from "the first-rate genius" himself—and we can see it in his own handwriting, among Garrick's papers, to this day—who, after slandering the manager to show his ability, was now willing to be bought off from further attacks! It is the most curious specimen of the dangerous and unscrupulous tone of the "hack-writing" of the time, whom the feeble law of libel turned into bludgeon men, and garotters of society.

The stages in this little affair were like the scenes in a comedy. Both were acting. Garrick, however, was seriously scared; and, true to his timid, and it must be said, unprofitable policy, of conciliating such secret enemies, actually prepared a letter to Williams, as it were, asking his advice on the matter. "Give me leave to put a case to you, and entreat your reason and your learning (of both of which I have a great opinion) to determine for me." In conclusion, he said—"Such a complicated scene of treachery and falsehood was scarce ever

heard of. Will you give your advice, whether you think it would be best to *publish the whole matter*, with the evidence to *expose the monster*, or whether you would advise the injured person to desire a meeting with the party, and, as he is *a man of abilities, make him conscious of his evil doings*, and, like a true Christian, forgive him? A line directed to P.M., at the Somerset Coffee Room, will be safely delivered to your well-wisher and admirer. The writer of this letter will see you whenever you please."

This letter, however, was not sent. He, perhaps, thought it beneath his dignity to make such an appeal. It shows what his first impulses were. Some years before, the Welsh minister came to the Haymarket with a farce, that seemed coarse even to Mr. Bate, the fighting clergyman—and later this libeller of Garrick was taken into confidence and intimacy by Colman, the dear friend of Garrick. He became one of the figures well known and familiar in town, towards the beginning of the century: and the recipients of the Literary Fund have good reason to recall the memory of the Rev. David Williams.

This reckless advocacy of his unfortunate friend, Mossop—now ill and despairing—redeemed a good deal of his hostility. Williams tried to appeal to the public through the papers, but unsuccessfully; and "one Gibbs," publisher of Owen's *Chronicle and Westminster Journal*, forwarded privately to Garrick a letter signed "Menander" which had been sent for insertion, and obsequiously "begs Mr. Garrick's orders" in this matter, which he hopes will be kept secret, as it would be a disadvantage to him to have it known. He was most likely afraid of the bold and fearless author, "whom," he writes to Mr. Garrick, "you may guess." Menander's letter is in the same bitter key as the pamphlet, and has some dismal hints of the proud but degraded actor. Dr. Fothergill, he wrote, had ordered Mr. Mossop abroad, but he was still quite at the service of the public if called upon. "Mr. Garrick, being broker in this transaction, and Mr. Mossop's talents being commodities of a sort which *he does not choose to deal in*, the public may be disappointed and insulted one winter more with bad acting, farces, shows, and Mr. Garrick now and then, by way of a bad draw." Here was the prompting of the poor, broken tragedian, whose morbid dream was that the public was hungering and thirsting for the "great Mossop," his declamation and his "military plan," now old and exploded, and not worth satire. "You may be assured," goes on his friend, "if Mr. M. does not appear it is owing to the great Roscius, who not only hates a rival, but must have no one near him. . . . In short, it is as

false that Mr. Mossop is unfit for the stage, as it would be to say that Mr. Garrick does *not* speak through his nose, and has not lost the power of pronouncing many English words, and in all young characters does not look like an old, doating, shrivelled beau." These personalities were not likely to profit Mossop, who still stood aloof, and disdained to make any offer. Still decaying, morally and physically, he offered himself to the Covent Garden managers, who were inclined to accept his services; but Mrs. Barry, perhaps recollecting their old battles in Dublin, positively refused to appear in any part with him. The rest of his story is piteous indeed. He sank lower and lower, until about Christmas time, two years later, he was dying of a fatal illness, and almost of want. Williams, his advocate, attended him as a clergyman. Even then the solemn pomposity, ridiculed so long before, was strong on him. There was something almost grotesque in his devotional declamation; and in his last agony he seemed actually to speak of the attributes of the Great Being to whom he was hurrying, as if they were those of *Bajazet* or *Zanga*.

A change had come upon him. By and by his mind wandered away to Garrick, and his last moments were embittered by remorse for all the cruel motives he had so unjustly imputed to him. He acknowledged that it was all his own wretched pride, and he enjoined Williams to bear this reparation to the offended manager. "Great God, forgive," he said. "Witness not only that I die in charity with him, but that I leave him as a great and virtuous man. God Almighty bless and prosper him for ever!" As a matter of course, he owed a large sum of money to the man he had slandered, and this weighed on his mind. Soon after he died, and only a few pence were found in his pocket. Such was the end of the luckless tragedian, who had had a university education, and associated with fine gentlemen, and whom Dublin countesses had welcomed to their *soirées*, and gaming tables.

Williams wrote to Garrick, with the dying actor's message, and seems to have been struck with remorse, by the *amende* made on that death-bed. It is highly characteristic to see how he tries to make Mossop excuse *his* part in the slander. He makes Mossop say, "O my dear friend, how mean and little does Mr. Garrick's behaviour make me appear in your eyes, to whom I have given so different an idea of him." Williams added that his friend lamented the injustice he had done Mr. Garrick, not only in some pecuniary matter, "*but in giving ill impressions of your character to his acquaintance.*" This is highly curious; and it is plain that the Dissenting clergyman had some

twinges of conscience for his past behaviour, or perhaps wished to use the opportunity to make an *amende* to the injured Garrick.

The latter lost not a moment in acknowledging what he called this "affecting letter." All his resentment, both to the dead actor and to the calumnious writer, seemed to have utterly passed away. The whole account had distressed him exceedingly. He had always been at a loss to know what behaviour could have given Mossop that unkind, "and, I hope, unmerited turn of mind against me. I have been often told that his friends never spoke kindly of me." I suppose he could not forbear this little hint to his correspondent. "Had I known his distress," he went on, "I should certainly have relieved it. He was too great a credit to our profession not to have done all in my power to have made him easy, if not happy. Let me once again thank you for your very polite and agreeable manner in giving me this intelligence of our departed friend, for he was truly *mine*, in those moments when the heart of man has no disguise." Excellent, unrivalled Garrick! His placid dignity of heart was never to desert him; superior to every pettiness, his life gives to all in authority precious lessons of a charming sweetness and temper, and a wholesome restraint upon the passions, that would have done honour to an ascetic.

But now comes what seems another grotesque side to the affair. From his death-bed the unhappy actor had sent him a play that he had written, imploring of him to ease his mind by taking it for the benefit of his creditors. He had indeed left no money behind, beyond the few halfpence found in his pocket; and there was even a difficulty as to avoiding a pauper's funeral. Garrick was about to defray the charges of a decent interment (we do not hear that Williams, the actor's champion, moved in the matter), but a relation came forward at the last moment. Garrick then became seriously concerned about carrying out the poor actor's wishes. The worst was, he could do nothing. The play was like "The Patron," without the humour. "A most disagreeable affair has happened," he wrote. "What a scrape!" It is plain, from this tone, that he would have stretched a point to carry out poor Mossop's incoherent wish. The whole gives us a glimpse of one of the almost piteous scenes which take place in the tinsel world that lies beyond the green curtain.

The most ingenious, as well as the most ungracious, mode of getting rid of the burden of pecuniary obligation was reserved for Charles Dibdin. Others were eager, either to deny that

such existed, or to make them out smaller than they felt them to be. This player took the original course of boldly making the obligation itself an offence. The following is, I suspect, unrivalled in the bulky records of ingratitude and effrontery:—"As to ingratitude, no man can be ungrateful to you; he can have no obligation to you, but on the score of money, and that you ever take sufficient care to cancel by upbraiding him of it. The world, for my comfort, is kind and candid, and it shall be acquainted with every circumstance of your *kindness*, from the *hamper of wine* to the present transaction.—C. DIBDIN."* After this, Balzac might indeed have written a "Physiology" of the playwrights and the actors.

But now one of the great comedies of the century had been brought out, reluctantly by Colman, at Covent Garden—Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." While Garrick could thus accept pieces from clergymen, and Indian colonels, "stay-makers," and "rope-makers," it is to be lamented that he should have done nothing for a real genius of his time, a single scene of whose plays was worth whole trunkfuls of such work. The names of Garrick and Goldsmith should have been associated in the history of the stage, and his two admirable comedies have belonged to Drury Lane. Here again we come on ground that has been travelled over in the most captivating of modern biographies, but something may be added as to Garrick's share in the matter.

It must be remembered that Goldsmith had already publicly assailed the manager, on this very score of his treatment of dramatic authors. Garrick was deeply hurt, and had declined on this account to assist the poet, when the latter waited on him in person, to solicit his interest for a vacant office; and finally, when a reconciliation was sought, it seemed apparently sought for the purpose of introducing a new comedy. In a negotiation so commenced, the author could expect nothing from favour. It should be observed, too, that this was his first attempt in *that* department.

The piece was written in what might be called a new style, treated with a bold and unconventional humour, which quite alarmed Garrick. He required alterations—a privilege, it must be remembered, he always insisted on unsparingly. Goldsmith proved impracticable, altercation followed, and finally Garrick, following what had been his favourite precedent in such disputes, offered to refer the matter to arbitra-

* Sept., 1775. *Bullock MSS.* It was rightly indorsed by Garrick, "Dibdin's Consummate Impudence, Folly, and Ingratitude."

tion. This was ungraciously declined, and a fresh quarrel was the result. At their last meeting, Goldsmith went so far as to charge Garrick with a vindictive recollection of a former quarrel. We may believe Garrick when he assured the author that he had forgotten that attack; of which indeed the author had evidence in a small loan which the manager had advanced to him. Yet Garrick's judgment was not, after all, far astray. He was not so Quixotic as to affront the taste of an audience, however he might disapprove of that taste. On the first night the play had nearly been shipwrecked, and the broader portions had to be cut out in future representations.*

In 1773, when the new piece was ready—the fresh and admirable “*She Stoops to Conquer*”—and when, after infinite pains and piteous entreaties, he could not get the *other* manager to bring it out, he withdrew it hastily, and sent it to Garrick. Almost at once, he recalled it, on the ground that he was entitled to rely on Colman's positive promise, “though I confess your house, in every respect, is more to my wish.” Colman was almost forced by pressure of friends to keep to his engagement. It will thus be seen that in the temper of the town, managers were not a little afraid of the doctor's piece, which was in advance of the time. He himself owns in his preface that it was “dangerous.” A kindly prologue was supplied by Garrick. Such was poor Goldsmith's condition at this stage, his miserable state of mind and circumstances, that we may be convinced, had he appealed to Garrick in the same imploring strain that he had appealed to Colman, the comedy would have appeared at Drury Lane. But due allowance should be made for those business heads and practical minds with which sensitive natures come in contact, and who, with every wish to be just, have neither time nor inclination to be soothing or reasoning, meet with a jealous resistance, and having done what they think is fair, go on their way.

* Victor may represent the judgment of the profession. “The *low scenes* in this comedy, though naturally (perhaps too naturally) written, were disliked by the audience the first night. . . . With all its errors, it appeared to be written by a man of genius, not sufficiently practised in dramatic writing.” Whenever the writer of this memoir has seen these two comedies, it was invariably the case that the “low scenes” produced little effect. For this reason: *Twitcher* and *Diggory* were always so outrageously *overdone*, as to become vulgar and offensive. This may have been the case in Goldsmith's day. There are also strange dramatic improbabilities in both plays, such as *Leontes* bringing home a girl whom he passes off as his sister; *Sir William Honeywood*, a man of mark in diplomacy, yet passing undiscovered, and proving he was *Sir William* by merely “showing his star;” and *Mrs. Hardcastle's* not recognising her own garden and grounds.

To this little *aigre* tone we perhaps owe the famous "Retaliation," and the portrait of Garrick, which has been justly called "quite perfect writing." That meeting in 1773 at St. James's Coffee House, where Goldsmith, with his last sickness almost upon him, challenged his friend to write an epigram against him if he could, has been often described. Garrick, who told the story afterwards,* describes himself as immediately saying "that his epitaph was finished," and then at once saluted the confounded poet with—

"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

It is probable that the "point" of this epitaph was in Garrick's head before. Among his papers I find this very couplet carefully put by, and introduced with a little preface, an expanded shape of which was afterwards prefixed to "Retaliation." He evidently thought lightly of his little production. "The following," runs the introduction, "was written by Mr. Garrick, upon a challenge by Dr. Goldsmith, which *could write the other's epitaph the soonest.*"† This—a little different from the version given by Mr. Cunningham—makes the situation more characteristic still, and explains the sudden discomfiture of the poet, transfixed by these two smart lines. "N.B." goes on the little scrap, "Goldsmith could not, or would not, write upon Mr. Garrick's extempore; but produced some time after his epistle now printed, called 'Retaliation,' and in which occurs the character of Garrick, with the compliment, 'An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.'" Mr. Forster has convincingly shown, that Garrick's statement in the preface, that Cumberland's and the other verses were written to provoke the doctor to a reply, is a mistake.‡ Finally came his official reply. Not one of these attempts even approaches the unsurpassed touch

* In a little preface meant to have been prefixed to the collection of replies to "Retaliation," and given in Mr. Cunningham's "Works of Goldsmith."

† Hill MSS.

‡ And this view seems to be supported by the various scraps and notes to be found amongst Garrick's papers—mostly rude drafts and experiments at a retort, in which the "dishes" and cookery metaphors are worked very diligently, the hint of which he must have got from "Retaliation." It shows, too, how he chafed under the smart stroke of Goldsmith's reply.

"Are these the choice dishes the doctor has sent us,
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?" &c.

Or again, "On Dr. Goldsmith's Cookery"—

"This is Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books:
Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks."

of "Retaliation," which Goldsmith had indeed "wrote like an angel."

"JUPITER AND MERCURY.

"A FABLE.

" 'Here, Hermes,' says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
 'Go fetch me some clay; I will make an odd fellow.
 Right and wrong shall be jumbled—some gold and some dross,
 Without cause be he pleased, without cause be he cross.
 Be sure as I work, to throw in contradictions;
 A great love of truth—yet a mind turned to fictions.
 Now mix these ingredients, which warmed in its baking,
 Turn to learning and gaming, religion, and raking.
 With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste;
 Dip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste.
 That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
 Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail.
 For the joy of each sex on the world I'll bestow it.
 This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet,
 Tho' a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
 And among brother mortals, be GOLDSMITH his name!
 When on earth this strange mixture no more shall appear,
 You, Hermes, shall fetch him, to make us sport here!'"

Again we may heartily wish that the two had known each other better. A man of the world like Garrick could not help feeling a little of the good-natured contempt, or patronage rather, which so many of the poet's friends had for him. Yet from Goldsmith was to come the actor's finest panegyric. Presently, when we are summing up the character of the great actor, that exquisitely finished miniature in "Retaliation," familiar as it is, shall be before us.

It must have been the morbid fretfulness, the "something on his mind," of Goldsmith's last days, so pathetically described by Mr. Forster, that made him speak unkindly of Garrick in company—saying that some little compliment of the manager to royalty was "mean and gross flattery." He thought he was hardly treated by the world, and by that friend. Yet we have that pleasant little scene at Beauclerk's House, a few doors from Garrick's, where, before Lord Edgumbe, and Walpole, and some more, the table cloth was put over Garrick, and Goldsmith's hands held out, and whilst Garrick declaimed in

Or "another"—

"Reader, here lies a favourite son of fame,
 By a few outlines you will guess his name.
 Full of ideas was his head—so full,
 Had it not strength, they must have cracked his skull.
 When his mouth opened all were in a pother,
 Rushed to the door, and tumbled o'er each other.
 But rallying soon with all their force again,
 In bright array they issued from his pen."

his finest style *Hamlet's* speech to the *Ghost*, Goldsmith made grotesque gestures at the wrong moment. No wonder the audience shrieked with laughter. Garrick had gone away, to his theatre, for a new play, and Walpole, who could not join in the laugh, reports that he never saw any one come back "so vain or so fidgety." Poor Garrick! the play was by a friend who had hosts of enemies, and whose name was concealed on purpose. No wonder he was fidgety.

If we strike the balance, Goldsmith's conduct was certainly the most petulant: the imitating Foote, in trying to injure a new play, by making the pit laugh, would have deeply offended a gentler temper than Garrick's; and the making it a ground of quarrel that a manager should object to portions of a play, and require them to be altered before he would accept it, seems ludicrous. Still, Garrick later was ready to reproduce the "Good-natured Man" at his own house, and almost willing to break through his stern rule, and undertake a new character which Goldsmith was to write for him, instead of *Lofty*. Goldsmith owed him £40, and on the poet's piteous request, he added £60 more. He talked cheerily of a new comedy from Goldy's bright pen. "May God preserve my honest little man, for he has my heart," wrote the poor poet in a tumult of gratitude.*

This same year, 1773, found the old irrepressible Macklin, who has appeared so often during this narrative, turning up for the last time at Covent Garden. This veteran had a new idea, and a very correct one, in his head; and it shows what force of character he possessed, when so *passé* a player could persuade the managers to adopt it. Long, long before, he had anticipated his enemy, the young and sprightly Garrick, in the true principle of giving a character naturally and easily; and had played his *Shylock* before Mr. Pope, in a red hat and gaberdine. That was in the old pleasant Bedford days, when Woffington and they were keeping house together, when the world was young. Now he was about to give *Macbeth* on the same rational principle as to costume; and thus, at the end, was to anticipate Garrick in another reform. It does seem strange how Garrick could to the last have adhered to the general officer's scarlet coat and cocked hat. Macklin adopted the tartan and kilts; and though some irreverent ones among the audience fancied they saw "an old piper stumping down" the stage, the good sense of others acknowledged his taste and judgment.†

* Garrick endorsed the letter "*Goldsmith's Parlayer*."

† Yet it is said that the kilt and tartan are as much an anachronism for *Macbeth*, as the scarlet of George the Second.

A good actor and a great actress, who came out just as he was retiring, have been put forward as special instances of his jealousy, and seemed to have favoured the unworthy impression that he wished to keep back their talents. The actor was Henderson, the actress Mrs. Siddons. A very simple statement will show the untruth of this charge.

At the Bath Theatre was this rising young player, whom he had much encouraged. He gave him introductions to some of the most influential people of the place. The young man became the leading actor there, was taken up by friends and flatterers, who gave him the name of "The Bath Roscius." In voice and manner, people fancied he was like the greater Roscius—so like, that he used to give imitations of Mr. Garrick everywhere. He was soon set up, according to the usual tactics, *as a rival to Garrick*, equal if not superior, and he presently went up to London, in the hope of being engaged. Giffard—the old Giffard of Goodman's Fields—here suddenly flashing up into life, sees him rehearse, and makes an old man's prophecy of future fame. It was he who at first discerned the genius of the great Roscius, and this fresh praise quite upset the youth. Garrick was kind and indulgent, made him give his imitations, as he had made Wilkinson do, in the old, old days. He was greatly entertained at the likeness of Barry and Woodward, and then, in his good-humour, insisted that he should give *him*. The young man objected, but was persuaded by friends to give Mr. Garrick in *Benedick*. They were delighted. There followed a little scene, out of the pleasant comedy of human nature. Mr. Garrick sat in silence for a few moments, then walked across, saying that: "Egad! if *that* was his voice, he had never known it himself; for upon his soul, it was entirely dissimilar to anything he conceived his to be—totally unlike any sound that had ever struck his ear till that moment." The foolish actor found plenty to laugh at his grotesque portrait of the real Roscius. Still the latter, said Henderson's friends, "treated him *with apparent good-nature*." He even took pains in instructing him, and went over scenes with him. But it was given out that Garrick was deeply wounded, and Mr. Henderson's Bath friends insisted that he was, besides, consumed with a mortal jealousy.

An actor's *vade mecum* might be made out of the acute and wise counsels of Garrick; and this admirable letter of advice to the young Henderson should be laid to heart by every actor:—

"Hampton, Jan. 5th, 1773.

"SIR—It is with the greatest pleasure I hear of your success:

the continuance of it will in great measure depend upon yourself. As the older soldier, I will venture to point out some rocks which former young men of merit have split upon. Too much intoxicated with the applause they had received, and more inclined to be flattered by their inferiors than pursue the means to increase their reputation, they have neglected study to keep indifferent company; by which behaviour their little stock of merit has been soon exhausted, and in exchange they have got the habit of idling and drinking, contenting themselves in public with barely getting the words of their parts into their heads, and in private with the poor, unedifying, common-place gabble of every ignorant pretender who (to the disgrace of it) belongs to a theatre. You must not imagine that I would have a young man always at his book; far from it: it is part of his business to know the world; and conversation, provided it is creditable, will be of the utmost service. I would have you endeavour to read other books besides those of the theatre. Every additional knowledge to that of your profession will give you importance. The majority of actors content themselves (like parrots) with delivering words they get from others; repeat them again and again without the least alteration; and confine their notions, talking, and acquirements to the theatre only, as the parrot to his cage. The last and chief matter is your preservation of that character which you set out with, of being an honest man: let no inducements prevail upon you to break your engagements; steadiness and perseverance will, though *slowly*, bring you *surely* to the best end of all our actions; while flights, rambling, and what some call *spirit*, will mislead, distract, and destroy you.—So much for preaching.”

The jealous man, however, was now willing to engage him, though the “friends” tried to force him on Garrick on their own terms.* The haughtiness and imperious tone in which the negotiation was conducted—the all but open insinuation that Garrick had mean motives in all he did, whatever that means—reads amusingly. Garrick’s terms seemed liberal. It was not very clear, or the actor did not wish it to be clear, whether Henderson was free to engage or not. Garrick did not wish to have the air of being too eager, and required at least the trifling homage of an application. With an absurd coquetry the other plotted with his friends. “Garrick’s scheme

* Ireland, Henderson’s friend and biographer, wrote without having seen the latter’s grateful letter to Garrick, thanking him for interfering in his favour in a quarrel with the local manager at Bath.

appears to me thus : Let Henderson be tempted by his friends and his own ambition to come to London, he will *then apply to me*, and I can make my own conditions. He will then be considered as one whom I patronise and protect ; whereas, if I apply to him, he will make conditions with *me*, and from my acknowledging the *want* of him, I cannot have him at my *beck*." Surely no class of "poor humanity" shows us such strange things as the fretful, sensitive world of players. No wonder Garrick was wearied ; for here, nearly at the end, was the old Mossop and Sheridan story repeating itself.

At last a proposal was made, but guarded, and in the most haughty tone. His engagement must be for three years certain. He wished to have the choice of his own plays, and parts : as Garrick said, "without regard to public approbation, justice to other performers, or the rights of a manager." Garrick was willing, indeed, to let him have a choice for the first appearance.* Naturally such a negotiation was broken off.† But in due time Garrick forgot all these passages, and warmly recommended him to Sheridan and the new management.

Now for the other "stock charge" of his being jealous of the gifts of his new actress, Mrs. Siddons, and of his keeping her back. It must be recollected that he was in no want of great actresses, when she was engaged. She had a mere provincial reputation, and made no success in London. She appeared in *Portia*, but was merely tolerated. Not until seven years had passed away, did she show herself the *great* Mrs. Siddons. Woodfall, a good critic, pronounced her acting merely "sensible," but unsuited to a London theatre. She herself speaks of him in a sore tone, and certainly affects to be aggrieved by his jealousy. She was dissatisfied at his low terms, five pounds a week. She believed that he engaged her merely to mortify Miss Younge and Mrs. Yates ; yet inconsistently owns, she was kept out of the great parts, in deference to those ladies. "The fulsome adulation," she said,

* Garrick's proposal seems very fair. Henderson was to begin with two parts of his own choice, and then to follow with others, that they should select. After ten or twelve nights, his salary should be fixed by arbitration, at any sum between five and ten pounds a week. "After his salary is fixed, he must become, *like the other performers, subject to my management wholly*." Here was the true secret of the success of Drury Lane—the *subordination of the players* to the theatre, not that of the theatre to the players. The latter was the first symptom of the decay of the stage.

† It shows us the usual treachery of Garrick's friends. Cumberland, under deep obligation to him, told Henderson he was ashamed of the part Mr. Garrick had acted, "and that *he would undertake to get whatever terms I pleased at Covent Garden*, which was the house I most thought of when I came to London."

“that courted Garrick behind the scenes cannot be imagined. His smiles were the object of all.” “You dare not,” she said, “cast a shadow on his nose without offence.” And yet the way in which his smiles were lavished on her, by her own account, was remarkable. She was a young girl—a stranger—yet before the haughty and hostile ladies of the green-room, he would lead her over to a seat, next himself. He sent a friend to watch her *Portia* carefully and report, and this friend could vouch to Mr. Boaden that Garrick was willing to bring her forward. But there were great difficulties. She had made no *succès* to warrant any exceptional promotion, and as he told her fairly, if she was put into the leading business, Yates and Younge “would poison her.” He chose her as his Venus in the Jubilee, and when the malicious queens of the stage artfully got before her in the procession, he purposely brought her down, to the very front. She was, indeed, nicknamed “Garrick’s Venus.” So too, in this his last season, the established ladies might fairly claim the honour of acting with him in all his “capital” parts, of which they had lawful possession.* Yet how did he behave to her? He gave her the best part in Mrs. Cowley’s pleasant comedy, “The Runaway,” while Miss Younge had the inferior one of *Bella*. When “The Suspicious Husband” was revived, to be played by him for his last appearances, she was his heroine, and her name was printed in “enlarged type,” one of the joys of the histrionic heart; and out of the last few nights, when all England was rushing to see and hear the last of Garrick, she was privileged to play with him in three characters: though she was pronounced “a lamentable *Lady Anne*.” She was, in fact, more favoured than was her due. When he retired, he promised to get her a good engagement with the new management. In this he failed. Sheridan, with characteristic faithlessness, told her that Garrick “rather depreciated her to them.” But Sheridan’s loose way of talking was proverbial. He may have not warmly praised talents, which she had not as yet shown, but he was incapable of secretly depreciating her. They did not find it convenient to engage her. I have no doubt from what we know of the “pleasant Brinsley,” that this was one of his many harmless exaggerations, devised on the moment to justify himself with the great actress.

It was indeed time to retire. The business and vivacity seemed to be passing over to Covent Garden, where there was

* See the Author’s “Lives of the Kembles” (appendix) for a curious account of Mrs. Siddons’ engagement. I have given a still fuller account in “The Theatre.”

a more spirited management, a fine company, and witty writers. For the management was in the hands of Colman, who had learned to be abstinent in the matter of his own writings; the company included Woodward, Bensley, Lee Lewes, Shuter, Quick, Lewis, the two Barrys, Mrs. Lessingham, the handsome Hartley, and Miss Macklin; and as for dramatists, there was the witty Sheridan, now fast mounting to eminence, with the admirable "Rivals" and his "Duenna." Such a competition would soon have become dangerous. Already the warning, *lusisti satis*, was in Garrick's ears.

CHAPTER X.

THE LAST SEASON.—1775-76.

WE are now arrived at the commencement of the last season during which this incomparable actor played. It was to be the most remarkable in the annals of Drury Lane. Great as had been the enthusiasm of the old Goodman's Fields era, it was to be as nothing compared with the approaching excitement. In comparison with it, the unmeaning *fureur*, which it has been the fashion to expend on the retirement of later actors and actresses, seems feeble indeed, or prompted by good-nature.

It is not too much to say that the whole kingdom prepared to take part in this ceremonial; not only the whole kingdom, but strangers from foreign countries—at a period, too, when the inconvenience and tediousness of travel quadrupled the importance of the compliment. People in remote corners of the country, who had been hearing of Garrick all their lives, now determined to go up to town, and not let this last and great chance go by. It was discovered, once more, that he was the finest, the most incomparable of actors. No one had ever approached him—his like would never be seen again. The welcome name of Roscius was again heard; the papers took up the old strain, and nothing was heard of but the approaching departure of Roscius.

Perhaps to do honour to the festival that was approaching, before the new season began, he made some very important alterations in the theatre. These were so extensive and serious, that the outlay must have been considerable, and it was a spirited proceeding on Garrick's part, considering that he had made up his mind to retire.

The brothers Adam, now architects of reputation, furnished the designs. The façade was fitted with pilasters, pediment,

balcony, and colonnade, and crowned at the top with the singular device of a military trophy—a helmet and a coat of mail. At one corner was a lion, at the other a unicorn. Great improvements were made in the approaches to the boxes, and part of the “Rose Tavern,” in Bridge Street, was taken to give more room.* The inside, too, was all remodelled. “It was noble,” he said. The decorations were in the Italian style, then in fashion, overlaid with the garlands and vases which spread over the Adelphi houses, and even over the chimney-pieces we see in old mansions of this era. The theatre seems to have been wider than it is now, and more in the shape of a square; and the seats were disposed in galleries, rather than boxes. Every one could see and hear to the best advantage.

He might, now, begin to feel a little nervous as to the profits from the theatre; which, most likely from the increased expenses of management, and not from decay of attraction, were falling steadily year by year. I find from a paper in the possession of Mr. Forster, that in the season 1769–70 the balance available, after all deductions, amounted to the handsome sum of £9,463. This left the partners nearly five thousand pounds each. But from that year of prosperity it began to grow less, and sank steadily, in the year 1776–7, to £4,500.† By a little account, too, for the season 1775–6, we can see what a handsome share Garrick had—£800 a year for acting, and £500 for management. Lacy besides owed him a large sum, for which Garrick held a mortgage on his

* At the north end of Cross Court, when Charles Lamb was taken to the play, there was “a portal of some architectural pretensions, though reduced to humble use, serving at present as an entrance to a printing office. This old doorway, if you are young, reader, you may know was the identical entrance to old Drury—Garrick’s Drury—all of it that is left.” This was written about 1820. It is now (1889) swept away. He was taken to the play in 1781, and heard the women in the pit crying—“’Chase some oranges—’chase some numparels—’chase a bill of the play!’” Among Garrick’s papers, was put away the following compliment:—

“ON THE NEW FRONT OF DRURY LANE.

“Garrick, ashamed to poke his nose
So sheepishly beneath the rose,
Resolves this year to put a front,
And set a better face upon ’t.
This face will never make amends
For turning tail upon his friends,
Who own, by general consent,
His face, the best stage ornament.”

Lloyd’s Evening Post.

† The renters’ renewal fines seemed to be equal to about £200 a-year additional.

share of the patent. Thus heavily engaged, he knew well how precarious was theatrical property, and rightly suspecting that the establishment would presently grow beyond the control of his sagacity, which was his real security, he chose, with wonderful tact, the right moment to withdraw. He showed his wisdom. Within an incredibly short time after his departure all was decay and ruin. He longed for an interval before the great curtain fell, which he might devote to "living as a gentleman." Sixty seemed a little premature, when we think of the many artists, singers as well as players, who have been so lost to their own dignity and self-respect as to linger ingloriously on the stage, which they totter across, mere wrecks and shadows, and whom audiences pity or tolerate with good-natured contempt. We may at least admire the wise self-restraint of Garrick, who determined to abstain in time, and carry away with him respect and admiration.

With the usual eagerness to have a precise cause for everything, the gossiping world settled that he had been driven from the stage by the persecution of three of his actresses. This notion was ill-naturedly relished, and epigrams were duly made and repeated. One ran:—

"Three thousand wives kill'd Orpheus in a rage;
Three actresses drove Garrick from the stage."

Another ran:—

" 'I have no nerves,' says Y——e: 'I cannot act.'
'I've lost my limbs,' cries A——n: ''tis fact.'
'Y——s screams, 'I've lost my voice, my throat's so sore'—
Garrick declares he'll play the fool no more."

The ladies alluded to were the vivacious Abington, Miss Younge, and Mrs. Yates—admirable actresses, and a trio whom it would be vain to think of matching at any theatre. Almost in the year of his departure from the stage, he had disputes with these petulant ladies, who were as froward as spoilt children; but more than two years before, he had formed his resolution, and was setting things in order for his retreat. It was not a sudden resolve, and many things combined to make it a natural one. In fact, the notion, as we have seen, had occurred to him often during his career. There was the weary burden of the theatre, with its discussions and responsibility, and his querulous partner. Its success as a speculative undertaking was precarious, and in a great measure depended on his own attraction; and when he lectured his contumacious actresses, he was quite warranted in reminding them that, with all their gifts, they were not sufficient lodestars to attract the town; but when the house grew thin, his appearance was

necessary to fill the theatre. This was the simple truth. Management, therefore, and acting formed a double burden, and one too much for him.

There were many symptoms of this want of discipline and growing decay; as when Weston would come drunk to rehearsal some morning, and be scarcely able to utter a word. Garrick was justly displeased; and still more so, when an officious amateur—Cradock—had the bad taste to interfere in favour of the actor. It was worse when the eye of the manager was turned away, and he himself was absent on some of his many visits. A friend looked in at the theatre to see the old and once popular “Zara,” and told him very plainly what he thought of the way the play was brought forward. He could not find words for the “incomparable badness of the performance,” nor could he decide which of the party were the most contemptible. “Such a miserable pack of strollers” he never saw. The worst was, the piece was cut down, and a ballet thrust in “head and shoulders.” This sketch shows how weary, and even indifferent, he was growing.

Abington, too, harassing him with attorney’s letters, and altercations about her benefit night, after securing his promise that he would play for her, finally announced that she would retire from the stage. It was the last thing in the world she meant to do. Her waywardness and impracticability were such that they had to take counsel’s opinion as to how they were to deal with her. The spite in this intention was apparent, which was to distract the attention of the town from the greater retirement now at hand. How bitterly he felt her behaviour may be conceived from his marginal remark: “The above is a true copy of the letter of that worst of bad women, Mrs. Abington, about her leaving the stage.” There must have been something malignant in this strange creature’s nature, for she seems to have been one of the very few to whom Garrick appears to have felt a settled resentment. Her persistently tedious behaviour seems to have sunk into his mind. “What you mean,” he said to a friend, “by ‘that black, but fair, defect,’ except *that most worthless creature, Abington*, I do not know. She is below the thought of any honest man or woman: she is as silly as she is false and treacherous.”* This was severe. Yet for the airs and caprices

* I find among his papers a little scrap of rhyme:—

“Tell me, Dame Abington, how much you gave
To that same dirty, dedicating knave?
Alas! that you should think to gather fame,
From one that’s only Gentleman by name!”—*Hill MSS.*

of these women there was some extenuation. They had true genius; "they knew their business;" they had fought and won their way up the ranks. There was one more serious reason also, which admonished him to withdraw.

It might be supposed that the rough, outspoken address of Williams, which uttered such cruel home truths, had come on him with a shock. It must have been a blow to be told suddenly, and for the first time, "You are getting old and getting stiff. It is a ludicrous exhibition to see you in young lovers' parts, like *Ranger* and *Archer*, where the spectacle of your trying to climb into balconies by rope ladders, and mimicking the agility of youth, is comic and humiliating. Rouge and powder cannot give back the bloom of youth. An old man, let him move ever so briskly, moves in straight lines, and turns almost at right angles." There was no softness in his eyes; they had grown hard, and "wanted the fine bewitching liquid which passion sends to the eye of the young." "Your voice is growing hollow and hoarse; your dimples are furrows," &c. This was heartless. When a wager, not in the very best taste, was made about his age by Governor Penn and another gentleman, and the point discussed in the papers and all over the town, Garrick wrote to answer the appeal which was made to him in rather a wounded tone. The Governor had wagered he was sixty, and begged he would decide the point. But it is evident that Garrick, showing that he was four years younger, was thinking ruefully of the plain speaking in the pamphlet. "His Excellency must know," he said, "that persons on the stage, like ladies upon the town, must endeavour, by paint, dress, and candlelight, to set themselves off for what they are not. My age, thanks to your Excellency's proclamation of it, has been published with a proper certificate in all the papers, so that I am obliged to resign all the love-making and ravishing heroes. The ladies, who are very quick in these matters, sit now very quietly in the boxes, and think that *Mrs. Sullen* and *Mrs. Strickland* are in no great danger from *Archer* and *Ranger*, and that *Jane Shore* may easily escape from a *Lord Hastings* of FIFTY-SIX." This was all the more trying, as such a wager could not have been laid unless it had been seen by his looks and conversation "that he was quite grown an old man." However, it was a warning, "and as you have so kindly pulled off my mask, *it is time for me to make my exit.*" This had an air of banter, but there was a mortification under the banter. It was a second hint, as rude and plain as the first.

So far back as October, 1773, he had given a formal an-

nouncement to Lady Hertford of his intention. Always a little sensitive, but wearing this sensitiveness on his sleeve, he was a little "sore" at having been neglected by Lord Hertford, the Chamberlain, and told her that he supposed his "retreat was too insignificant to announce to his lordship;" he hoped she would mention "this very trifling circumstance to my Lord Chamberlain." This little coquetting brought a charming answer from the lady, to the effect that "she desired to share with Mr. Garrick in his retirement when their Lord Chamberlain was deposed. But, till then, she thinks she can answer for it, that Lord Hertford will take every opportunity in his power to give Mr. Garrick pleasure, and never agree to anything that can give him pain."

Then, early in January, 1774, had come the death of his old friend and patron, Lacy; the sharer in his prosperity, and who hunted with his Grace of Grafton to win his patent, so many years before. This was a fresh reason, and was doubling the burden that was cast on him; for young Willoughby Lacy, who was his father's heir, seemed to inherit his father's quarrelsomeness. Almost at once, he raised the old point about jurisdiction, and after discussing his claim with Garrick in a friendly way, went and took counsel's opinion, which was in his favour, then wrote exultingly to Garrick to say that "Mr. Mansfield is of opinion that I have an equal right with you in the management of every branch of the business relative to the theatre." A short reply of Garrick showed his admirable knowledge of human nature, and at once lowered the tone of the young man. He was surprised, he said, at receiving the news that he had consulted counsel, "in a less amicable way than I proposed." "You do me justice in supposing that I have no wish to deprive you of any benefit that you are entitled to. I commend your prudence, and before I give you a final answer, I shall follow your example, *and be properly advised.*" The young man at once changed his tone, begged pardon humbly, and promised to make some proposals which would be accepted. All was then arranged smoothly. But Garrick was sagacious enough to see that this trouble would break out again. His health was bad. His painful malady was growing worse, and distressing him a good deal. Indeed, it was now his constant trouble, and gave him much distress and anxiety. It besides interfered with his acting; and violent exertion, such as falling on the stage, causing him great anguish. All these were reasons enough, without having to place it to the account of the rebellious behaviour of three lively actresses.

Yet he hailed the approaching emancipation with delight.

Of course there would always be regret, and perhaps a fancy that he was happier when in harness. "I shall shake off my chains," he wrote, "and no culprit in a jail delivery will be happier. I really feel the joy I used to do when I was a boy, at a breaking-up."

A little before Christmas he had thought of Colman as a likely purchaser, and privately proposed to him that he should take his share at £35,000. But Colman declined, on the ground that he would not be free, and would be trammelled by a partner. He had had already bitter experience of the ill-fortune resulting from such interference. He was, besides, thinking of the little theatre in the Hay, which was doing well. "Believe me, my dear Garrick," he wrote, declining the proposal, "I love and honour you, and have never, in my most petulant moments, gone beyond the *amantium iræ*. Take care of yourself; your dear woman will, I know, take care of you." As Lacy declined to dispose of his share, it was impossible to gratify Colman, and the negotiation came to an end. Sheridan then appeared, and, with two partners, began a treaty. The whole property was valued at £70,000. By twenty-eight years' good management, its value had thus been nearly quadrupled. Where Sheridan found the £15,000 he was to furnish, as well as other sums he found later, has never been shown. Linley and Ford, his partners, found £10,000 each, making up the sum to £35,000; and thus the matter was finally concluded, at the beginning of the new year, 1776.*

His friends were not sorry to think of this approaching release. Letters of congratulation poured in upon him, the most characteristic of which was one that came to him from the spirited lady he called "my Pivy." This lively creature was immensely amused at the jumble of purchasers she read of in the papers. "I thought I should have died laughing when I saw a man-midwife among them." Still she had her doubts about his being able to shake himself wholly free; and if he should not long to be dipping his fingers "in their theatrical pudding (*now without plums*), you will be no Garrick for your Pivy." Her sagacity was proved to be right. From her, too, he received a testimonial so genuine and hearty, that it must have rejoiced him. Its coming from one who was always at war with him, made it of double value, and gives a picture of

* We find him writing joyfully that "I have at last slipt my theatrical shell, and shall be as fine and free a gentleman as you would wish to see, upon the North or South Parade, at Bath." He had never played better in his life, but was resolved not to remain on the stage, to be pitied instead of applauded.—*To Clutterbuck, Jan., 1776.*

the true state of things behind the curtain. "In the height of the public admiration for you," said Clive, "when you were never mentioned but as the Garrick, the charming man, the fine fellow, the delightful creature, both by men and ladies; when they were admiring everything you did, and everything you scribbled, at this very time, I, *the Pivy*, was a living witness that they did not know, nor could they be sensible, of half your perfections. I have seen you with your magic hammer in your hand, endeavouring to beat your ideas into the heads of creatures, who had none of their own. I have seen you, with lamb-like patience, endeavouring to make them comprehend you; and I have seen you, when that could not be done, I have seen your lamb turned into a lion; by this your great labour and pains, the public was entertained; *they* thought they all acted very fine; they did not see you pull the wires." This seems fine and exquisite praise, and a noble testimony. It tells us of a world of hitherto unknown trouble, unwearied care and labour in the service of the public. But she goes on, with a warmth and generosity that does her infinite credit. She really sums up his stage life:

"There are people now on the stage to whom you gave their consequence; they thought themselves very great; now let them go on in their new parts, without your leading-strings, and they will soon convince the world what their genius is. I have always said this to everybody, even when your horses and mine were in their highest prancing. *While* I was under your control, I did not say half the fine things I thought of you, because it looked like flattery; and you know your Pivy was always proud; besides, I thought you did not like me then; but now I am sure you do, which makes me send you this letter." People little thought that the patient manager, petted and talked of everywhere, was all the while labouring so conscientiously with his corps. "By this your great labour and pains the public were entertained; *they* thought they all acted very fine; they did not see you pull the wires." No wonder Garrick marked this kind and spirited letter, "My Pivy—excellent."* It is really almost his finest testimonial—so

* Garrick, like his friend Johnson, was fond of coining these pet names. "Clivy-Pivy," "Haly-Paly," "Davy-Pavy." The airs of Clive were most amusing. When Garrick heard of her proposed retirement, he sent his prompter to ask if she was in earnest. To such a messenger she disdained to give any answer. The manager then sent his brother; and him she received with scant civility, saying, if his brother wished to know her mind, he might come himself. The good-humoured manager came at once, paid her many compliments, and asked her to remain. She answered with a look of contempt. The rest of the scene Davies reports. "He asked how

genuine, acute, and nice in its discrimination. The clever and generous creature spoke from her heart. She was indeed one of the pearls of the stage; and it may be worth noting how favourably a long life of honourable discipline acted then on the characters of the players.

Yet he was not to abdicate without knowing one more of his old theatrical riots; and it was certainly a little perverse, that after a long period of repose, and the perfect harmony that had reigned at Drury for so many years, a most disagreeable *émeute* should have signalized the last few months of his reign. It was a curious and dramatic episode. There was a tall, gigantic, "bruising" Parson Bate, who could fight his way through a "row" at Ranelagh Gardens, and who was ready to "go out," and get satisfaction with the pistol. So powerful and dangerous a character was, of course, likely to have some influence with Garrick; and his *Morning Post* was too formidable an engine not to be respected. A more singular character than its reverend editor could not be conceived. As one wrote of him, tenderly, "he was constituted, both in mind and body, for the army or navy, rather than for the Church." And the same "hand" also said, there was "a sportive severity" in his writing, which did not spare sex or condition, and brought him into unpleasant conflicts with the persons thus satirised. "But," added his friend, "he always manfully supported his character, and was wholly incapable of degrading concessions." And in this spirit, with Mr. Dennis O'Brien for his second, he went "out" with "Joey Richardson" in the Park, put a ball through that gentleman's arm, and distinguished himself in other encounters. Lord Lyttleton gave him a fine living, a good deal owing to Garrick's friendly instances, who stood to his friends loyally, through thick and thin, as the phrase is; and there was no such scrupulosity then, in the distribution of Church patronage, to make Garrick squeamish.*

much she was worth. She replied, briskly, 'As much as yourself!' Upon his smiling, she explained herself, by saying that she knew when she had enough, though *he* never did. Upon repeating his regret at her leaving, she told him she hated hypocrisy, for she was sure he would light up candles for joy, but that it would be attended with some expense." The reader, who has seen what *really* passed between the two great artists, will reject the latter portion of this amusing scene, as the vulgar tattle of Davies' Shop.

* "Did you read my foolish *religious* ode," writes Mr. Bate, on a Christmas festival, "on this day, to take the unwary in? Who cannot fail after this to set me down among the long list of the truly pious professors of the Gospel? When you sit in judgment on it, remember that I wrote it yesterday, while my hair was dressing." This obstreperous profanity was quite in keeping.

His rude personalities in his paper had made him hosts of enemies, and he was now venturing on the incautious step of bringing out a play at Drury Lane, called "The Blackamoor," which caused dreadful scenes of confusion. One man got behind the scenes, with an open knife in his hand, pursuing one of the people of the house, and threatened to "cut his liver out!" Woodfall, another editor, was nearly murdered.

This distressed the manager not a little. But the end of his troubles was fast approaching, and he was looking forward eagerly to the day that was to bring him release. He was full of hope and spirits, as mercurial as ever. "What say you," he wrote to his friend Colman, "if I should once more emerge from stone and gravel, and many other human infirmities and curses, and spring out again an active being, and exercise with the best of you. Since you left me, I have been upon the rack, and almost despaired of fighting a battle or committing a murder again." The reason of this rebound was a lucky visit to the Duke of Newcastle, where he fell in with an old Italian friend, who recommended a *nostrum*. Garrick could not resist these quack medicines, and was thought by his physician to do himself much harm by such experiments. This one he thought worked wonders. "It has taken away half the evil of my life, and at this moment—but Lord help us! we little men think nothing of swelling ourselves to a Hercules." Such was his pleasant temper always.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAST ACT.—1776.

EARLY in the year began that wonderful series of performances, in which he gave a round of all his best characters, each for the last time. The rush and excitement for places during this wonderful season has never been equalled, not even during the early Goodman's Fields era. The highest persons in the land were begging for boxes and places, and were disappointed.

A host of fine people came, and were crushed, and went away enchanted. Lady Colebrooke offered an extra sum for places; for she was desirous that her young children should see Mr. Garrick, and be able to talk of that night fifty years after. Wilkes, a faithful admirer and actor, was coming a long journey from Dublin to see his idol; and a greater compliment still, the charming Madame Necker—the heroine of Gibbon's

early love—was to journey over from Paris. The whole kingdom was in a ferment. There was besides an additional attraction of seeing him in a round of his great plays, long since laid aside. He could not oblige half his friends, and Dr. Percy,* of whose temper Boswell has given us a specimen, chose this inappropriate moment for an irreconcilable quarrel with his old friend. Another intimate friend, Sir Grey Cooper, was actually offended because he could not get into the theatre so often as he wished. He said he had moved the Theatrical Fund Bill in the House, and thought Mr. Garrick should remember that obligation. Yet he hears that a certain "Mons. Necker and a Dean of Derry have boxes every night." Very wittily he added, there was "a sort of *ministerial promise*" given, accompanied by a "gentle squeeze of the hand and a *measured smile of consent*"—a very happy description. But Garrick never forgot what was owing to his dignity. "When have I been inattentive to your and Lady Cooper's commands? The last box I procured for you has caused much mischief to your humble servant. My likings and attachments to my friends will, I hope, be remembered when my fool's-cap and bells will be forgotten." The other wrote to him that if, in the eagerness to enjoy the pleasure of seeing Garrick, anything petulant had escaped him, he begged his pardon most sincerely. This shows how excited the world had grown about this festival. There was this remarkable feature also. Other actors retire and make their bow in one night: Garrick's retirement filled nearly a whole season, and morally culminated on the last night.

"Richard" was kept for the end. "I gained my fame in *Richard*," he said, "and I mean to close with it." It was a pity he did not adhere to that resolution. He accordingly ordered a superb new dress. When this came home, he, with a little want of judgment, said he would play *Lear* in his "new *Richard* dress." His friends remonstrated, but he persisted. And yet from *Richard* he almost shrank. "I dread the fight," he said to his friend Cradock, "and the fall. I am afterwards in agonies." He was, indeed, now suffering acutely from a complication of maladies.

One of the earliest of these farewell performances was on the 11th of April, when the world saw the *Abel Drugger* for the last time. With what effect he gave it, and what feeling, may be

* It was Garrick's rule to allow no letters to be brought to him behind the scenes, so that his mind should not be distracted. Percy had come to the stage-door, and had sent in for a place, on one of these last nights, an application of which no notice could be taken. He never forgave Garrick.

conceived from a hurried note written the next day. "Last night I played *Abel Drugger* for the last time. I thought the audience were cracked, and they almost turned my brain."* During the next two months the others followed rapidly. Yet at such a time Colman would worry him. Garrick was then bringing out his plays, which had failed, and had written affectionately to offer him the refusal of the theatre. "Pray let me know what I must do," wrote the sweet-tempered Garrick, "for I cannot have such a burden upon my mind at this very distressing time, when my theatrical life is so near its end. If I am confused or unintelligible, impute it to 'RICHARD.' What an operation!"

On June the 5th, "Richard" was given, in presence of the King and Queen. The end was fast drawing on, and only a few nights more were left. On that night it was seen, with astonishment, that he was as active, as graceful, as in the old Goodman's Fields days—now, alas! so far, far off—when he was the gay, sprightly, "neatly-made" young fellow, in the flush of youth and triumph. With him played on that great occasion, Mrs. Siddons, who was scarcely equal to the part.

What a procession of characters!—his best and finest, made yet finer by the special character of the occasion, and his natural determination to excel himself. *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Richard*, *Lusignan*, and *Kitely* were the graver characters he chose. *Archer*, *Abel Drugger*, *Sir John Brute*, *Benedick*, *Leon*, and *Don Felix* made up the more varied round selected for comedy. It is, indeed, wonderful to see from this list how his real strength had gradually developed. Most of these characters were played from two to three times each; *Archer* but once, on May 7th; *Sir John Brute* four times. The lively actresses all played with him, and played their best. It needed all this excitement to carry him through; for he was suffering acutely. "Gout, stone, sore throat," he wrote, "yet I am in spirits." The excitement of these nights was long remembered. Curwen, the American loyalist clergyman, then in England, came often to Drury Lane door, but could not get in. Northcote, long after, used to tell of the crushing and the crowds. Hannah More, up from Bristol, could hardly trust herself to speak of the effect produced on her. "I pity those who have not seen him. Posterity will never be able to form the slightest idea of his perfections. The more I see him, the more I admire. I have seen him within these three weeks *take leave* of *Benedick*, *Sir John Brute*, *Kitely*, *Abel Drugger*, *Archer*, and *Leon*. It

* Forster MSS.

seems to me as if I was assisting at the obsequies of the different poets. I feel almost as much pain as pleasure."

There was, indeed, a pathos about the whole. He seemed to be in a sort of whirl. He spoke sadly of "the present situation of my affairs, of the last hours of my theatrical life, and my preparing for another." He then added, "Just going to perform *Benedick for the last time*," which was on May the 9th.

Was it at all surprising that he should feel quite unnerved on these trying occasions? Friends did not help him much. Steevens pressed him hard to give the genuine text of "*Lear*" as a novelty; but at such a crisis, he dare not trust himself to unlearn. Even in the morning, when going over some slight alteration, he became quite distressed and confused. After the play was over, a little scene took place in the green-room. Miss Younge, whose frowardness had given him much trouble, was the *Cordelia*, and he there took leave of her, calling her "his daughter," with a hearty wish that all blessings he had invoked on her on the stage, would be fulfilled in reality. The actress, affected by this kindness, said to him, "Sir, if you would indeed give me your blessing," which Garrick did in a very solemn way.

Old and dear friends were crowding up and rallying about him. Sir George Young came away from that night—praying, "that the evening of your day may be sweet and composed, is the sincere wish of your old and affectionate friend." For Beard, the actor chose at this favourable moment to make a request to Sir George Hay. "You are grown formal in your old age, my dear friend," replied Sir George. "Kiss the blooming wrinkles of my ancient love for my sake, and believe me always yours and hers." On the 8th, "*King Lear*" was given once more;* and then came round the fatal closing 10th of June, which was to be the last night for Roscius.†

Don Felix was the gay character selected; certainly not his best. The tremendous crowd that filled the theatre from floor

* Sir Joshua declared that he did not recover from *King Lear* for three days.

† The following passages from the diary of Curwen, the American clergyman, help to show us how great the excitement was:—

"*Nov. 29th, 1775.*—Saw Mr. Garrick in '*Hamlet*' at Drury Lane; in my eye more perfect in the expression of his face than in the accent and pronunciation of his voice, which, however, was much beyond the standard of his fellow-actors.

"*May 7th, 1776.*—Attempted to get into Drury Lane Theatre, to see Mr. Garrick in the character of *Archer*; but the crowd so great, that after suffering thumps, squeezes, and almost suffocation for two hours, I was obliged to retire without effecting it. Went to Mr. Silsbee's lodgings to tea.

"*June 5th, 1776.*—Walked to Mr. Green's; Major Brattle entered, and

to ceiling, were to be recreated with one last glimpse of true comedy, the like of which it may be suspected no one has seen since. From this choice, it may be concluded that the image of himself he wished to linger on a playgoer's mind, was of that tempered gaiety and airy sprightliness where so much of his strength lay.

What a night for Drury Lane! And what a night for the great actor—now at the end of his nearly forty years' service. There was not here any of the affectation and sham sentiment, that sometimes obtains at such leave-takings—too long delayed, perhaps, and too often to prove a mere rehearsal. As his grand eyes wandered round the house—and that house must have seemed to him a sea of friends' faces, and of friends' eyes—there were to be seen strangers and even foreigners, who had travelled from afar from distant countries;* there was presented that dim, but grand indistinctness of the crowded house, which to the actor can never lose its spell. But on such a night, it represented a boundless amphitheatre of the most friendly, genial, and affectionate sympathies, and exalted admiration.

Frenchmen present were struck by the almost mournful character of the scene. It must have brought to the actor's mind the early days—the old triumph of the little theatre at Goodman's Fields.† He himself thought that he played with even more spirit than he had ever done before. When Mrs. Centlivre's wit was done, and the curtain had shut out *that Don Felix* for ever, there came a moment of suspense, and

we three took coach to Drury Lane, to see for the last time Garrick in 'Richard III.,' by command of their Majesties; but were too late—house filled."

* Taylor.

† As I have given his *first* Goodman's Fields Bill, the reader will be glad to see the last (at Drury Lane) which I possess:—

The last time of the Company's performing this Season.

At the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane,

This day (June 10th, 1776), will be presented

THE WONDER.

DON FELIX, MR. GARRICK.

Colonel Briton, Mr. Smith. Don Lopez, Mr. Baddeley.

Don Pedro, Mr. Parsons. Lissardo, Mr. King.

Frederick, Mr. Packer.

Gibby, Mr. Moody.

Isabella, Miss Hopkins. Inis, Mrs. Bradshaw.

Flora, Mrs. Wrighten.

Violante, Mrs. Yates.

End of Act 1.—The grand Garland Dance

By Sig. Giorgi, Mrs. Sutton, and Mr. Slingsby.

even awe. The great stage was now quite empty, and then the departing actor was seen to come forward, very slowly. Behind, the stage filled with groups of the players, eager not to lose a point of this almost solemn situation. The sides became crowded with other spectators. Not a sound was heard. There was a solemn pause. No wonder, he said afterwards, that it was an *awful* moment, and that he seemed to have lost not merely his voice, but the use of his limbs, and that he thought his heart would have cracked. His face was seen to work, as he tried to speak, and with an effort he said—it had been the custom on such occasions to address friends in a farewell epilogue—he had intended following the practice, but when he came to attempt it, found himself quite as unequal to the writing of it, as he would now be to its delivery. The jingle of rhyme—the language of fiction—would but ill suit his present feelings. The moment was a terrible one for *him*, now parting for ever from those who had lavished on him *such* favours, and *such* kindness; and upon the very spot where all these favours were received, he was now—here he was utterly overcome, and could not go on, from his tears. (Recovering himself, he merely added, that he should *never* forget their goodness, and though his successors might have more ability, they could not surpass the pains he had taken to win support, nor the *deep* gratitude he felt. On this he retired slowly—up—up the stage, his eyes fixed on them with a lingering longing. Then stopped. The shouts of applause from that brilliant amphitheatre were broken by sobs and tears. To his ears were borne from many quarters the word “Farewell! Farewell!” Mrs. Garrick was in her box, in an agony of hysterical tears. The wonderful eyes, still brilliant, were

To which will be added a Musical Entertainment, called

THE WATERMAN.

The principal characters by

Mr. Bannister,
Mr. Davies, Mr. Codd, Mrs. Wrighten,
and Mrs. Jewell.

To conclude with the scene of the Regatta.

The profits of this night being appropriated to the Benefit of the Theatrical Fund, the usual address upon the occasion will be spoken by MR. GARRICK before the Play.

Ladies are desired to send their servants a *little* after 5 to keep places, to prevent confusion.

No admittance behind the scenes, nor any money returned after the curtain is drawn up.

The doors will be opened at half after 5.

To begin *exactly* at half-past 6.

turned wistfully again and again, to that sea of sympathetic faces, one of the most brilliant audiences perhaps that ever sat in Drury Lane : and at last, with an effort, he tore himself from their view.*

Though an afterpiece was to follow, it was not suffered to be played ; nor could the actors find spirit to perform it, after the affecting bit of tragedy that they had witnessed. When the curtain descended on that fatal tenth of June, it indeed shut out *the greatest* of English actors, whose like has never been seen since.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GARRICK CIRCLE—CHARACTER.—1776.

NOW was to commence for him a new shape of existence. With all that most reasonable excuse of weariness and ill-health, he must have been looking back wistfully to the old profession ; after all, to the actor *en retraite*, with opulence and ease and retirement from toil, *nothing* can have the old exquisite charm of the “House,” no company can equal the brilliant company, the rows above rows of faces in the boxes. Nothing can sparkle like the footlights, and no scent surpass the old familiar playhouse perfume.

Now we, also, may take the opportunity of glancing at that domestic circle who were about him, and of whom he was to see much more—those relatives who were so dependent on him, and for whom he and Mrs. Garrick had done so much.

It always seemed a pity that such a pair—so affectionate to all the world—had no children of their own, no objects for that affection. It would have been the fitting complement for their happy existence, and would have smoothed down

* In a letter of Charles Holland to Charles Mathews, this scene is described :—“ On the night Mr. Garrick quitted the stage, after the performance of *Don Felix*, in the comedy of ‘The Wonder,’ when he had delivered his FAREWELL ADDRESS, surrounded by all the performers of Drury Lane Theatre, the green curtain then closing the scene, Mr. Garrick turned round, and taking off his stage sword or foil, gave the same to his friend Tom King (the Lissardo of the play), saying, ‘ Here, Tom, I shall never more have occasion for this ; to you I bequeath it, as a memento of this night.’ . . . Upon the demise of Tom King this foil was sold by auction on the stage at Drury Lane Theatre, at the rehearsal for the benefit of the widow of T. King ; Mr. Mathews, the comedian, was the auctioneer ; Mr. Holland, the actor, was the purchaser.” Afterwards Mr. Holland made Mr. Mathews a present of the sword as “ *A memento of the Night.*” His buckles Garrick gave to Miss Hannah More.

many of those peculiarities for which an empty household is often responsible. Instead, he expended that affection on nieces and nephews, the children of George.

Peter Garrick's soul never travelled above the Lichfield business, the wine trade, and perhaps fishing. "Garrick and Bailey" was a well-known firm in Lichfield. Still he was always glad that his London brother should try and get him something. That good brother tried again and again, but it was very hard to find what would suit Peter. When the Duke of Devonshire became a Lord of the Treasury, in 1756, he invited Garrick to breakfast with him, and the actor took advantage of the friendly intimacy to plead for his brother Peter. He promised to do something "to draw you," writes David to Peter, "out of your melancholy, disagreeable situation. Indeed it is unworthy of you."* His old townsfolk from the country he did not forget, and was glad to see and entertain them when they came to London. "Last night I had some old Lichfielders to sup—Levett, the two Robinsons, and two Garricks, Dick Bailye."† Peter never married, but lived on in the old house, and survived his great brother some fifteen years. Their sister Merriall—the only one that survived—had married Mr. Thomas Docksey, a Lichfield gentleman of fortune; and that family might reasonably look to the bachelor relative, who was said to have accumulated £30,000, for a provision. But as he grew old he became childish, and would give away large sums of money to any one he met, and at last fell under the influence of a designing apothecary, named Panting. This person, with the assistance of a brother, who was an attorney, concocted a will, which they produced as his. It was contested by Mrs. Docksey, who had been named Peter's heir in a previous will. The case was conducted by Erskine, who, in one of his finest efforts, exposed the scheme of the apothecary and the lawyer, with masterly effect and success.‡ The will was set aside.

George Garrick, secretary, deputy, unofficial agent, and "factotum" at Drury Lane, was as familiar to the profession as the manager himself. By himself he never could have been heard of. His was a "fussing," meddling, whispering nature, a little mysterious, because known to have the ear of the greater David, between whom and troublesome persons he interposed usefully. In many instances George complicated

* Forster MSS.

† *Ibid.*

‡ The trial took place in St. Mary's Church! The speech is in Coleridge's *Watchman*.

things, and often brought trouble to the manager. There was another brother, "Billy," a captain in the army, who was never known outside his profession, and died obscurely at Minorca. Two sisters, Magdalen and Jane ("Lenny and Jenny"), were long since dead; a third, as mentioned, had married Mr. Docksey, or Doxey, a man of good fortune in Lichfield.

George Garrick first married a daughter of Mr. Carrington, a king's messenger, and lived with him in Somerset House. He had a large family, for all of whom the generous actor provided, though it was expected that Mr. Carrington, who was well off, would contribute. To the end he was extravagant, and sometimes dissipated.* When Garrick was abroad, an anonymous letter reached him, warning him of the lavish way in which his brother was "keeping women about him," a costly table, &c. But it had no effect on David. George was solicitor to the house—prepared all the actors' agreements, and managed the legal matters. For these services he received £150 a-year from the theatre. Garrick himself added another hundred a year, and he had besides a fortune with his wife. On such an income, he very improvidently sent his two sons to Eton, at a cost of £170 a year, which left a very small balance. He often asked for loans—even for two hundred pounds, which was sent at once.† Money seemed to be the test of affection invariably required from David Garrick. It was George's duty to have settled matters relating to the Fermignac affairs; but he had neglected them for years, and let

* It was often asked in the green-room, what name should be given to the salary he received for his nondescript services. Bannister said "hush money;" for when David was playing, George was always keeping silence at the wings—stepping on tiptoe, and calling "hush!" Whenever he joined the company, he was always asking, "Had David wanted him?" and it was a green-room jest, that he died so soon after his brother, "because David wanted him."

† "Garrick Cor., vol. ii, p. 198. "Dear Brother," runs his grateful answer, "the great agitation of mind I have been in will, I hope, plead my excuse for not returning you sooner my most affectionate thanks for your very kind and brotherly answer to my letter. Indeed, my dear brother, you have affected me much with your great kindness, and I could now dash out my brains that I should have either neglected or offended you; and I can assure you that the pangs I have felt from your withdrawing your love and affection from me, had at times deprived me not only of my senses, but almost of my life. For indeed it has been the cause of many and very long, as well as very expensive illnesses. . . . This, I hope" (his expenses for education, &c.), "will in some measure account for my application to you; but you will wrong me much, should you in the least think that I have not the warmest sense of gratitude and affection to my sister and you, for your unbounded goodness to my children. Give me leave to assure you both that I shall ever feel it, and that I shall never forget it."

them get into confusion. The only way his good-tempered brother showed how he felt such treatment, was by "a coldness;" and nothing more delicate, more significant of wounded affection, more humble and sincere interest, can be imagined than an appeal of David's, written after an inseparable intimacy of some thirty years. George Garrick had of a sudden set up horses, carriages, and a country house, without telling his brother—fearful, perhaps, of his just reproof. The latter had remarked an uneasiness, and an anxiety to make excuses of business, to get away whenever they met. All this hurt him much. "I have suffered much of late," he wrote, "and have hid my uneasiness as well as I could. . . . Did I ever keep any concern of any kind from you? Have I not always opened my heart and designs to you? Have you not had permission to open my letters, and know everything about me and my affairs? What is this mystery? If I was not *kindly* admitted into that secret, surely I had a right to be a partaker of it; but let that be passed." All this, it will be seen, was not in the spirit of reproach; for George had done a hundred such things before; but his wish was to remind George—"I have likewise no right—perhaps I have not—to ask how your circumstances can bear this load of expense, and whether it is not strange with your family, and complaints of hard times, hard relations, and that you have voluntarily taken a load upon you, which I fear you are not able to bear." He then protested, but gently, against some loose business doings of George's, as regards his affairs, such as sending to tenants for their rent, and giving Garrick's receipt—of keeping over "legacy money," with which David had intended paying all the debts of the Stratford Jubilee, "and rendering no account." Confidence he had in him, but how little he met with in return. One would indeed think it was the expostulation of the dependent brother, and not of the rich and influential manager, without whose protection the London attorney or Lichfield wine merchant, would have been helpless indeed. There was a reconciliation almost at once. George seems to have been a foolish fellow, and an absurd attempt at a duel with Baddeley, the actor, in an effort to champion the actor's own wife, must have been a fresh annoyance to his brother.* Yet he had a faithful dog-like attachment to David, and his own death followed David's, almost within a few days.

* He was married twice—a second time to the sister of a Colonel of the Indian service.

Thus, though the Garrick family had looked on the fatal day that brought news to Lichfield of David's going on the stage, as the anniversary of degradation and ruin, they soon found that the successful actor and manager, whose reputation had spread over Europe, was to be their chief credit and support. George's two sons were taken care of by their uncle; Carrington was sent by him to St. John's College, Cambridge, and introduced by Mr. Cradock. He was intended for the Church, and his uncle's interest made promotion certain. When only eighteen he was about the tallest youth ever seen there, and people in the town came out of their houses, or ran to their windows, to see him go by in his pensioner's gown. He was much liked at the university, probably from an interest in his famous relative. He did not, however, turn out well, though every advantage was given him. A living was purchased for him—six thousand pounds—and a library was left to him. In lieu of the library he accepted a money composition from Mrs. Garrick. He married a Miss Battiscombe, out of his own parish, and died only thirty-four years old, in May, 1787, "a martyr," says his friend, Mr. Cradock, very indulgently, "to a too free use of the bottle."*

Another nephew, David Garrick, was put into the army. He was wonderfully like his great uncle. He once appeared at some private theatricals, "got-up" at Mrs. Hanbury's, down at Kelmarsh, in Northamptonshire, and played *Priuli*, in "Venice Preserved." A fine company was assembled—the Duke of Dorset, the Lord Chancellor, and many more, who were all struck by the wonderful likeness of the nephew to the greater uncle. But he soon gave signs of unsteadiness. Garrick was to have provided for him also, but his grandfather took that task on himself. One of the uncle's pleasantest letters is written to him, when on garrison duty, on a march through the rain:—"I thank you," it ran, "for your very dear and agreeable letter. Your laurels should have sheltered you from the inclemency of the weather, and the acclamations of the people should have been the cordials to keep the cold from your stomach. As you have so nobly defended the maids, wives, and widows, I hope when you are well you may take your choice, and return to your quarters with a well-jointured widow or some rich maid." He was then happy to tell him how well he stood with the grandfather:—"Your letter to me is a very good one, and I hope *he* got the fellow to it. If not, write

* He left a son, Christopher Philip, three years old at the date of his father's death.

directly to him, and never let yourself be out of his sight, by letter or otherwise, for you know the old proverb, &c." A postscript shows his thought for his nephew's credit and his actors' interest. "Pray take all your corps to Moody's benefit. I will treat 'em, if they are willing to accept tickets, and honour me by going."*

But in a short time, either to avoid being ordered abroad, or from fancied delicacy, he left his regiment—the Royals—then coolly wrote to his uncle for six thousand guineas, to be laid out on a purchase for him. His grandfather seemed to support him in this foolish step. Garrick wrote back very indignantly, that he had not such a sum; indeed, it was madness to ask it. His grandfather, who countenanced the step, should provide it. "It has given me much uneasiness to see a young man, who might have figured in his profession, lounging about the town doing nothing, and not thinking of anything; and to see two brothers strutting about the circle of non-existence may be very convenient, but not very spirited. I have it not in my power or inclination to serve you in this strange business."† He himself had never strutted about the circle of non-existence, and was entitled to give this sharp rebuke. He was justly displeased at these freaks. The young man presently repented, and wished to get back again to his regiment, and his uncle wearied out noble friends of influence with applications. It could not be done; but when young David married Miss Hart, "a young lady, extremely agreeable, and with a temper as sweet as her voice, and she sings like an angel," the kind uncle forgave all, and made a very handsome settlement. On this occasion the vivacious Clive starts up at Twickenham, and gives generous testimony to her old friend once more:— . . . "I must now mention the noblest action of your life—your generosity to nephew David. All the world is repeating your praises. Those people who always envied you, and wished to detract from you, declaring you loved money too much ever to part from it, now they will feel foolish, and look contemptible. All that I can say is, I wish that Heaven *had made me such an uncle.*" How insufferably stupid read the stories of petty creatures like Davies, beside these records of a generosity they could not understand, and a no less generous appreciation, like this of the warm-hearted Clive!

He had also taken the charge of two of the improvident George's daughters, Arabella and Catherine, and sent them to Paris to a Madame Descombe's school. This adoption, it will

* Protheroe MSS.

† *Ibid.*

be seen, brought trouble and responsibility. There are some charming letters of Mrs. Garrick's to her "dear Kitty," written at this time—full of grace, and of good sense too. Her little advice about dress is admirable, and perhaps a little new:—"Remember," she says, "that the dearest silks are not always the prettiest, and never think they will wear the longer for being richer. I compare them to an old woman, who, when she has lost her beauty, will not be admired *because she was once handsome*. . . . Remember, likewise, that two coats are better than one; and that paying for the turning of an old sack, costs twice for the making one new." Rather different advice from what a thrifty English housewife would give, who would get everything to "last for ever." Nothing, indeed, is prettier, or more affectionate, than the letters both of uncle and aunt, often written on the one page. Sometimes he wrote: and she puts in a postscript—she will tell them that he hopes "they will furnish their *petite cervelle*, and read some history. Here ends my first sermon."* "My dear sweet girls," he would write to them, "I am *charmed* with your last agreeable, sensible, well-written letter, and for the account of Henri IV."—which they had sent to show they were studying history. He could thank them for it with a thousand kisses. "Always write thus with simplicity; whoever aims at more becomes foppish and ridiculous. I must now finish, and give way to my betters. God bless you. D. G." Then came in "sweet" Mrs. Garrick with advice:—"Take care you make yourselves warm when you go out of public places; never go without your *clocks*"—cloaks—"and your pattens. My dear girls, a happy new year to you, and that may be always as agreeable, as you are now charming, is the sincere wish of your loving aunt. I owe you many letters, but must—as long as your uncle has no better pens than those with which I scrawl this letter." They should look about for a clever little French maid, to dress hair, and do a thousand things, "as you might at present *apprivoiser* her, and prepare her for England. If she should prove to be a Catholic, you may assure her she has nothing to fear about her religion, so she will not meddle

* She once attempted a little rhyme:—

"This essence of roses,
The sweetest of posies,
Was given by dear Hannah More;
Near my heart I will wear it,
No movement shall tear it
From thence with the weight of proud ore.

An infant muse.

"MARIA GARRICK."—Hill MSS.

with yours. . . . Your brother, the clergyman, is as *potelé* as ever. . . . He has not been at our house these twelve months; there is no reason for his staying away. The captain has served us in the same manner; for a month we have not seen his sweet face. *Are they not pretty youths?* Send if you are ill for Doctor Gem." Pretty youths, indeed; who hardly thought it worth while to pay the ordinary decent civilities, to the uncle on whom they so much depended.

Yet Miss Bell Garrick was, all this while, carrying on a little adventure. A penniless French officer, named Molière, had met the young English girl, and had fallen in love, or had affected to fall in love, with her. He had actually taken a garret in M. Descombe's house, and from this ambuscade carried out his plans. He met her on the stairs, wrote letters about his *grande passion*, and obtained some in reply from the foolish girl, which, with the true chivalry of Frenchmen whose profession is following *bonnes fortunes*, he exhibited to all his friends. The matter soon transpired, and the young ladies were sent home.

Garrick was justly displeased. It seemed to be his lot to be disappointed in nearly every one on whom he had placed his affections. He could make allowance for a schoolgirl's weakness, but he felt it would be for her good to keep up a show of severity and sternness. Nothing can be more admirable than his letters—judicious, severe, and yet not unkind—skilfully addressed to her pride—without anything artificial; contemptuously exposing the true character of the admirer, and stripping the whole of its romance. He was for some time cold and stern; but on her justifying herself in some very "proper" letters, he looked over the past, and wrote to her again, warmly and affectionately, forgave all, and she was his "dear Bell again."*

But whatever may have been their behaviour, all the nieces and nephews found themselves handsomely and affectionately remembered in their uncle's will, who lived to see "the Captain" contracted to the Middlesex heiress. On this occasion, as we have seen, he did his part magnificently, and made a handsome settlement on the young pair. Charming uncle, indeed! gracious, chivalrous, firm to men, gentle to women, ever doing "the right thing" in whatever he undertook—yet it almost seems to me, now drawing to the close of his history, that no sufficient idea has been given of this unselfish man, and true nature's gentleman.†

* Forster MSS.

† The reader will see by the Pedigree that the present representatives of the family descend from George Garrick and his two wives, and from

Indeed this may be the fitting place to make that estimate of his character, and that weighing in the balance, which becomes an official duty. It is an infinite homage to Goldsmith's exquisite observation and powers of discriminating character, which have indeed helped to place him in the first rank of dramatists, that the known course of Garrick's character, such as we have been reading it, proves to be merely a commentary on the famous portrait in "Retaliation :"

"Here lies David Garrick ; describe me who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man ;
 As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine,
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 This man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turned and he varied full ten times a day.
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick,
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame.
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind ;
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, ye Woodfalls so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave !
 How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
 While he was be-Rosciused, and you were be-praised ?
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel, and mix with the skies.
 Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will ;
 Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
 . And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above."

Every line almost of this character might be illustrated. The charm found in Garrick's company could be described by

Merriall Garrick, Mrs. Docksey. From Carrington, George's son by the first wife, descend his grandchildren, Christopher, Albinia, Elizabeth ; and by the second wife, George, Sarah, and Elizabeth. Miss Bell Garrick, the heroine of the French adventure, was married to Captain Frederick Schaw, and died in March, 1819. Young David, the nephew of Roscius, died in 1795, and his widow married Mr. Evan Protheroe, of Wales, and their child, Emma, married Garrick Bridges Schaw—I suppose her cousin—who assumed the name of Protheroe. Catherine, the other sister, married Mr. Payne.

no other term so happily, as by "pleasant;" familiar experience whispering to us, how much more welcome is the society of the "pleasant" than of the professional wits. "Sir," we hear Johnson saying again and again, "Garrick is the first man in the world for sprightly conversation." Sheridan, in his monody, spoke of his "cheerful wit." "Pleasant" was indeed the just epithet for his gifts. Behind the scenes, in the green-room, says one of his own actors, he would, "during the intervals of business, enliven the whole theatre by his sallies of gaiety and mirth, which showed themselves in a thousand shapes; in the jests, *bons mots*, apt stories, and vivacities, thrown out in a manner so pleasing, so frolicsome and original, that all were made happy by his cheerfulness and good-humour." This is a pretty sketch of what pleasantness should be, and of its results on others.

This, too, was the sense in which Goldsmith must have spoken of him, as "a wit—if not first, yet in the first line." If he had gifts which made every one happy, and delighted those who were in his society, they might be very fairly taken for "wit." But a wit strictly he was not—nor in the first line. His verses are agreeable, but nearer to gaiety than to wit; and, indeed, nothing would show better the difference between wit and "cleverness" than the little skirmish of "Retaliation." Goldsmith is witty, Garrick smart, and scarcely up to his own level of smartness. What "an excellent heart" his was may have been gathered from the story of his life just told. In a moment we shall see instances in detail of his kindness and generosity. Then comes the praise of his playing—"natural, simple, affecting"—three of the most judiciously chosen words that could be conceived. The first to be nicely distinguished from the second, though they seem alike. For his representation of complicated passion, which though in nature might seem to want simplicity, he made simple, and at the same time, steered clear of insipidity, touched the heart, and was "affecting." This exhausted Goldsmith's praise; and out of thirty-two lines, twenty-two are given to minute analysis of petty defects lying on the surface. After all, in a nature that was confessed to have excellent heart, and all that was pleasant in man—with wit and genius, faults or defects must have been only "failings." We may accept the beplastering with rouge "his own natural red;" and the acting only off the stage; and grant that, "with no reason on earth to go out of his way, he turned and he varied full ten times a day." Nothing was more true than that curious as well as common charge of "finessing and trick;" but in his

case the innocence lay in its perfect openness, and its being apparent to every one. His little devices were seen by all his friends, and he was "*secure of our hearts.*" Nothing was more true. He had vanity, but it was vanity in his profession. He believed, too, he had infinite powers of diplomacy, and knew human nature; hence his pleasure in writing "clever" letters, and carrying on those protracted arguments on paper with Murphy and others—a weakness, certainly. It was finessing and trick, that never getting into company without "laying a plot to get out of it," as Colman said; with histrionic attempts at being called out at a judicious moment, or getting away, like Tom Moore, at an effective moment after the good story, or taking some sly and furtive glances down the room, at "a duke's table," to see how his joke told on the butler or footmen. But how different this from the "trick" that has no good heart behind, and "finessing" for personal advantage, to level others and raise oneself. As for that "casting off his friends" as a huntsman would do his pack, it was true in the sense of the "pack" being too often ready to cast itself off from him; he would let it go without resentment; and, when it was weary and distressed, and glad to find help and comfort, his cheerful "whistle" was ready. A long list of the "hounds" who returned, thus cringing, to the feet of the man they had snarled at, and even bitten, whether players, authors, or friends, could be made out. But this was coldness, it will be said, and a selfishness, a view to his own interest. Let us hear Davies a moment on this point, a writer who has otherwise dealt hardly with him:—"Mr. Garrick, as manager of a theatre, who had a variety of commerce with authors, actors, painters, scenemen, &c., thought himself obliged often to be on his guard against innumerable requests, questions, claims, and petitions of a thousand people. The quickness of his conception, and the precipitance of his temper, *obliged him to make use of that caution, which some persons think degenerated into art.* . . . Had he embraced a more decided conduct, he would, in all probability, have had fewer hours of vexation." The same "friend" very happily explains another motive for this "acting." "He was apt to be too soon struck with anything that offered to his mind; and he would in the ardour of a moment promise, what his cooler reflection told him he ought not to perform. This failing accompanied him through life, and brought along with it much vexation." It brought along with it the embarrassment he had with Murphy, and a hundred others, and those attempts to extricate himself from good-natured promises, which could not be carried out, with-

out giving offence. These blemishes are what are in most minds ; but firmness, and perhaps a little hypocrisy, hide them. We may be excused for dwelling at length on his character ; for the whole may be even found interesting, as a picture of human nature in the general. He could "whistle his friends back." Yes ; "to his honour it must be owned," again says Davies, "he was free from implacability, as several could testify who gave him great and unmerited provocation." We can go no further : there is not a single instance where he refused to be reconciled, nay, was even ready to make the first advance. Of his "gluttony" of praise I have spoken before, and shown, I think, how eager was he for it, as evidence that he had his hold on the town.* So too with that relish of the "puffs" of dunces. Only Goldsmith made a little mistake in the motive. He did not care so much for their "pepper ;" but in those Grub Street days, when the horizon was darkened with "hacks," even the praise of dunces was almost as profitable as that of the discriminating. The true explanation is, that he did not so much court their approbation as dread their savage attacks. And this sensitiveness friends did not care to distinguish from "gluttony." Well might Goldsmith appeal to the crew of Kenricks and Kellys and Woodfalls, the former of whom was a mere bravo, the second a person who had written bitter rhymes on the stage, could write more, and the last of whom was an agent of the dreadful Junius. Handsomely, too, were their services rewarded, either by loans of money, or the acceptance of poor plays.

As for the "stinginess," the common form of slander against Garrick, we see Goldsmith made no allusion to that. Garrick's endorsement was still on his note, and the poet must have known many a story of this kindly assistance ; and I think a short catalogue of his benefits will settle for ever these charges of meanness and saving.

The charge of avariciousness had become a "stock" one long before he died ; actors and authors went away from Drury Lane, swelling the cry that "Garrick was so stingy, Garrick was so mean." No wonder he was rich, they said, and no one was in such agonies when it came to parting with his money. The jesters joined in the cry, and innumerable were the pleasant stories they told to illustrate "Garrick's stinginess." With all this, echoed again and again until the

* Reynolds gave an explanation of all Garrick's fatigues and troubles even after his fortune was made ; that he wished to preserve his popularity and influence with the great, who forget those who cease to be the town talk.

character of "stinginess" became accepted, there was an impression abroad that Mr. Garrick *could* at times be a little liberal. There were a few instances of this liberality pretty well known during his lifetime, which seemed inconsistent with the "stingy" character. They were accounted for by other motives about as mean as the stinginess. "Little Davy" was so cunning and clever in all things, that he was merely consulting his interest. We have seen how the valet mind of Tate Wilkinson accounted for his bounty to him. It will hardly be credited that this great man—for such we may call him—was about the most benevolent and charitable of his time; not in that pompous shape of charity which sets its name down ostentatiously, for great sums to hospitals and institutions, but in that more generous and laborious charity which helps the weak, rescues the struggling friend at the critical moment, and saves credit and name by secret, timely, and judicious aid. In this rare exercise of Christian virtue, the great actor was conspicuous. Never was a man so maligned, and, worse than all, maligned by those who experienced his bounty. He was the most generous, kindly, and humane of men. And now we know that all his thrift, his little carefulness about saving, which the mean, dissipated, wasteful creatures about him could not understand, and made merry with, was all to the one end—of laying up a store which he could dispense magnificently; or, at the worst, was a "peculiarity," which had been found in many generous men, both before and since.

It is much to Tom Davies' credit, who had his own grudges against the great actor, and who fancied himself aggrieved, that when he comes to deal with this matter—as it were, over the grave of his friend—he should have forgotten all, even his own rather unfair insinuations in other portions of the "Life," and given way to a warm and generous burst of admiration. The catalogue of Garrick's good deeds would be a long one, indeed as long as his own life. It began even with his days of early success. "His mind," says Davies, "was so bountiful, that he scarcely knew what it was to deny. No man seemed more anxious to get money, none more willing to bestow it generously. To those who knew the sums he constantly gave away, it would appear that his sole end of acquiring wealth was for the benefit of others. I shall not talk of his public charities. I mean such actions only as were less known to the world." Here is a fine panegyric. It is easy to give, in a mood of compassion. But Garrick gave on principle, and seemed to illustrate Bishop Butler's fine distinction between

the merit of active and of passive charity. "His bounty was uniform," goes on Davies, "not a sudden burst of humour." The explanation of his apparent penuriousness, was the natural one of recollection of the early miserable struggles at Lichfield. It was noticed, too, that even when he had begun to be a little prosperous, his generosity then began also. We run hastily over the instances of this liberality, to which the allusions in his correspondence help us.

His offer to Clairon has been mentioned. Now Burke comes to him to beg a loan of a thousand pounds, which is cheerfully given, though it may perhaps have been more a matter of convenience to the great orator than one of necessity. Now Barette asks for fifty guineas, which he had been made to promise he would ask for if in want. Now an obscure player begs five guineas; now a poor fiddler is assisted with twenty-seven guineas, is given a place in the Drury Lane orchestra, and then writes impudent and ungrateful letters because his salary is not raised! Now Bickerstaff writes in verse—

"Fifty times, as I suppose,
I have troubled you in prose."
"Well," cry you, with peevish brow,
"What the plague's the matter now?
Teazed and worried at this rate,
. . . Ay, this ever is his way
Every now and then to send me.
To these Irishmen commend me:
And expect me, at his need—
Fifty pounds! not I, indeed."

"Sent directly" is Garrick's prompt endorsement on this appeal. Capell, the Shakspearean, was also lent money; so was Dibdin; so was Wilkinson; so was Victor £50, generously made a present of to the debtor. How Foote, Murphy, Barry, and Mossop were assisted we have seen in the course of this narrative.

Did his friends want subscriptions for their books, he was unwearied in soliciting his noble friends, and thus obtained large sums for Lloyd, Johnson, Victor, and many more. A lady, who had no claim on him but having known him and his connections at Lichfield, applied to him, and received a present of a hundred pounds. He actually kept several almoners, to whom he gave sums to be distributed at their discretion. For the hack-poet, "Kit Smart," he left a sum of money in Mr. Smith's hands. Sterne also was helped. For one of his own players, Hardham, he went security for a hundred pounds, and by a kindly extempore puff introduced into one of the plays, sent all the town to look for Hardham's snuff mixture. When

he was on his travels he met Brompton, the painter, who was in distress, and wanted to go to Rome to study. Garrick gave him the best advice, and the handsome assistance of £150.* To Simpson, a schoolfellow in difficulties, he gave £100. There was even a grace in the way in which he performed these good actions. When Mr. Berenger, Deputy-Master of the Horse, was obliged to confine himself in sanctuary, as it were, at the royal stables, his friends, who loved him, took up the matter, and raised money to defray his debts. Garrick sent him back his bond for £250 10s., with a letter in which he hoped that "as we shall have a bonfire upon the occasion, I beg that you will light it with the enclosed."

"Innumerable instances of humanity," says Davies, "could be told of him, enough to fill a volume." There was a surgeon of reputation, who often came and dined and supped with them. One night he declared that without a thousand pounds he must be ruined. Garrick asked what security he had. "None but my own," said the surgeon. "Here's a pretty fellow," said Garrick, turning to Mrs. Garrick, "who wants a thousand pounds on his own security." He drew a cheque for that sum, never asked for it, and never was repaid. Once a friend asked him for a trifle for a poor widow—say two guineas. "I can't give that," he replied. "Well, what you please." He put thirty pounds into his hand. As Davies says, "of this I should despise the mention, if it were a matter of rarity and wonder;" but pages could be filled with these "unofficial" acts of true kindness. It was discovered after his death that he had a host of small annuitants depending on him. At Hampton every inhabitant of the place could tell the same tale; the poor of that place lost in him almost an affectionate father. And it was remarked that every year his benefactions and charities were steadily increasing. Very kindly and pretty also in the idea was his little festival for the first of May, when all the Hampton poor children were invited to his garden, and amused; presented with huge cakes by his own hand, and a small present of money. When Mr. Christie, head of the well-known auction firm, was involved in a difficulty by the failure of Mr. Chase Price, one of his patrons, and suffered a loss of some £5,000, it was Mr. Garrick who privately offered to help him through, with assistance to that amount. To a descendant of Grotius he paid a small annuity. Thus delicate, gracious, kindly, generous, as great in goodness as he was in intel-

* Forster MSS. The fellow's head was soon turned, and he became insolent. Garrick wrote to him, "You'll teach me! I am too old to learn, and you are too young to teach me."

lectual gifts, he remained from the beginning of his life to the end.

But the reader would be wearied before we had exhausted the long list of his charities. He had high friends and connections, and these he made use of to help friends. For a naval officer named Thompson he obtained repeated promotion. This gentleman had written a piece for the stage, which was brought out not very long before Garrick's death. With a disloyalty not usually found in his profession, and smarting under the sense of failure, he published in the "London Packet" a most unmanly attack upon Garrick, under the title of "The Elephant of Drury Lane," in which he charged the actor with conspiring to destroy his play. Bate published a reply, in which he told the town very plainly the navy captain's obligations to Mr. Garrick. This letter Thompson chose to fasten on Mr. Garrick, and came to the Adelphi, with his friend Mr. Crawford, to charge him with the authorship. Garrick was so hurt that he made Bate, the editor, swear to an affidavit acknowledging the entire authorship, and affirming that he had never seen, or inspired, a single word of it. The officer apologised abjectly. "To the last period in my life, I will own my gratitude to you." But in a case like this, when he had been cruelly "hurt," Garrick never gave way, and, deeply wounded, replied in these words: "*As I never satirised my friends*, so I never can forget any unprovoked satire from one I once called my friend. It is impossible that Captain Thompson and I can ever look upon each other but with pain, though for different reasons. Therefore, the less we see each other the better. Can Mr. Thompson imagine," he goes on, "that the man he has known and tried so long, could be guilty of so much baseness as to give up a private letter for ridicule? Be assured, sir, that I have as totally forgotten what you may have written to me from every part of the world, as I will endeavour to forget that such a person as the writer, and his unkindness, ever existed." A most dignified, just, and manly reproof.

He had a good-natured way of performing kind offices. Young Jephson, one of his clients, was always behind the scenes, cheerful and jovial, but was without any provision. One night the manager meets a nobleman at his *coulisses*, who is going as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, and on the spot, gets him to take his young friend in his retinue. Jephson afterwards became Irish Master of the Horse, sent plays over to Garrick, one of which, "Braganza," had success, and was in due time assisted with a loan of no small amount. Now Richard Burke

wished a year's longer leave of absence from the colonies, and Garrick obtains it. Now Edmund Burke is in some difficulty with the Commissioners of Customs: *he* sets it right. Now an unfortunate wretch, lying ordered for execution, writes in his condemned cell the most piteous appeal to him from "your dying and ever obliged humble servant," and Garrick flies to fulfil the office, works night and day, and late as it is, procures a respite. Johnson, too, had benefited by a loan of a hundred pounds. But we could go on for pages, swelling this list. His life was one round of kindly duties and offices; and much as we may admire the generosity of this wonderful man, we can no less admire the cheerfulness and dignity with which he bore slanders of those who actually made a reputation for him of being "mean and stingy."

He had all the little arts of kindness, not to be represented by the vulgar measure of money, yet no less useful to friends. There was a graciousness about him, all his own. He goes to Cumberland on the morning after the latter's new piece had been produced, with a newspaper, and a very doleful air of comfort: "If your hide be as thick as that of a rhinoceros, this will cut you to the bone." Then he would read a sentence that seemed a little cold—then would read on to himself, and stop to moan over the scurrility of the papers: "I dare say this is Bickerstaff again, but don't you mind *him*. No, no. I see—a little galled, but not much hurt. You must stop his mouth with a golden egg. But let us see how he goes on." Then came the warmest, most liberal panegyric, all written by Garrick himself, actually with a view of frustrating the attacks of the Press. He only wished by this little bit of comedy to add to his friend's enjoyment.

But the little Reynolds' dialogue I have before spoken of is his best testimonial. The first, where Johnson is made to attack Garrick, reads artificially and like Johnson; but in the second, it would seem that the image of his departed friend rose up before the kindly artist, and hurried his pen beyond the lightness of a mere *jeu-d'esprit*, into what is as noble a panegyric, as it is an acute outline of character. No one had heard so much of the common stock-charges against his friend; no one so effectually not merely refuted, but explained *why* they had been made. His description of Garrick's social position is an epitaph. Not a man, he says, the highest in rank or literature, but was proud to know Garrick, and glad to have him at his table. Foote, indeed, was also received, but it was merely as "a jester or buffoon;" Garrick was invariably received as a *gentleman*. The reasons for this treatment should be recorded.

It was simply *self-respect*. Foote was familiar and vulgar, and heard calling peers by the surname; but Garrick always showed due respect for rank. His reception was on firm ground. "*What he gave was returned, and what was returned he kept for ever. He continued advancing till the last, and acquired every advantage of high birth, except precedence of going into a room; but once there, was treated the same as a man of the first distinction. This he never claimed, but was voluntarily allowed to him.*" As we have seen in the course of this memoir, the history of Garrick furnishes golden rules, and teaches how nearly associated with the virtues and morality of life, is the cultivation of the little decorous arts, which seem to some conventional. The same delicate touching shows how unsubstantial was Johnson's charge of Garrick's having no friend, but friends; and of being "too diffused." "Consider," says Reynolds, "a man *whom every one desired to know!*" and such a one could not receive, or cultivate every one according to his deserts. He had to practise a sort of husbandry. He had to divide his attention among many. Others thought him false, because he was fond of qualifying refusals with excuses, and because he often held out hopes. The truth was, he did not like to say "no," and wished to oblige where he could. The wonder is, how he contrived to oblige so many. The same friend bears testimony to the charm of his company at the great tables, his gaiety, subdued vivacity, his wit on light subjects, and his acuteness and information in graver matters. Charming and appropriately did one of his friends write under his portrait the melodious line of Shakspeare:—

— "A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (Conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

Measured even by the compliment of portrait painting, no man ever received such homage. Part of this was no doubt owing to his wonderful features, and expression; but even with such gifts, no man has ever been "asked to sit," to so extraordinary a degree. Reynolds begins the list, having painted him four times over: as *Kitely*; as the charming Garrick himself, with his thumbs joined, and a bright intelligence

of expectancy, quite delightful; also as the famous figure, drawn to this side and that, by the rival charms of the comic and the tragic Muse. The amused indecision, and good-natured perplexity in the face, is admirable. To Gainsborough he sat at least five times; and one of Gainsborough's was what Mrs. Garrick considered the best likeness of her husband ever made. To Wilson he sat twice; to Pine—for perhaps the most striking of all the portraits—once.* By the firm and brilliant Zoffany, we have at least six pictures, theatrical, and in private life; by Pond, two. Hogarth, Angelica Kauffman, Dance, Worlidge, Hudson, Cotes, Hone, Mortimer—all good artists—attempted him; also Carmontelle, Hayman, Dawes, De Wilde, Loughterburg, Roberts, Houston, Parkinson, and Van der Gucht. We might certainly wish that Reynolds had carried out a plan, which he had often discussed with his friend—namely, a large picture, with the actor in the middle, in his natural air and dress, but surrounded by all his great characters. Pine's certainly claims to have been done under the best conditions, at a time when he was not too far advanced in life, as were many of the others, but when he was in the prime of all his powers—his charming eyes in all their brightness, his features in all their force. The list of these flattering compliments—of the small sketches and etchings—would be endless. In one he is drawn on his sofa, in a flowered dressing-gown, with the Muse of Shakspeare addressing him—

“Take, O take me to your arms!”

In others he is crowned. Well, indeed, might his walls have been crowded with these offerings; but the truth was, comparatively few were in his possession, he having given most of them away. No face could be more striking, or tempting to the painter. Coming on his portrait in a portfolio of prints, we should say, “Here is a Frenchman's.” The brilliant eyes, darting fire, rolling from side to side—the rapid change of expression—the marked features—nay, the face itself, were entirely French. So was the vivacity, and the two sides to his genius. Indeed, much of Garrick's gifts may be traced to the French blood in his veins.†

* Reynolds also did a sketch of him in the green-room.

† Dr. Burney collected all the engraved portraits which are now in the British Museum Library.

CHAPTER XIII.

ILLNESS AND DEATH.—1778–79.

AFTER this glimpse at a family circle, we return to the centre figure, now *en retraite*, and fairly entered on his retirement. The attentions and kindness of his friends now redoubled. Now that he was free, they competed with each other for his society. He was overwhelmed with invitations. Sir Watkyn Wynne claimed him for a long-promised visit to Wynnestay. Irish friends—the Caldwells of Castle Caldwell, whom he had met abroad at Florence—pressed him to visit them in Ireland, a country which he had not seen for some thirty years, but to which his heart had often turned. His kind, gracious, and most grateful letter is almost extravagant in its acknowledgments. He most sincerely wished that it was in his power, as it was in his heart, to show his gratitude. It had long been his wish to visit a kingdom where he had been honoured with every mark of regard and kindness. He did not quite give up the hope of getting over there, but Mrs. Garrick was so distressed by sea voyages; and then he makes the remarkable declaration that he had not *been away a single day from Mrs. Garrick* during the twenty-eight years of their marriage, and, therefore, could not now begin to think of going alone. Lord Pembroke, too, was eager to secure him for Wilton.

His holiday had fairly begun. He kept Hampton open, and got the hearty Rigby to come for a pleasant day.* Mistley,

* His invitation to his friend "Haly Paley" is so characteristic and spirited, that we may give a portion of it here. "Most unfortunately, my dear Haly Paley, the Hamptonians are engaged. . . . But why may not that *other party* take place at our return? . . . and if you can take any pleasure in a roasted doctor, and have no aversion to roasted venison, we will treat you with both. Open your mind to me, I beseech you, my dearest Haley, in all naked simplicity; hearken with joy and gladness to tidings I shall declare unto you. On or about the 7th or 8th of the next month, the Royalty of Mistley will honour Hampton with his presence; and as I would choose to have him in all his glory . . . let the *Halys*, the *Wrotsleys*, the *Mollys*, the *Dimples*, and the *Cupids* be kept for that high festival. To which let the *Reynolds*, the *Chamier*, and the *Adam*, the first of men, be called by sound of trumpet; and let the Loves, the Graces, with the rest attend. . . . Yours, my dearest Paley, in all truth, naked truth, and most affectionate warmth of mysterious conjunction, DAVY PAVY. Pray, if possible, an explicit answer by the bearer."

He seems to have paid a visit
Wales; and though it may be
private theatricals, I find among
prologue to be spoken on that

"I who have strutted
In Royal robes and
Now though I have
And should be wise

* * *
No wonder vanity
That now I feel my

What must have pleased him
was the scene in the House of
altercation between two members.
Squire Baldwin, moved that the
contrived to remain, no doubt to
many friends, at which the count-
nant, and on the following day the
propriety of allowing stage plays.
Nothing could have been hap-
known in Garrick's own pro-
Burke, in a splendid panegyric,
had taught them all. Fox and
same strain, and talked of him.
House unanimously agreed that
age should not be disturbed.
with this handsome testimony.

He had found a new friend in Miss Hannah More, who had been one of the most enraptured listeners at his farewell performances, and he had good-naturedly helped forward her rather heavy play. "She was sure," says "Kitty" Clive, "everything you touched would turn into gold; and though she had great merit in the writing, still you dandled it, and fondled it, and then carried it in your arms to town to nurse."* It was for this lady's play that he furnished a prologue, in which he indiscreetly alluded to the doubtful Chevalier D'Eon. The tone of the lines was scarcely in good taste, especially as he had the lady down at Hampton, where, for her amusement, he had given an imitation of how a Frenchman and Englishman would behave in the same situation. He, however, made handsome apologies.

The Garricks—husband and wife—regarded her with extraordinary affection. She was constantly at Hampton, where the host read for his guests, and indulged in his most sportive sallies. A most noble gathering came to stay. Roscius was, as usual, the life and soul of the company, "and always says so many home things, pointed at the vices and follies of those

and about Bristol, have you not yet heard that *Mrs. Garrick and I were separated*? Tell the truth, dear Nine, and shame you know whom. To our very great surprise, a great friend of ours came from London; and to his greater surprise, found us laughing over our tea, under our walnut-tree. He took me aside, and told me it was all over the town, from Hyde Park Corner to Whitechapel dunghill, that I had parted with Mrs. Garrick. You may easily suppose this was great matter of mirth to us. We imagined somebody had had a mind to joke with our friend, but upon inquiry we found that such a report had been spread; but, to comfort your heart, be assured that we are still as much united as ever, and are both so well that there is a prospect of dragging on our clogs for some years to come.

"My theatrical curiosity diminishes daily, and my vanity, as an author, is quite extinct; though, by the bye, I have written a copy of verses to Mr. Baldwin, the member of Shropshire, upon his attack upon me in the House of Commons. He complained that a celebrated gentleman was admitted into the House when everybody else was excluded, and *that I gloried in my situation*. Upon these last words my muse has taken flight, and with success. I have described the different speakers, and it is said well, and strong, and true. I read them to Lord North, Lord Gower, Lord Weymouth, Mr. Rigby, &c., and they were all pleased. If I have time before I am obliged to send away this long letter, you shall have the first copy, though you must take care not to suffer them to go from your own hands. I have, upon my word, given them to nobody. Burke and Mr. Townshend behaved nobly upon the occasion. The whole House groaned at poor Baldwin, who is reckoned, *par excellence*, the dullest man in it; and a question was going to be put, to give me an exclusive privilege to go in whenever I pleased. In short, I am a much greater man than I thought."

* Clive was jealous of "these Moors," as she called them. I have collected all her characteristic letters in a little "Life," recently published.

with whom he converses, but in so indirect, well-bred, and good-humoured a way, that every one must love him, and none but fools are offended." At a party, where were Wyndham, Sheridan, and Lord Palmerston, he literally kept the table in a roar for four hours. He told his famous story of "Jack Pocklington" in a manner so entirely new, and so infinitely witty, that the company have done nothing but talk of it ever since. "I have often heard of this story: it is of a person who came to offer himself for the stage, with an impediment in his speech. He gives the character, too, in as strong a manner as Fielding could have done."

To the same lively admirer we owe an account of his reading before the Court. He prepared his own farce of "Lethe," where he recited a fable called the "Blackbird and Royal Eagle" as his prologue. Some part of it was affecting, where he speaks of the sprightly blackbird, who was famous for his imitative powers, and could exactly mimic the tender notes of the nightingale, or the low comic noises of the crow and magpie. "But one day, happening to look on his once fine glossy plumage, he found that his feathers began to turn grey, his eye had lost its lustre; and he also began to be lame. This determined him to give up his mimicry, and he resolved to be silent, and not hop about from tree to tree, but confine himself to one snug bush. The royal eagle, however, hearing of the talents of the lively creature, sent for him to Court, and insisted on hearing him sing. This honour overturned all his prudent resolution; he found his feathers were restored to their native black, his eye resumed its fire, and he was himself again."

This graceful, elegant thought—worthy of the man—did not, however, rouse the enthusiasm of the Court audience; the etiquette being not to applaud. This coldness effectually checked and chilled his exertions. "It was," he complained, "as if they had thrown a wet blanket over me."

The pleasant and admired Hannah, who at this time was the gayest of the gay, describes another pretty scene, and describes it prettily too:—"At six I begged leave to come home, as I expected my *petite assemblée* a little after seven. Mrs. Garrick offered me all her fine things; but, as I hate admixtures of finery and meanness, I refused everything except a little cream, and a few sorts of cakes. They came at seven. The *dramatis personæ* were Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Garrick, and Miss Reynolds; my beaux were Dr. Johnson, Dean Tucker, and last, but not least in our love, David Garrick. He was the very soul of the company, and I never saw Johnson in such

perfect good-humour. Sally knows we have often heard that one can never properly enjoy the company of these two unless they are together. There is great truth in this remark; for after the Dean and Mrs. Boscawen (who were the only strangers) were withdrawn, and the rest stood up to go, Johnson and Garrick began a close encounter, telling old stories, 'e'en from their boyish days,' at Lichfield. We all stood round them above an hour, laughing in defiance of every rule of decorum and Chesterfield. I believe we should not have thought of sitting down or of parting, had not an impertinent watchman been saucily vociferous. After dinner Garrick took up the 'Monthly Review' (civil gentlemen, by the bye, these 'Monthly Reviewers'), and read 'Sir Eldred' with all his pathos and all his graces. I think I never was so ashamed in my life; but he read it so superlatively, that I cried like a child. Only think, what a scandalous thing to cry at the reading of one's own poetry! Mrs. Garrick twinkled as well as I, and made as many apologies for crying at her husband's reading, as I did for crying at my own verses. *She* got out of the scrape by pretending she was touched at the story, and *I*, by saying the same thing of the reading."

He still took a great interest in the theatre and its doings, and seems to have had some weight in the recommendation of plays, &c. And this voice he certainly was entitled to, as he had actually a heavier stake in the concern than any one of the partners. For he held a mortgage on Lacy's share—secured, however, on the whole four shares—for the large sum of twenty-two thousand pounds. This was a serious stake, and it very soon was to cause him much uneasiness. Retired, as he thought he was, he was still to have responsibility. The change had come, and presently he saw that Sheridan's carelessness and laziness were imperilling the security every year. Even Mrs. Clive, down at Twickenham, found everybody raving at the supineness of Sheridan. "There never was in nature such a contrast as Garrick and Sheridan. What have you given him," she asked, "*that he creeps so?*" Yet Lacy, who seems to have inherited his father's petulance, could scarcely conduct himself with decent forbearance to a creditor who had so much in his power. When the second season began, the profits were only just enough to discharge the interest money on the debts; and the first season only brought Lacy five hundred pounds. This did not look hopeful. Yet in the face of such difficulties, he could write to Garrick in such a strain as this: "No unkind treatment shall ruffle my temper, or make me decide uncandidly on the proposals I now wait for. On the other hand, *no dis-*

tress, no oppression shall force me to consent to what I could not otherwise acquiesce in." Garrick had not pressed him, but thought that he had proposed to pay off the mortgage. The good-natured creditor passed over this behaviour on a sort of excuse being made, and was forbearing. The only result of this indulgence was a notice from the proprietors within a few weeks, declaring their inability to pay any interest until all the debts of the theatre had been cleared off. This was an alarming intimation. Two thousand two hundred a-year was scarcely a trifle. Garrick's answer was a prompt notice of foreclosure. The proceedings brought out a piece of duplicity on the part of Lacy; for he wrote to disclaim all share in the notice that had been sent, and to protest against the mortgage being paid off, declaring that the interest would be found, all in due course. Garrick at once softened, and sent him a message that he might depend he should not be distressed. Yet he presently discovered that, before this transaction, Lacy had bargained to transfer all his interest to Sheridan for a large price. This quite explained his disinclination to have the mortgage paid off.

Yet this was not all. Linley, another of the proprietors, assumed that some paragraph reflecting on the theatre, that appeared in the papers, was written by Garrick; and, acting on this presumption, chose to write an offensive one in reply, in which much ridicule was thrown upon the late manager. For this, he, like Lacy, was compelled to apologise. Very soon Mr. Garrick had to address "the new patentees" collectively in plain terms. "Gentlemen," he wrote, "the rudeness of your letters, always the sign of a bad cause, I shall pass over with contempt." But as they proposed an arbitration, he agreed to refer the matter to their respective attorneys, and declined to have any further correspondence with them. After this we can appreciate Garrick's rare discretion as a manager, beside which we may put this exhibition of incompetence and stupidity. For so short a period as eighteen months they could not conduct their theatre.

The theatre was now to have other losses, and his departure seemed to be the forerunner of a general decay. For within six months, Weston and Shuter, a pair of infinite humour, Woodward, the comedian, and Barry, the very essence of tenderness, and now literally worn out of existence by the never-ceasing rackings of gout, were all swept away. Almost as soon as he was gone, the decay set in. The well-known character of Sheridan was no guarantee for steadiness or efficiency. The manager would come into the green-room to hear Cumberland's new play read, yawn through a couple of acts, half asleep, and

give as an excuse that he had been up for two nights before. It is very characteristic that he should have taken Garrick's performances very easily, partly from sheer laziness. He once lamented, at a supper, that he had not seen the great actor as often as he might have done. The reason he gave is equally characteristic of Thomas Sheridan, his father; for this actor had always instilled into his son that he himself was the *first* player in England; the son, therefore, did not care to see an inferior player.

The sparkling "School for Scandal" was already in rehearsal. It had been read by Garrick, who was infinitely impressed with its wit and power. Never was a play so cast, and though it has been acted again and again since, with great players in this and that character, every filling of the parts has been inferior. He had been also greatly pleased with "The Duenna." "Amidst the mortifying circumstances attendant upon growing old," says Elia, "it is something to have seen 'The School for Scandal' in its glory. It is impossible that it should be played now. No piece," he goes on, "was ever so completely cast in all its parts as this *manager's* comedy." King was *Sir Peter*; Gentleman Smith, *Charles Surface*; "Jack" Palmer, *Joseph*; Yates, *Sir Oliver*; Parsons, *Crabtree*; and Dodd, *Sir Benjamin*; with Abington, and "charming, natural Miss Pope, the perfect gentlewoman as distinguished from the fine lady of comedy." What a cast—what a comedy! Sir George Beaumont met Garrick in the lobby of Drury Lane on its first night,* just after the play was over, "and with darting eyes I remember he expressed his admiration of the play, and particularly praised the fourth act."† The lucky Brinsley saw his own piece cast, as later generations may never hope to see it cast.‡ It is the great comedy of the century. Yet this was to be the last effort of Drury Lane. As Garrick had made his final appearance, so comedy and good acting were here to make their bow.

Before four months had gone over, Lacy was busy with some underhand negotiations for disposing of his share to Cap-

* May 8, 1777.

† Cradock. Garrick addressed some lines—

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

"It is a shame, young Sheridan, and ne'er will be forgot—
With more of wit than falls to man, with character and plot—
That you should dare to mount the stage, and fascinate the town;
A suckling poet of your age to seize the laurel crown!"—*Hill MSS.*

‡ I may refer the reader to "The Lives of the Sheridans" for a full account of Garrick's relations with Richard Brinsley.

tain Thomson and Mr. Langford; efforts which Sheridan, who designed eventually to have the whole control of the theatre himself, took extraordinary steps to counteract. The negotiation had been all but completed, when Sheridan suddenly absented himself, and sent word to Lacy to look after the management. To the two intending purchasers, he also sent notice that he would have nothing more to do with the management. Sheridan brought over all the performers to his side. His description of the whole is admirable; "indeed there never was known such an universally epidemic disorder as has raged among our unfortunate company; it differs from the plague by attacking the better sort first; the manner, too, in which they are seized, I am told, is very extraordinary; many who were in perfect health at one moment, on receiving a billet from the prompter to summon them to their banners, are seized with sudden qualms, and before they can get through their contents, are absolutely unfit to leave their room." This was the first stage of demoralization. These tactics, so characteristic of Sheridan, prevailed, and the purchasers were frightened off. In 1778 he contrived to buy Lacey's moiety for £45,000; but of this money the other partners found £10,000, and took Sheridan's original share as an equivalent. Instead therefore of having a fourth voice in the management, his single interest was now equal to that of the two other shares. He afterwards purchased Dr. Ford's share, and thus became almost uncontrolled master. Where all this money was found was a mystery to his friend and biographer, as indeed it must have been to all who knew him.*

Garrick could not keep away from the old scene. But his treatment there was ungracious enough. It was rumoured in the Dublin coffee-houses that Sheridan, the father, had behaved rudely to him in the green-room. "Old Bubble and Squeak," as he was called, who had not forgotten the old rivalry and the old quarrel, seemed to resent Garrick's appearance behind the scenes. When young Bannister was rehearsing *Zaphna*, he was anxious to have hints from Roscius, of whom it had been a great part. Old Sheridan thought this an interference, and actually sent Garrick a rude message to that effect by Bannister. "Pray assure your father," wrote Garrick, much hurt, to the manager, "that I meant not to interfere with his department. I imagined (foolishly indeed) my attending Bannister's rehearsal of the part I had once played, and which your father

* In the "Lives of the Sheridans" will be found an explanation. He gave annuities on the theatre as security; and these were left unpaid.

never saw, might have assisted the cause, without giving the least offence. I love my ease too well to be thought an interloper. However, upon no consideration will I ever interfere again in this business." This rebuff was humiliating; but Garrick's experience should at least have taught that such unofficial relations, after retirement, or an interference which is tolerated, always brings an awkwardness.

Still friends induced him to return. When Sheridan's "Camp" was being got up, Garrick remained one night after the audience had gone, to see the effect of some scenery, and caught a severe cold, which it would seem he never was quite able to shake off. News of this attack reached Lord Camden, who wrote to learn the truth with an eagerness infinitely creditable to their long friendship. He had learned by inquiry that he was now recovered; but this did not quite satisfy him.* Garrick soon became well enough to go down to Lord Palmerston's, in Hampshire, and was at the review at Winchester, where it was remarked that he was looking quite well again. It was at Lord Palmerston's, in the month of September, that he signed his will, which is attested by that nobleman, and by a clergyman and his wife. It was on the Review ground that the King heard him calling for "a horse! a horse!" noticed his burlesque attitude, and made the flattering remark that it could only be the great actor who could speak in that way.

During these last few months—for they were to be the last of his good and admirable life—all his friends seemed to be nervously anxious to show how much they regarded him, and were persevering in their affectionate wishes, attentions, and compliments. Hannah More told him how "a sweet girl," at that review, stood near, and forgot to look at the King or at his troops. The receipt of his letter, announcing that he was better, made her more joyful than ever she felt in her life. "Yet it was not a very mirthful kind of joy, for I shed tears at a part of it, which is not to be answered, nor even thought of; and when I read it to the rest, we had a concert of crying." He was, as he expressed it, wandering about for health—now at this noble house, now at that, and flying from one medicine

* "For I cannot be easy till I receive this account confirmed by your own hand. *I have arrived at a time of life when the loss of an old friend is irreparable*; and however it has happened that we have not lately met as often as formerly, my friendship is as warm as ever, and I am sure there is not one among your large catalogue of friends who is

"More affectionately yours, than

"CAMDEN."

visit to that delightful hotel
dear to him. Yet he was
as free from anxieties as h
Lane was now growing seri

The decay had at last set
junto is the most foolish o
that Sheridan, who had en
neglect their duty, when it
them turning the same arts
to learn that in "manageme
profit was to be found in se
cared to consult Garrick's l
learned the lesson far more c
for his last holiday jaunt to
to what would happen. He
to him accounts of what they
off. Under the inefficient r
do as they pleased; absentin
began, under pretence of illn
all. The despairing prompt
these discreditable proceeding
in a dreadful situation."

It was sad that his last
harassed by a shape of anno
terror. A ruffian, who sign
wrote in the papers in a styl
began to send letters, threa
would "

by his old enemies, gout and stone; but this time an alarming eruption, known as herpes, came with it. He was imprudent, and thought by gaiety and motion, to forget his pains. His friend Becket, with an instinctive misgiving, wished he was at home again, and at rest in his arm-chair, for he was afraid they would make too much of him, and make him ill. Garrick rallied vigorously, but was still pursued by plays which he was asked to read, and by copies of criticisms on Drury Lane, reviews, "two answers" to some of his little papers, to say nothing of his own critiques, which he was labouring at, and polishing. Those who heaped on him these cares, cautioned him against a relapse. He was to take care, and not to come out too soon. "What a hard bout!" wrote Becket of the struggle his friend had made. The country doctor, however, thought lightly of the attack.

He was brought up to London by easy stages. He arrived at the Adelphi on the evening of the 15th of January. The next day he sent for his apothecary, Laurence, who found him up, and dressing, and apparently better. Young O'Keefe, then newly come to London, a raw Irish lad, recollected seeing him walking briskly up and down, in front of his house on the Adelphi-terrace. Thus ill, it must have inflamed his sufferings yet more to receive a reminder from the ruffian who called himself "Curtius;" who, with affected compassion, promised to suspend his attacks until "Mr. Garrick was in a state of body to *answer* any public charges. He hopes to be the explainer and corrector of his affectation and tyranny, and jealousy and partiality"—a comforting prospect for the sick man. But the end was at hand. There were some alarming symptoms, which made the apothecary advise sending for Dr. Cadogan; who, when he came, pronounced the matter so uncertain and serious, that he recommended the sick man to settle his affairs at once. Garrick answered him calmly, that nothing of that kind remained to be done; and that, as for himself, he was quite ready to die. From that hour his malady made steady way, bringing on a sort of dullness from want of circulation, which increased into stupor. During these sad days there was one picture which must have long haunted his wife. Weary with ceaseless watching and attendance, she made an agreeable friend stay and dine, expecting to find some distraction in his society. As they were talking, the door opened, and Garrick came in, in a dressing-gown, but fearfully changed; his face yellow and shrunk, his eyes dim, and his gait slow and tottering. He seemed to the guest like *Lusignan*, in the high-flown "Zara," one of his favourite characters of the old, old years, when he

wore just such a dress. He sat down on the sofa wearily, remained for more than an hour, but never spoke a word. He seemed to look at them with a morbid fretfulness. He then went back to his room, which he never left again.

The great physicians were now called in—Warren, with Heberden, Johnson's friend. Many more came later—all friends—eager to give their aid and advice. When the sick man saw the face of Dr. Schomberg, he put out his hand, and with one of the old, sweet smiles, said, "Though last, not least in love!" It was now known that there could be no hope. This last scene, in this last act, was to be as gracious and becoming as every other scene in his life he had played, and so finely played. Though the stupor was gaining on him, he could at times talk calmly and cheerfully. He told one of his friends that he did not regret his not having children; for had they turned out unkind or disobedient, he could not have supported such a trial. On the last day of his life, a letter was brought in—the last he ever received; and it ran to the old, old story—acknowledgment of his kindness. It was from the young Miss Farren, thanking him for civilities, kind notice, and encouragement.

At times the film cleared away from his eyes, and he saw the room filled with figures. He asked who all those people were. When he was told they were physicians, the old pleasant sense of the grotesque came back on him, and he shook his head, muttering, from "The Fair Penitent"—

"Another and another still succeeds,
And the last fool is welcome as the former."

His old friend Johnson found his way to his bedside; but, it was remarked, could not be persuaded that he was in the least danger. To one with so morbid a terror of death, it was too near a reminder. For there was the "Davy" of the Lichfield days—the child when *he* had been a boy—passing away before him. All that day he was composed, and talked at intervals with exceeding tranquillity. Early the next morning, January the 20th, about eight o'clock, the scene at last shifted, and he passed gently from that human stage—where he had played with as much excellence and dignity as he had ever done on his own—and the folds of that greater curtain came slowly down before the eyes of the dying actor.*

* Miss More's account of Mrs. Garrick's grief is pathetic:—"She was prepared for meeting me; she ran into my arms, and we both remained silent for some minutes: at last she whispered, 'I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next.' She soon recovered herself, and said with great composure, 'The goodness of God to me is inexpressible; I de-

The funeral was indeed imposing. The greatest of English players was to be laid in Westminster Abbey. That honour was then something cheaper than it has since become; but the ceremonial was one of extraordinary magnificence. It took place on the 1st of February.* The line of carriages extended from the Strand to the Abbey. The streets were crowded. His pennon was carried in front. Covent Garden was represented by twelve players, and Drury Lane by the same number. The mourners were his two nephews; but the faithful brother and henchman, George, was lying in his last sickness, and died only two days later. Four mourning coaches and six were filled with the members of the Literary Club—others with intimate friends. At three o'clock the procession entered the great west door, where the Bishop of Rochester received it. Then began a yet more solemn part of the show. The train moved up the aisle to Purcell's fine old anthem; the great aisles were crowded; and on each side of this player's bier,

sired to die, but it is His will that I should live, and He has convinced me He will not let my life be quite miserable, for He gives astonishing strength to my body, and *grace* to my heart; neither do I deserve, but I am thankful for both.' She told me they had just returned from Althorpe, Lord Spencer's, where he had been reluctantly dragged, for he had felt unwell for some time; but during his visit he was often in such fine spirits that they could not believe he was ill. On his return home, he appointed Cadogan to meet him, who ordered him an emetic, the warm bath, and the usual remedies; but with very little effect. On the Sunday, he was in good spirits, and free from pain; but as the suppression still continued, Dr. Cadogan became extremely alarmed, and sent for Pott, Heberden, and Schomberg, who gave him up the moment they saw him. Poor Garrick stared to see his room full of doctors, not being conscious of his real state. No change happened till the Tuesday evening, when the surgeon who was sent for to blister and bleed him made light of his illness, assuring Mrs. Garrick that he would be well in a day or two, and insisted on her going to lie down. Towards morning she desired to be called if there was the least change. Every time that she administered the draughts to him in the night, he always squeezed her hand in a particular manner, and spoke to her with the greatest tenderness and affection. Immediately after he had taken his last medicine, he softly said, 'Oh! dear,' and yielded up his spirit without a groan, and in his perfect senses. His behaviour during the night was all gentleness and patience, and he frequently made apologies to those about him for the trouble he gave them. On opening him, a stone was found that measured five inches and a-half round one way, and four and a-half the other. Yet this was not the immediate cause of his death; his kidneys were quite gone. I paid a melancholy visit to the coffin yesterday."

* In the Garrick Club collection is one of the cards of invitation to the funeral—an elaborately engraved picture of weeping nymphs, a pyramid, &c. "The executors of David Garrick, Esq., request the honor of your company on Monday, 1st February, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, at his late house in the Adelphi, to attend the funeral to Westminster Abbey."—*Nixon Papers*.

holding the pall, walked the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Camden, the Earl of Ossory, Earl Spencer, Lord Palmerston, Sir Watkyn Wynne. And round his grave, appropriately opened under Shakspeare's monument, crowded Johnson, Dunning, Edmund Burke, Charles Fox, Colonel Barrè, and a great number of gentlemen of distinction.

Sheridan mourned him in "a monody," full of rather theatrical grief, but which was much admired at the time :—

"O loveliest mourner ! gentle muse ! be thine
The pleasing woe to guard the laurell'd shrine.

* * * * *
Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn ;
*And with soft sighs disperse the irreverent dust,
Which time may strew upon his sacred bust."*

This conceit is in the *affettuoso* key, and sounds poorly beside Goldsmith's good verse. It ran through many editions. A monument was soon talked of in the Abbey, and Mr. Wallis, his friend, took on himself the expense and duty of erecting it. Both monument and inscription were pronounced by Elia to be in questionable taste.*

A far finer tribute came from Johnson—some of that noble English which dropped from his pen when he gave full liberty to his emotion. In one of his "Lives" he recalled his friend Gilbert Walmesley, and the old Lichfield days ; with these came back the image of the cheerful "Davy," and he broke out : "I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure." And though there were some to take a sort of demurrer to this flight—for there was only one

* "Taking a turn the other day in the Abbey, I was struck with the affected attitude of a figure which I do not remember to have seen before, and which upon examination proved to be a whole length of the celebrated Mr. Garrick. Though I would not go so far with some good Catholics abroad, as to shut players altogether out of consecrated ground, yet I own I was not a little scandalized at the introduction of theatrical airs and gestures into a place set apart to remind us of the saddest realities. Going nearer, I found under this Harlequin figure the following lines :—

"To paint fair nature, by Divine command,
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,
A Shakspeare rose ; then, to expand his fame
Wide o'er the "breathing world," a Garrick came.
Though sunk in death, the forms the poet drew,
The actor's genius bade them breathe anew ;
Though, like the bard himself, in night they lay,
Immortal Garrick call'd them back to-day," &c.

The monument, however, though quaint and fantastic, arrests attention ; presenting the actor in the act of emerging from behind curtains.

nation who thus suffered—there is little extravagance in the eulogium. His profession belongs to all countries, and where one portion of the community suffers such a loss, the rest must be indirectly affected. No happier praise, for its length, could be conceived, even to the nice choice of words—"harmless pleasure"—in an age when there was so much pleasure that was not harmless; and, with infinite good taste, Mrs. Garrick had the words engraved on his monument at Lichfield.*

Johnson does not seem to have been as deeply affected as we might have supposed. "Futurity is uncertain," he wrote; "poor David had doubtless many futurities in his head, which death has intercepted: a death, I believe, totally unexpected. He did not in his last hour seem to think his life in danger." Thus, to the end (unconsciously, I believe), perverting every act of his friend. It was Johnson himself who would not believe in the danger. Garrick, as we have seen, knew it, and accepted it with resignation. But in the matter of death, Johnson's morbid mind always clung to any straw that would give him superiority over another, and put those grim terrors farther away. In the carriage, as the funeral moved on to Westminster, he talked over their lost friend. A few days later, he called at the Adelphi, and wrote a kind message of inquiry after Mrs. Garrick.†

When the subject of collecting Garrick's verses was talked of, and suggested to him, he seemed to say, rather complacently, he would accept the duty if he was commissioned officially by Mrs. Garrick. She, however, took no notice of the hint. The "Sage's" previous treatment of her husband in print did not encourage the selection of such an editor; and

* The Cathedral at Hereford had a fairer claim to such a memorial. Murphy repeats an insinuation against Mrs. Garrick, as to the monument in Westminster. His friend "waited a long time, with an idea that, for the erection of a monument, orders would be given by Mrs. Garrick. Finding, on application to that lady, that nothing of the sort was to be intended, Mr. Wallis, in the most liberal manner, resolved," &c. The sculptor whom he employed became bankrupt. "Mr. Wallis was not deterred by *that event*; he had recourse to that eminent statuary, Mr. Webber, who finished the business in *an elegant style*." But Mrs. Garrick had her own plan of a monument at Lichfield. There were many who thus slandered her. Davies, after writing severely of her husband, sent her messages, to ask her to point out what she thought was disagreeable; and when no notice was taken, told the public how he had offended her, and what steps he had taken.

† This card is in existence:—"Dr. Johnson presents respectful condolence to Mrs. Garrick, and wishes that any endeavour of his could enable her to support a loss, which the world cannot repair."

there was no knowing how far Johnson's critical severity might lead him, if so tempting an opportunity offered.*

No actor had ever died so rich. Roughly estimating the various bequests in his will, we might value his estate as close upon a hundred thousand pounds.† He provided handsomely for all his relations. To Mrs. Garrick was left Hampton and the Adelphi House, with the plate, linen, wines, pictures, &c., six thousand pounds in money, and £1,500 a year.‡ George Garrick was bequeathed £10,000, Peter £3,000. His two nephews, £6,000 and £5,000; his two nieces, £6,000 each; his sister, Merrial Docksey, £3,000; and Mrs. Garrick's German niece, £1,000. These legacies, however, were subject to Mrs. Garrick's annuity, and they were to be abated if the personalty fell short during her lifetime. Strange to say, that to his many warm personal friends, for whom he must have cared more than for some of his relations, he left no memorials of any kind.

I have merely to close this memoir with a few words about the woman whom Garrick so loved and valued. She was to live on, to the surprising age of ninety-eight years. Her figure becomes quite familiar as we look back to the pleasant groups and *coteries*, the households, the chatty dinners and social evenings, of which records are given by Boswell, Burney, Miss Berry, and many more. Round this good lady, keeping up her two houses, at the Adelphi and at Hampton, cluster her numerous relations—"a hundred head of nieces," who are found there one day by Miss Berry. Her sister, Madame Fürst, who had come to England just before Garrick's death, had gone home again. There was that half-sad, half-pleasant party at the Adelphi. Hannah More, whom she called her chaplain, was of the party—the first since David's death, two years before; Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Carter, Colman, Johnson,

* Years after, the subject of the funeral was talked of at a party in Johnson's presence, and was said to have been extravagantly expensive. He did not relish that magnificence in the obsequies of one who, when alive, "might have been better attacked for living more splendidly than became a player." Mrs. Burney asked if there were not six horses to each coach. "Madam," was his reply, "there were no more six horses than six phoenixes." Yet the mourning coach in which Johnson himself sat had six horses, and there were half a dozen others with the same number. This foolish display cost nearly £2,000; and Mrs. Garrick incurred much odium by refusing to pay the undertaker.

† Garrick had lost money in a West India speculation. A hundred thousand pounds would seem over the mark, for he had lived almost beyond his means.

‡ It was subject only to the condition of her residing in England. If she went to Ireland, Scotland, or the Continent, it was to be reduced.

Burney, and Boswell. They were elegantly entertained. Indeed, Boswell always thought and spoke gratefully of his departed friend, acknowledging much kindness. The hostess looked well, "talked of her husband with complacency, and while she cast her eyes on his portrait, which hung over the chimney-piece, said 'that death was now the most agreeable object to her.'" The day lingered fondly in Boswell's recollection; the Lichfield ale, the splendid entertainment, the recollection of "many pleasing hours spent with him who gladdened life." In the evening there was a reception; and on going away, Boswell and his friend Johnson lingered on the terrace, looking down on the Thames, and thought of the two friends who had lived there, and who were gone—Garrick and Beauclerk. "Ay, sir," said Johnson, tenderly and softly, "and two such friends as cannot be supplied."

In 1807, many unfavourable remarks were made on some law proceedings in Chancery, which Mrs. Garrick was advised to institute, in reference to the distribution of her husband's estate. By a residuary clause in her husband's will, what remained over was to be divided among the next of kin, the same as if he had died intestate. It was thought a little "greedy" that she should claim to be included under the denomination, "next of kin." Her counsel, Romilly, urged that the words were meant to include her; and, looking to the testator's intentions, should be liberally construed. The Chancellor, however, refused the application, acutely saying, that in such a construction, the testator would have defeated his own intentions; as, in case of her forfeiting her rights (by living out of the country), that forfeiture would merely have gone to swell the residue, to a share in which she would have become entitled.

The "relations," indeed, could not have been very partial to her, especially when they heard, in the year 1815, she had distributed among her German relations all the money she had put by during the thirty-six years that had elapsed since her husband's death. It amounted to some twelve thousand pounds. Her husband, therefore, knew where her inclination led her, when he inserted the condition of forfeiture, if she should go and reside out of England. She always maintained her connection with the theatre, and had her box at Drury Lane. Many a new theatrical candidate was brought to her for the sanction of her opinion. It is said that Kean was the only one that she could admit approached her David, and that was in *Richard*.*

* Her happy criticism of him in another part is well known:—"Dear Sir—You cannot act *Abel Drugger*.—Yours, M. GARRICK." The answer was,

Mr. Smith, of the British Museum, had a pleasant morning with her there, in the Print Room, turning over that wonderful collection of theatrical engravings made by Dr. Burney; and where her husband was to be seen in every character and attitude. She wrote her name without spectacles, though she had not had a pen, she said, in her hands for months; gossiped about her age* and her marriage. At Hampton, which she allowed to get into sad disrepair, she was often visited by Queen Charlotte, who found her once peeling onions, and herself got a knife, and began to peel onions also. George the Fourth, as well as his brothers, often called on her. She was always thought of with honour and esteem. The strange Monboddo persecuted her with proposals. At last it came to the 16th October, 1822. Elliston had been redecorating Drury Lane, and it had been arranged that the widow of its former great manager should come that night for a private view, to see the effect. The old lady was looking forward to it. She had two or three dresses laid out on chairs, to see the effect, her two maids standing by. In the evening, when she was sitting in her chair, taking tea, one of the maids handed her over a cup, and Mrs. Garrick chid her a little testily: "Put it down, hussy; do you think I cannot help myself?" That little excitement seemed to have been fatal, for she took the cup herself, tasted the tea, and in a few seconds expired quietly in her chair.

Round those declining days must have fluttered such strange old memories—Maria Teresa and the Emperor's attentions—the old old rebellion of '45, when she came to town—the heads on Temple Bar—David's great glories—recollections of nearly a hundred years!†

"Madam, I know it.—Yours, E. KEAN." There were many little stories about her odd foreign capriciousness; of her swearing at the mason who overcharged her: "Get out, you d——d fellow!"

* "My coachman," she said, "insists that I am above 100."

† There is an extraordinary characteristic sketch of her by R. Cruikshank, "taken in September, 1820, when she was 97 years of age." This, as may be conceived, is rather grotesque than pleasing. It is extraordinarily rare, and the only copy I have seen is in Mr. Nixon's curious collection of dramatic bills and notes belonging to the Garrick Club. Mr. Smith—"Rainy Day" Smith—made a drawing of her after death. The coffin was covered with the sheets which, he was told, were the wedding sheets, in which both husband and wife wished to die. Dean Stanley, in his "Westminster Memorials," quotes a little sketch of "a little bowed down old lady, leaning on a gold-headed stick, and always talking of her Davy." The late Mr. J. P. Collier recollected, when he was a boy, her being pointed out to him on the Adelphi Terrace.

APPENDIX.

NUMBER OF NIGHTS THAT GARRICK ACTED.

GENESTE, with unwearied diligence, seems to have searched all the collections of bills, as well as the notices in the papers, and noted the play and character for nearly every night. But there are many gaps. I have added up the various lists, and we may accept the following table as a fair average of his performances, allowing a small margin for inaccuracies. It will be remarked, how the number of performances gradually shorten :—

1741—1742.	Goodman's Fields	.	.	138 times.*
1742—1743.	Drury Lane	.	(about)	69 "
1743—1744.	" "	.	(about)	70 "
1744—1745.	" "	.	(about)	72 "
1745—1746.	Covent Garden	.	.	6 "
1746—1747.	" "	.	.	72 "
1747—1748.	Drury Lane	.	.	106 "
1748—1749.	" "	.	.	104 "
1749—1750.	" "	.	.	85 "
1750—1751.	" "	.	.	99 "
1751—1752.	" "	.	.	83 "
1752—1753.	" "	.	.	93 "
1753—1754.	" "	.	.	97 "
1754—1755.	" "	.	.	93 "
1755—1756.	" "	.	.	105 "
1756—1757.	" "	.	.	86 "
1757—1758.	" "	.	.	113 "
1758—1759.	" "	.	.	102 "
1759—1760.	" "	.	.	96 "
1760—1761.	" "	.	.	87 "
1761—1762.	" "	.	.	104 "
1762—1763.	" "	.	.	100 "

* He acted on the evening of Christmas Day !

1772—1773.	”	”
1773—1774.	”	”
1774—1775.	”	”
1775—1776.	”	”

The following is a list of his
which has been carefully collate

GOODMAN'S FIELDS, 1741-2.—

Makes a Man; Chamont;

*Sharp, in Lying Valet;

Fondlewife; Costar Pearmai

in Oroonoko; Witwou'd; Be

boy; King Lear; Lord Fox

Duretête, in Inconstant; Pi

DUBLIN, *in the summer of* 1742.

DRURY LANE, 1742-3.—Capt

*Millamour, in Wedding Da

air; Abel Drugger.

1743-4.—Macbeth; *Reg

Fatal Marriage; *Zaphna, i

1744-5.—Sir John Brute

*Tancred.

DUBLIN, 1745-6.—Faulconbridg

played Orestes in England.)

COVENT GARDEN. 1746-7.—Ho

1751-2.—Kitely; *Mercour, in *Eugenia*.

1752-3.—Loveless, in *Love's Last Shift*; *Beverley, in *Gamester*; *Demetrius, in *Brothers*.

1753-4.—*Dumnoris, in *Boadicea*; Faulconbridge, in *King John*; *Virginius, in ditto; Lusignan, in *Zara*; *Aletes, in *Creusa*.

1754-5.—Don John, in *Chances*; *Achmet, in *Barbarossa*; Don Carlos, in *Mistake*.

1755-6.—*Leontes, in *Winter's Tale* altered; *Athelstan; Leon; *Lord Chalkstone, in *Lethe*.

1756-7.—Don Felix.

1757-8.—*Wilding, in *Gamester* altered; *Lysander, in *Agis*; King, Henry IV., Part II.; *Pamphlet, in *Upholsterer*.

1758-9.—Marplot; Antony, in *Antony and Cleopatra*; *Heartly, in *Guardian*; Periander, in *Eurydice*; *Zamti, in *Orphan of China*.

1759-60.—*Oroonoko, as altered; *Lovemore, in *Way to Keep Him*; *Emilius, in *Siege of Aquileia*; Sir Harry Gubbin, in *Tender Husband*.

1760-61.—*Oakley, in *Jealous Wife*; Mercutio.

1761-2.—Posthumus; *Sir John Dorilant, in *School for Lovers*; *Farmer, in *Farmer's Return*.

1762-3.—*Alonzo, in *Elvira*; *Sir Anthony Branville, in *Discovery*; Sciolto.

In every department of his life, Garrick was industrious. He was thus diligent in cultivating every accomplishment, for the one great aim of advancing himself and his profession. Management, acting, travelling, and social life, might seem enough to absorb all his time; yet he found opportunity to be not only an agreeable and sprightly, but a very diligent writer. His letters alone are often a whole essay and argument. His plays are of a superior order, easy, natural, vivacious, and their author deserves a good place among the dramatists of his day. The list of his dramas is long, and includes:—*The Lying Valet* (1740); *Lethe* (1745); *Miss in her Teens* (1747), founded on *La Parisienne*, of D'Ancourt; *Lilliput* (1757); *The Male Coquet* (1757); *The Guardian*, founded on the *Pupille*, of Fagan (1759); *The Clandestine Marriage* (1766); *Cymon* (1767); *A Peep Behind the Curtain* (1767); *The Jubilee* (1769); *The Irish Widow* (1772); *A Christmas Tale* (1774); *A Prelude* (1774); *May Day* (1775); *Theatrical Candidates* (1775); and perhaps *High Life Below Stairs*. There were besides many alterations

of plays ; the most important of which were *Romeo and Juliet*, *Every Man in his Humour*, *Katharine and Petruchio*, and *Hamlet*. He wrote nearly one hundred prologues ; and though it was absurd to name them with those of Dryden, they have merit of their own, both for variety, as well as for ease and spirit. This is one incident of the old dramatic days which has now grown obsolete. No new play was then complete without this introduction, or conclusion ; and very often, when in the hands of a skilful or lively actor, prologue or epilogue became even a greater feature of the night than the play itself. Thus Johnson's well-known Drury Lane Prologue had "a run" to itself, and had to be repeated night after night. The custom shows us that the audience came to enjoy their full night's pleasure, from the very first rising of the curtain ; and the present languid, fitful way of taking our dramatic pleasure, may be one of the reasons why the practice has passed away. They were very familiar and "free and easy" in their tone.

Yet such familiarity had its benefit, and an effect on the decency and order of the stage. For the prologue and epilogue, allowing a certain licence, became a sort of guarantee that the regular business of the stage should be kept sacred from all such freedoms. Thus the audience could enjoy a kind of privileged intercourse with their favourite, which their own respect refused to tolerate in the play. Now, as this safety-valve is gone, the "gagging" has forced its way into the business of the play itself. It has been mentioned that Garrick was collecting for publication all his fugitive pieces, but his death put a stop to this plan. Two little volumes of his prologues and verses were later sent out ; but the collection is not by any means complete. His plays and adaptations have been also published in four volumes. Those who would wish to see yet more of what this agreeable writer has left, may consult the third volume of "*Dodsley's Collection*," "*The New Foundling Hospital for Wit*," "*Notes and Queries*," *passim* ; and some dramatic criticisms in the *St. James's Chronicle*, after his retirement from Drury Lane. Garrick had a very choice collection of Italian and French works, purchased abroad, and some of these have kept together. Book-buyers will sometimes have come on a stray volume at a sale—his book-plate at the beginning with Shakspeare's bust, and a shield and motto from *Ménage*, a little French hint as to the two duties of the book-borrower, his first being, to read it with all diligence, and then return it as speedily as possible.

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